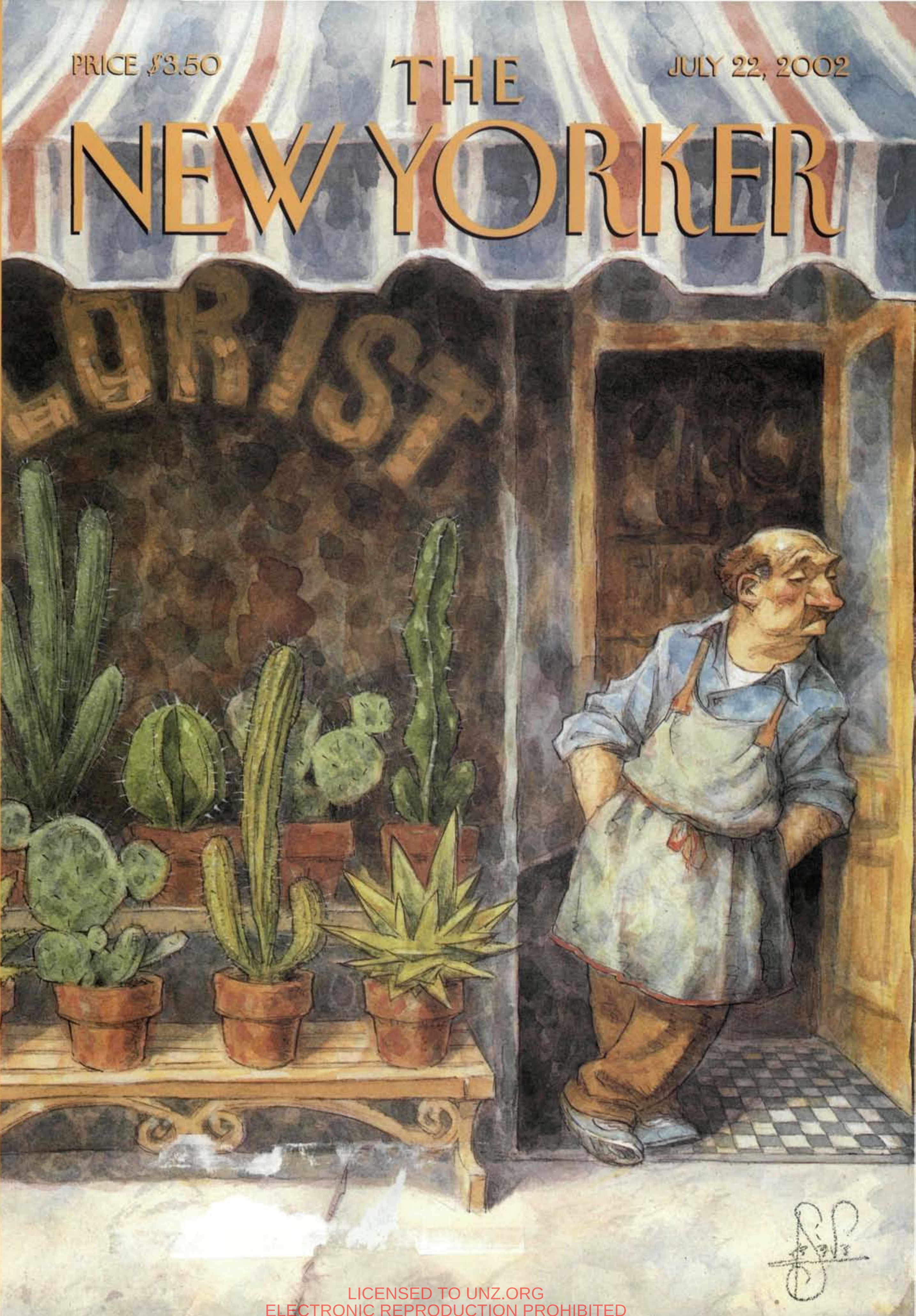
PRICE $3.50

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 22, 2002



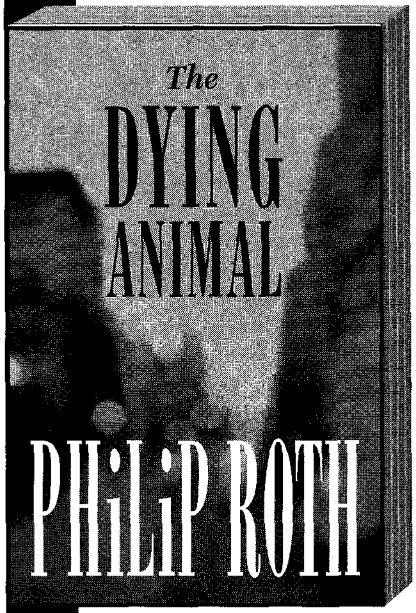
CHANCES ARE LESS THAN 1% YOUR KID WILL BE OFFERED AN ATHLETIC SCHOLARSHIP.

Get ready. Sooner or later it's going to hit you. And if you've been banking on your kid's jump shot to pay for school, you just may need to make another plan. No one is better prepared to help you than AIG. The organization with more long-term financial solutions than anyone else. The AIG Life and Retirement Savings companies—American General, AIG Annuity, SunAmerica and VALIC—offer everything from life insurance to annuities and mutual funds to IRAs and qualified retirement plans. Not to mention custom-tailored financial plans to help sock away money for other little things, like the perfect wedding, a vacation house at the beach or a retirement that allows you to pursue your dreams. To learn how we can help you be financially prepared, contact the AIG companies. You'll turn the odds in your favor.

THE GREATEST RISK IS NOT TAKING ONE.®

AIG INSURANCE, FINANCIAL SERVICES AND THE FREEDOM TO DARE.

Insurance and services provided by members of American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, Dept. A, New York, NY 10270. www.aig.com



"A disturbing masterpiece"*

From the Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *American Pastoral*

A *New York Times* Notable Book

"Sorrowful, sexy, elegant.... A distinguished addition to Roth's increasingly remarkable literary career."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

"Roth is a mesmerizing writer, whose very language has the vitality of a living organism."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"Insidiously disturbing and completely irresistible."
—*The Washington Post*

**The New York Review of Books*

NEW IN PAPERBACK

VINTAGE

Find more information on the complete works of Philip Roth and free reading group guides at www.vintagebooks.com

THE NEW YORKER

JULY 22, 2002

6 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
23 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Bush's stock; a Long Island sound.

Malcolm Gladwell 28 DEPT. OF HUMAN RESOURCES
The Talent Myth
Why smart people are bad for business.
Ian Frazier 34 SHOUTS & MURMURS
The New Poetry
Katha Pollitt 36 PERSONAL HISTORY
Learning to Drive
What was the ex-lover thinking?
Tony Horwitz 42 OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS
A Week Before the Mast
Sailing the way Captain Cook did.
Anthony Lane 56 PORTFOLIO
William Klein's Paris.
William Trevor 64 FICTION
"Sacred Statues"

THE CRITICS
Art Spiegelman 72 COMIX 101
Greg Sadowski's "B. Krigstein."
BOOKS
75 Briefly Noted
Joan Acocella 76 *Garry Wills's "Why I Am a Catholic."*
John Lahr 80 THE THEATRE
Richard Greenberg's "Take Me Out."
Alex Ross 82 MUSICAL EVENTS
"Little Women" at Glimmerglass.
Joan Acocella 84 DANCING
The Kirov's "Jewels."

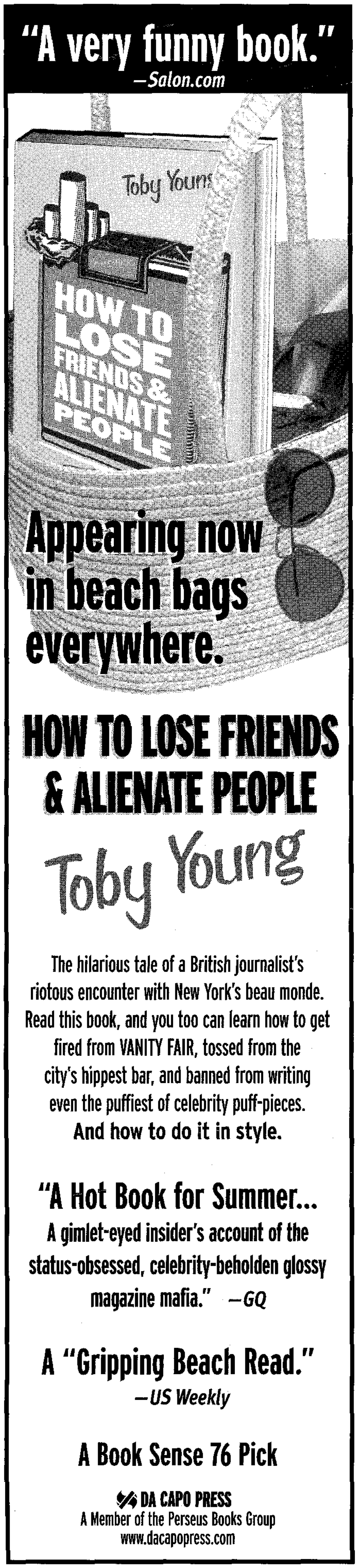
POEMS
Henri Cole 32 "Radiant Ivory"
Kenneth Koch 55 "Mountain"

COVER *"Prickly Heat," by Peter de Sève* THE BACK PAGE *"Police Log," by Roz Chast*
DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Mike Twohy, Harry Bliss, C. Covert Darbyshire, Gahan Wilson, William Hamilton, Bruce Eric Kaplan, David Sipress, Frank Cotham, Leo Cullum, Danny Shanahan, George Booth, Jack Ziegler, John O'Brien*

www.newyorker.com

ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
MANDRIN
Absolut Mandrin is made from a unique blend of natural mandarin and orange flavors and vodka distilled from grain grown in the rich fields of southern Sweden. The distilling and flavoring of vodka is an age-old Swedish tradition. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879.
40% ALC./VOL. (80 PROOF) 1 LITER
IMPORTED
MANDARIN FLAVORED VODKA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ÅHUS, SWEDEN
BY THE ABSOLUT COMPANY
A DIVISION OF V&S VIN&SPRIT AB
ABSOLUT SQUEEZE.

ABSOLUT MANDRIN™ MANDARIN-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN, ABSOLUT MANDRIN, ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY AND ABSOLUT.COM ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2001 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE BRONSTEIN. ENJOY OUR QUALITY RESPONSIBLY. absolut.com



"A very funny book."
—Salon.com

Appearing now in beach bags everywhere.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS & ALIENATE PEOPLE

Toby Young

The hilarious tale of a British journalist's riotous encounter with New York's beau monde. Read this book, and you too can learn how to get fired from VANITY FAIR, tossed from the city's hippest bar, and banned from writing even the puffiest of celebrity puff-pieces.
And how to do it in style.

"A Hot Book for Summer...
A gimlet-eyed insider's account of the status-obsessed, celebrity-beholden glossy magazine mafia." —GQ

A "Gripping Beach Read."
—US Weekly

A Book Sense 76 Pick

DA CAPO PRESS
A Member of the Perseus Books Group
www.dacapopress.com

CONTRIBUTORS

Tony Horwitz ("A Week Before the Mast," p. 42) is the author of "Confederates in the Attic." His new book, "Blue Latitudes: Boldly Going Where Captain Cook Has Gone Before," will be published in October.

Ian Frazier (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 34) is a longtime contributor. His latest book, "The Fish's Eye," is a collection of essays about fishing and the outdoors.

Malcolm Gladwell ("The Talent Myth," p. 28) is a staff writer and the author of "The Tipping Point."

William Klein (Portfolio, p. 56) has an exhibition of his Paris photographs at the Maison Européenne de la Photographie, in Paris, through September 1st.

Henri Cole (Poem, p. 32) will publish his fifth collection of poems, "Middle Earth," in the spring.

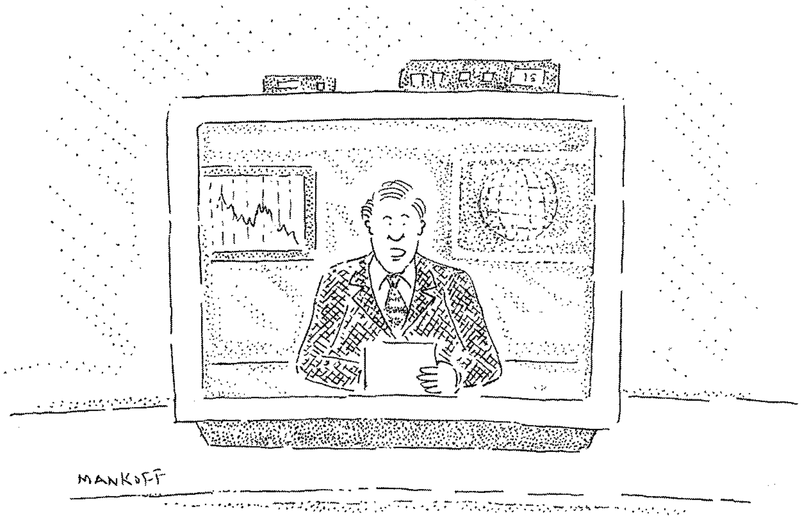
Katha Pollitt ("Learning to Drive," p. 36) is a poet and essayist and the author of "Subject to Debate: Sense and Dissents on Women, Politics, and Culture."

William Trevor (Fiction, p. 64) will publish his fifteenth novel, "The Story of Lucy Gault," in the fall.

Joan Acocella (Books, p. 76; Dancing, p. 84) writes about literature and dance for the magazine. Her book "Willa Cather and the Politics of Criticism" is now out in paperback.

Kenneth Koch (Poem, p. 55) died earlier this month. His new collection of poems, "A Possible World," will be published in the fall.

Roz Chast (The Back Page, p. 86), a cartoonist and illustrator, has been a contributor since 1978. Her most recent book is "Rationalizations to Live By." ♦



"Bad news on Wall Street today, as the bottom fell out of the market, the sides collapsed, and the top blew away."

THE NEW YORKER, 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; Chris Mitchell, associate publisher; Peter W. Jurew, associate publisher, marketing; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Peter M. Zuckerman, advertising director; Ronda Carnegie, sales development director; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, director of marketing and strategic planning; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. For advertising inquiries, please call Marie Wolpert or Peter M. Zuckerman at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. The New Yorker does not accept unsolicited submissions by mail or fax, and is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail: covers@cartoonbank.com. © 2002 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684, telephone (800) 825-2510, E-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside North America, call (515) 243-3273. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684.

THE MAIL

IMPERFECT BABIES

It is easy to sympathize with Michael Ryan's account of his and his wife's ordeal in and out of a fertility doctor's office ("Countdown to a Baby," July 1st). But his story also raises questions about the ethical ramifications and results of such technological empowerment. When they learned that Baby C and Baby D, two implanted embryos, were conjoined, they were given the option of "reducing" them. Taking control of fertility also means, inevitably, assuming the power to destroy what we judge imperfect. This is a dilemma that promises to become more and more troubling for us as a society, as our standards for imperfection today may be different from those of tomorrow, and less and less clear-cut than in the case of Baby C and Baby D. How much power do we really want, and by what measure are we willing to see each other "reduced"?

Stephanie Y. Yu
New Haven, Conn.

ARMY VS. AIR FORCE

Peter Boyer's article on the future of the Army underplays the most fundamental obstacle to military reform: the rivalries between the separate services ("A Different War," July 1st). Ultimately, the Army's resistance to change is a matter of parochialism, not traditionalism. For example, the problem with the deployment of Apache helicopters in Kosovo was not that they "were designed to support troops fighting on the ground," who were absent from that campaign, but that Army doctrine decreed that they were to be used only in this way. The aircraft itself can destroy enemy forces, especially armor, whether there are friendly troops around or not. Because the Army is so reluctant to rely on the Air Force to provide the firepower support its troops may need, it designs systems and battle plans that are supposedly suited to its needs, but that in practice are ill-used or simply obsolete. This is really the crux of the controversy over the Crusader artillery piece, which the Army wants but the Pentagon views with skepticism. If the military services were effectively broken up and reorganized as a common defense force, many of the conflicts that Boyer describes wouldn't exist.

Jonathan F. Keiler
Bowie, Md.

A REBEL FARMER

Roger Angell's list of laughable titles in a friend's library actually includes, along with books written for "an audience of three," an important runaway best-seller: "An Essay on Calcareous Manures," by Edmund Ruffin (The Talk of the Town, June 17th & 24th). By the early nineteenth century, medieval farming practices had ruined vast tracts of soil in the Eastern United States, forcing Americans over the mountains and into the West. Ruffin's book contains one of the first prescriptions for scientific agriculture (manure being a general term for fertilizer). Read and adopted by thousands of farmers, it went through five editions between 1832 and 1852. Ruffin's success allowed him to indulge his true passion: agitating for secession. This led to a seat at John Brown's hanging and, a year and a half later, the honor of firing the first cannon at Fort Sumter—and thus a claim to "the first shot of the Civil War." He was on the field at Manassas at the age of sixty-seven, toured the ironclad Virginia after it battled the Monitor, and watched the Hunley's crew prepare their deadly submarine. His "Diary" of the unfolding Civil War, as seen by an agent of the tragedy, is a treasure for historians, and is still in print today. After Appomattox, the author of "An Essay on Calcareous Manures" chose suicide over submission to "the perfidious, malignant and vile Yankee race."

Taft Kiser
Hopewell, Va.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

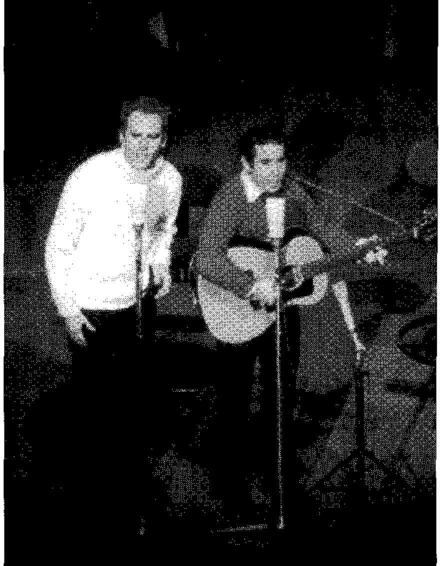
Two Unmistakable Voices.
One Unforgettable Night.

Simon & Garfunkel
Live From New York City, 1967

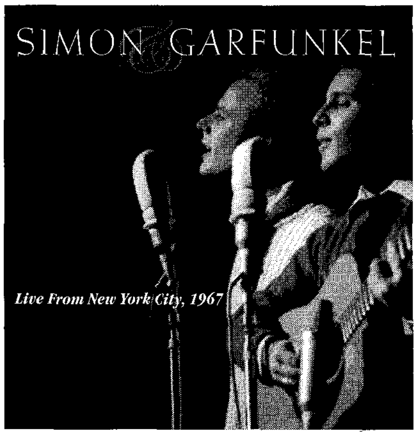
A newly-discovered recording of the sold-out January 22,1967 show at Lincoln Center. Featuring 19 Simon & Garfunkel classics in spectacular state-of-the-art sound.

www.legacyrecordings.com
www.columbiarecords.com

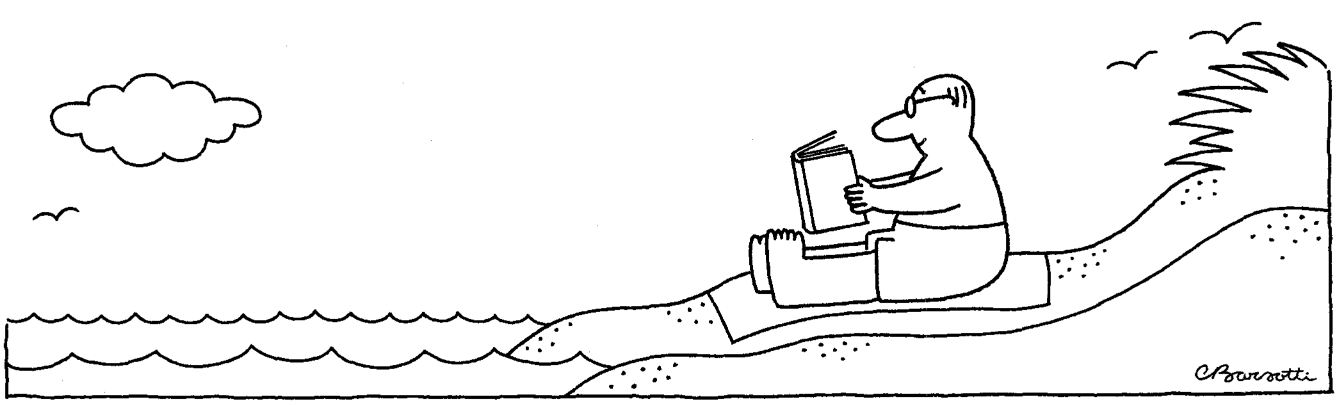
Available at
J&R MUSIC WORLD
Order Toll Free 24 Hours A Day, 7 Days A Week
1-800-221-8180
www.jandr.com



"Columbia," ®, "Legacy" and ® Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off .Marca Registrada./© 2002 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

AS YOU LIKE IT
Shakespeare's comedy, transported to a contemporary urban environment by the Worth Street Theatre. Jeff Cohen is the director. In previews July 18-21. Opens July 22 at 8. (Tribeca Playhouse, 11 Reade St. 206-1515.)

ELLE
Alan Cumming has adapted and stars in Jean Genet's play about a photographer sent to Rome to make a portrait of the Pope. Stephen Spinella is also in the cast. In previews through July 22. Opens July 23 at 8. (The Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 239-6200.)

HAIRSPRAY
A new musical, based on the 1988 John Waters film, with a book by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan, and songs by Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman. Jack O'Brien is the director. Previews begin July 18. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

HARLEM SONG
George C. Wolfe's latest is a musical history of Harlem show business from the nineteen-twenties to the present. In previews. (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 307-7171.)

I'M NOT RAPPAPORT
Judd Hirsch and Ben Vereen star in a revival of Herb Gardner's 1985 comedy. Daniel Sullivan is the director. In previews. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SPANISH GIRL
Second Stage Theatre wraps up its New Plays Uptown series with a play by Hunt Holman, about a college undergrad whose former summer fling comes calling. In previews. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 246-4422.)

TWELFTH NIGHT
Kristen Johnston, Christopher Lloyd, Oliver Platt, Jimmy Smits, and Julia Stiles are in the New York Shakespeare Festival's only outdoor staging of the summer. Brian Kulick is the director. In previews through July 20. Opens July 21 at 8. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL OVER
Rosemary Harris and Michael Learned lead a well-cast ensemble in the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Edward Albee's 1971 play about living with mortality. They portray the bitter wife and loving mistress, respectively, of a dying man of great wealth and social standing, who have come together at his deathbed—along with his dejected son and angry daughter (Patrick Garner and Pamela Nyberg), an old family friend (John Carter), and a very canny old doctor-and-nurse duo (Bill Moor and Myra Carter). Thanks to the fine performances, all the sting, humor, and sadness of Albee's view comes through: we're all inherently selfish, so loving the dying is often easier than loving the living. Emily Mann is the director. (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23				

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
The Aquila Theatre Company's version of Shakespeare's play is set in the twenties in Turkey. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 239-6200.)

ENDPAPERS
A drama by Thomas McCormack, former C.E.O. of St. Martin's Press, about the retirement of the C.E.O. of a small, financially unstable publishing company and the aftermath. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

FOOL FOR LOVE
Tim Corcoran's precise, insightful direction is the heart of this revival of Sam Shepard's 1983 play about a misbegotten love. The evening's power lies mainly in the monologues, which are superb. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 206-1515. Closes July 27.)

FORTUNE'S FOOL
Turgenev's little-known 1848 play, set at a Russian country estate, stars Alan Bates as a down-on-his-luck gentleman living there and Frank Langella as his wealthy, arrogant neighbor. It becomes almost unnecessary for anyone else to be present, so completely do the two actors dominate the stage. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/15/02.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes July 21.)

THE GOAT; OR, WHO IS SYLVIA?
Edward Albee's ninety-minute anecdote about a happily married, successful architect who falls in love with a goat called Sylvia. It takes all of Albee's expertise to tease this joke into an evening; but it allows Mercedes Ruehl some hilarious moments of high dudgeon as she trashes the house and her husband (Bill Pullman) for "cruising livestock." David Esbjornson is the director. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE GRADUATE
This pointless production, starring Kathleen Turner as Mrs. Robinson, is endless and full of dead air. There are exactly two pleasures here: Victor Slezak, as Mr. Robinson, and Murphy Guyer, as Benjamin's father; they depict beautifully the anger and anxiety that underlie their postwar poolside bonhomie. (4/15/02) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE GUYS
A dialogue between a fire captain who lost eight of his men on September 11th and an editor who helps him prepare their eulogies, written by Anne Nelson, a journalist, and directed by Jim Simpson, the Flea Theatre's artistic director. It's an artful and moving re-creation of the relationships New Yorkers formed as a result of that day—of the way that people "jumped tracks" and suddenly saw into each other's lives—and an admirable tribute to the men who died. (The Flea, 41 White St. 206-1515.)

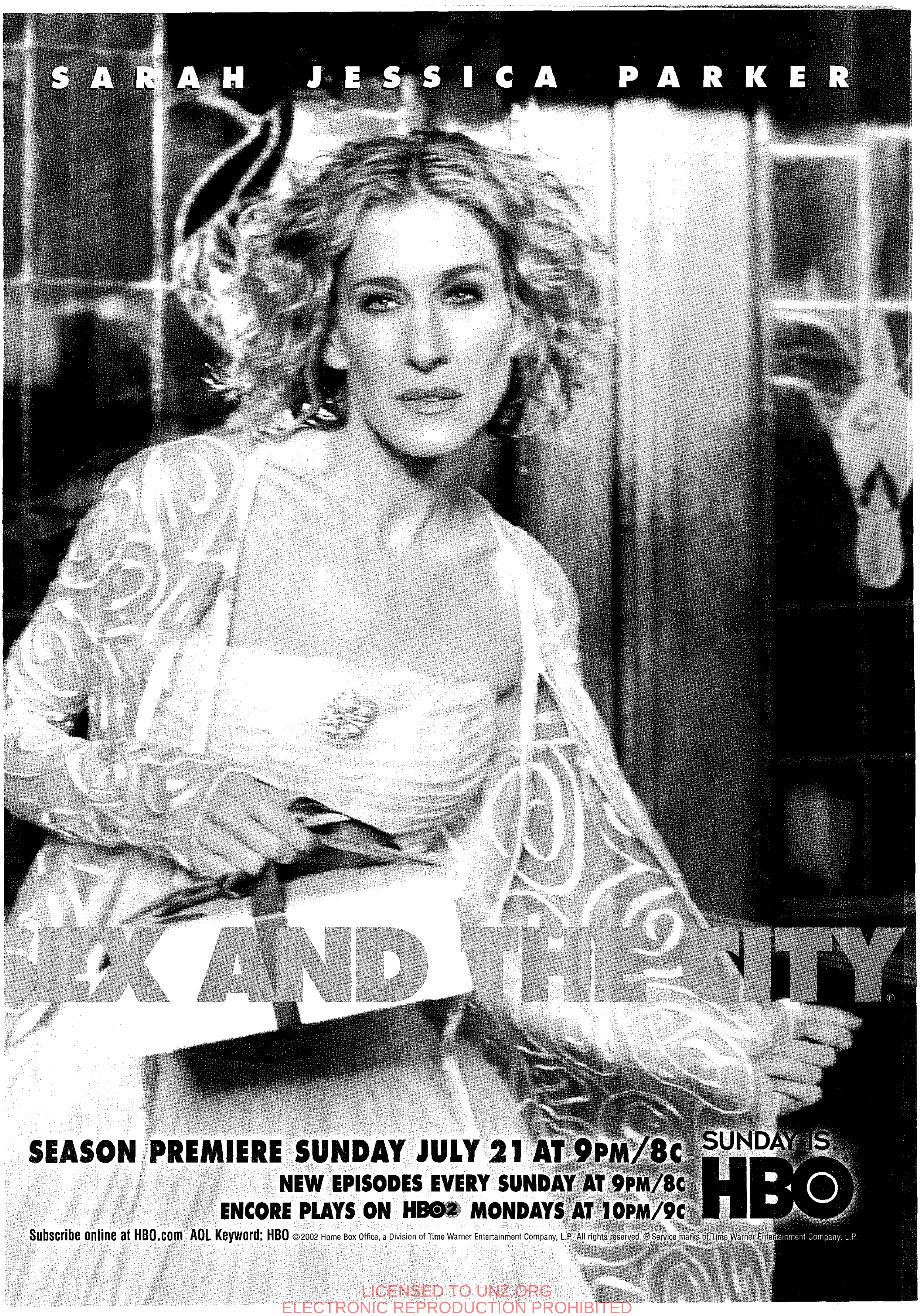
ICE FACTORY FESTIVAL
The third offering in SoHo Think Tank's annual summer celebration of new works is "Moby Dick," an adaptation of Melville's novel by Works Productions. July 17-20 at 7. The festival continues through Aug. 17. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

INTO THE WOODS
Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1987 fairy-tale-derived musical isn't so much a rethinking of fairy tales as it is a parable about growing up and finding your place in the community, and about learning to live with uncertainty and ambivalence. The archetypal material is treated with suitable directness and simplicity, and yet the show lacks none of the intelligence or emotional honesty we expect from Sondheim. Mr. Lapine is the director. (5/13/02) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

KAREN FINLEY
The performance artist presents a work in progress, "The Distribution of Empathy," which explores the emotions of New Yorkers after September 11th. Tuesdays at 9, through July 30. (Cutting Room, 19 W. 24th St. 691-1900.)

KING LEAR
Shakespeare's play, in an outdoor staging by the Classical Theatre of Harlem starring Paul Butler. (CTH Courtyard Theatre, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st St. 206-1515.)

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL
July 17-19 at 8, July 20 at 2 and 8, and July 21 at 3: "Gonge Khab Dideh" ("The Mute Dream"), a two-character play by the Iranian director and actor Attila Pessyani, which examines a mother-daughter/teacher-pupil relationship. (Clark Studio Theatre.) ♦ July 19-21 at 8: "Ta'ziyeh," a three-part Iranian epic drama ("Ta'ziyeh of Hor," "Children of Moslem," and "Ta'ziyeh of Imam


SARAH JESSICA PARKER
SEX AND THE CITY®
SUNDAY IS HBO

SEASON PREMIERE SUNDAY JULY 21 AT 9PM/8C
NEW EPISODES EVERY SUNDAY AT 9PM/8C
ENCORE PLAYS ON HBO2 MONDAYS AT 10PM/9C

Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO ©2002 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ®Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

Hussein") about the battle between Imam Hussein, grandson of the prophet Muhammad, and Caliph Yazid, in 680 A.D. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. For information about tickets and schedule, call 875-5928.)

LYNN HARRIS ON ICE
A two-woman comedy starring Lynn Harris and Betsy Fast, about a Minnesota camping trip that Harris took in December 2000. (Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 206-1515. Closes July 21.)

METAMORPHOSES
Ovid's tales, loosely adapted and directed by Mary Zimmerman, who had the ingenious idea of staging the caprice of the gods in a swimming pool. The production is fun and full of wonder, but it illustrates rather than dramatizes psychic struggle. The show's gimmick, the pool, turns out to be its metaphor—refreshing and shallow. (3/18/02) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

MORNING'S AT SEVEN
Paul Osborne's 1939 back-porch drama is bland stuff, sort of Chekhov light, but the pleasing all-star cast puts this rickety workhorse through its paces. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes July 28.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
The Gorilla Rep's free outdoor production of Shakespeare's comedy. (Fort Tryon Park at 190th St. For more information, call 330-8086.)

OKLAHOMA!
There are stupendous pleasures in the Royal National Theatre's version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1943 American classic. Many of them are due to the high-spirited, humorous choreography of Susan Stroman, and to Anthony Ward's picturesque set. But technique, which can make a show work, is not enough to make it wonderful. (4/1/02) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD
J. M. Synge's classic 1907 comedy about a young man lionized by a remote Irish village after he shows up in their midst with a story of having killed his abusive father—and the fallout when the father shows up only slightly bloodied. The show explores issues of reputation, love, lust, and the thrill of scandal in a surprisingly modern way, and in remarkably beautiful language. The Irish Rep cast is strong, especially Aedin Moloney, as a lonely widow. Kirk Bookman's warm lighting makes the most of David Raphael's detailed stone-cottage set. Directed by Charlotte Moore with a sure hand. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

PLAY YOURSELF
Craig Lucas directs a New York Theatre Workshop staging of Harry Kondoleon's play, about an aging Hollywood actress. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
Mark Twain's novel has been adapted for the stage and musicalized by Neil Berg (score and lyrics) and Bernie Garza and Ray Roderick (book). (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

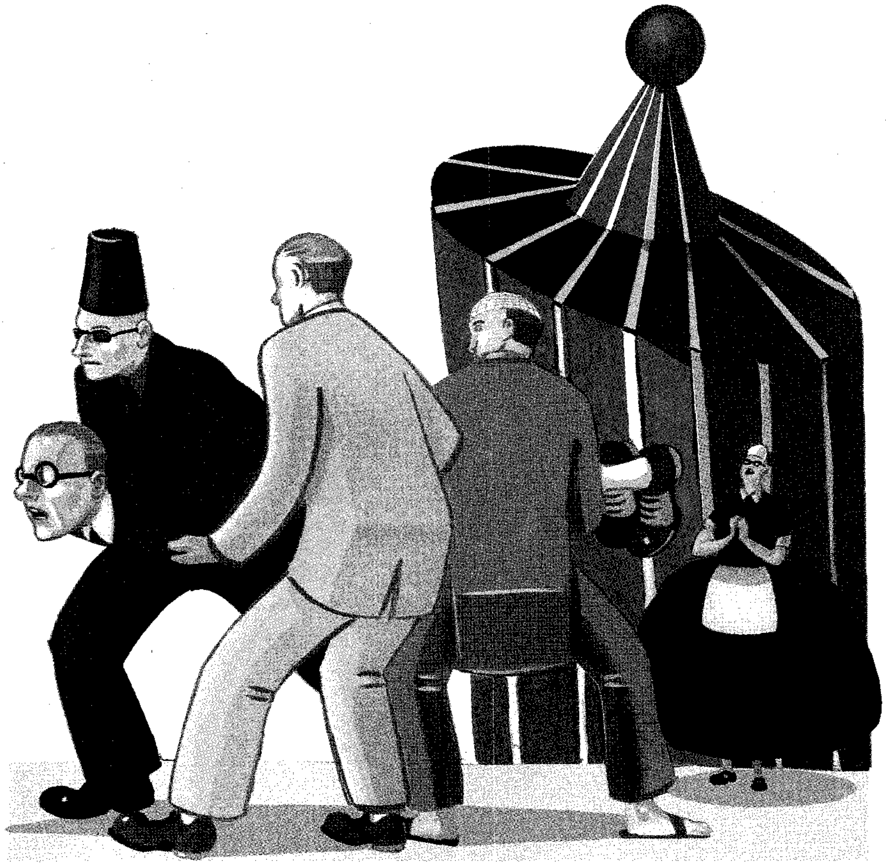
PRIVATE LIVES
In Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners, two wonderful actors, Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan, play the embattled exes Elyot and Amanda—dandies of detachment who jilt their new spouses and run away together to a Parisian love nest. Howard Davies's radical notion is to play Elyot and Amanda's physical passion for real. This allows him to capitalize on the wonderful chemistry between Rickman and Duncan, but it also throws the comedy weirdly off kilter. (5/6/02) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE
The comedian Reno goes to bed around 8 A.M.; her friends know never to call her before early afternoon. So she realized that something extraordinary was happening on September 11th when her phone started ringing just before nine. Her apartment was five blocks from the Twin Towers, and her account of the next few hours, days, and months is insightful and very, very funny. More concisely than almost anyone else has, Reno cuts to the core of many New Yorkers' complicated emotional reactions to the upwelling of blame, fear, patriotism, and heroism that has surrounded us. One part of her show consists of vaguely related passages of knee-jerk—and uncharacteristically dull—political commentary, but Reno still gives one of the clearest testaments yet to what that day was and what it's wrought for us all. (Lion, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

RED HOT MAMA
Sharon McKnight portrays Sophie Tucker in a tribute to the vaudeville star. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. 935-5820.)

RICKY JAY: ON THE STEM
The master magician's tribute to the flimflammery and weird entertainments that have cropped up over the years along the length of Broadway, "the stem that winds the watch" of New York City. Prepare to be happily hornswoggled. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422. Closes Aug. 4.)

SHOPPERS CARRIED BY ESCALATORS INTO THE FLAMES
Denis Johnson's dark comedy about a dysfunctional lower-middle-class family in Ukiah, California. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)



Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," staged by the Aquila Theatre Company.

ALISON SEIFFER

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
Just like the 1967 movie it's based on, this musical is supposed to be all madcap Jazz Age fizziness, but the harder the cast sings and dances, the flatter the enterprise falls. The colors seem garish rather than gay, the manic energy feels forced at gunpoint, and the only thing you recall about Sutton Foster's Millie after you leave the theatre is her huge white teeth and bouncy black bob. Call it thoroughly boring, shrilly. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

THUNDER KNOCKING ON THE DOOR
Leslie Uggams and Chuck Cooper lead the cast of a musical set in rural Alabama in the sixties, written by Keith Glover (book) and Keb' Mo' and Anderson Edwards (music and lyrics). (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

TOPDOG/UNDERDOG
The Public Theatre's production of Suzan-Lori Parks's play stars Jeffrey Wright and Mos Def as a pair of brothers named Lincoln and Booth. George C. Wolfe is the director. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

21 DOG YEARS: DOING TIME@AMAZON.COM
Michael Daisey spent three years at Amazon during its headiest, do-no-wrong period. And now he's telling all. He's a charismatic performer, and up until the end, when he becomes a bit self-righteous, his show has the insightful hostility of the best comedy. The audience doesn't learn anything new about the dot-com bubble and its discontents, but it's fun to get the view from the inside. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

VERONIQUE
A recently rediscovered drama by John O'Hara, which satirizes life in Greenwich Village in the twenties. (Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank St. 561-9635.)

VIENNA: LUSTHAUS (REVISITED)
In this splendid revival of Martha Clarke's 1986 dance-theatre piece, inspired by the psychosexual steaminess of fin-de-siècle Vienna, a handsome troupe of dancers, sometimes clothed in the style of characters in a Schnitzler play, sometimes unclothed in the style of figures in a Schiele painting, enact various states of alienation and desire in a gauzy atmosphere charged with premonitions of the Second World War. Inexorably, the whole thing gets to you like a beautiful, bad dream. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 239-6200. Closes July 23.)

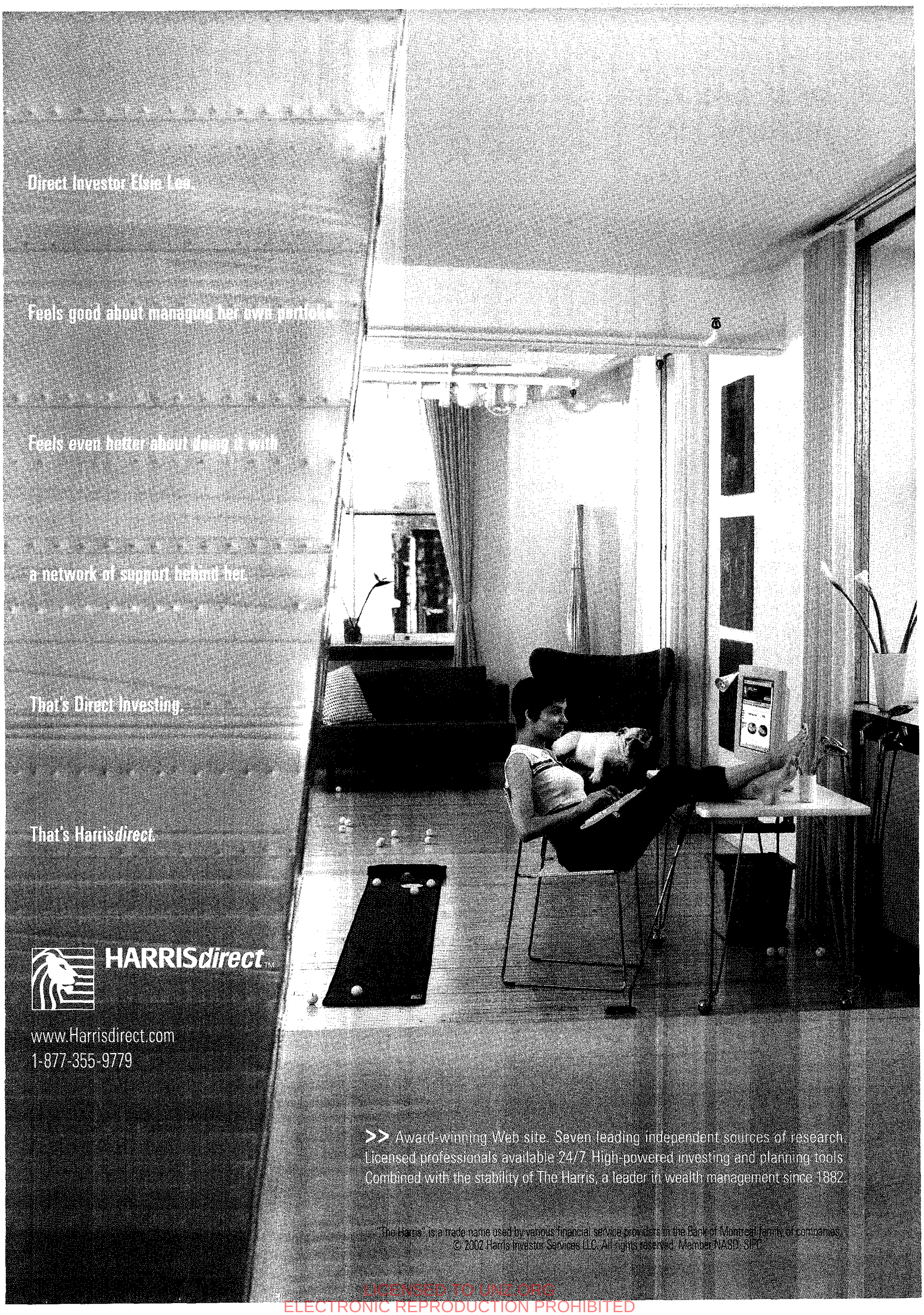
VOYAGE OF THE CARCASS
Dan O'Brien's comedy is set on an iceberg during a polar expedition gone bad. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.



Direct Investor Elsie Lee.
Feels good about managing her own portfolio.
Feels even better about doing it with
a network of support behind her.
That's Direct Investing.
That's Harris*direct*.
HARRIS*direct*™

www.Harrisdirect.com
1-877-355-9779

>> Award-winning Web site. Seven leading independent sources of research. Licensed professionals available 24/7. High-powered investing and planning tools. Combined with the stability of The Harris, a leader in wealth management since 1882.

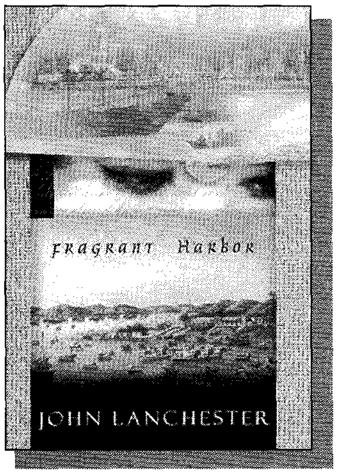
"The Harris" is a trade name used by various financial service providers in the Bank of Montreal family of companies.
© 2002 Harris Investor Services LLC. All rights reserved. Member NASD, SIPC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 2000 Book Sense, Inc.

WHAT'S ON YOUR READING LIST?™

(Personal recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



ROBERTA RUBIN,
THE BOOKSTALL AT CHESTNUT COURT,
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

"John Lanchester, who wrote the wonderful THE DEBT TO PLEASURE, has done it again, and perhaps even better. Spanning seven decades in the history of Hong Kong, from 1935 to the present, Lanchester draws on his personal knowledge of the area and language to create a story rich in detail and filled with intrigue. I just loved it."

Marian Wood/Putnam hardcover now in stores.

For your family and friends across the country, the Book Sense Gift Certificate is welcome at over 1,200 independent bookstores with Book Sense. It's the perfect gift for all occasions.

For an independent bookstore near you, call
1-888-BOOKSENSE
or visit
BookSense.com
where you can shop for this book and two million other titles.

BOOK sense™
Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds

PERSONALITY
PASSION
KNOWLEDGE
COMMUNITY
CHARACTER

CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.

CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)
Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.

CONTACT
Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.

DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY: 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

42ND STREET
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

THE FULL MONTY
Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

LOVE, JANIS
Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.

LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

NOISES OFF
Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.

PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE PRODUCERS
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

PROOF
Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS
John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.

STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.

THE TALE OF THE ALLERGIST'S WIFE
Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.

TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING
St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.

UNDERNEATH THE LINTEL
Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.

URINETOWN
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

DANCE

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL
July 15 at 8 and July 17 at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." ♦ July 18-20 at 8: "Jewels." Prudent father takes instruction from prodigal son when the Kirov—the closest living thing to the company that Balanchine grew up on—performs Mr. B's plotless "Jewels." At times the three-part ballet pushes classicism right over the edge, to Broadway or self-parody. In "Rubies," the women thrust their legs into the air with the feral menace of showgirls; in "Diamonds," to a soupy Tchaikovsky score, the lead dancer (originally, Suzanne Farrell) struts about on pointe like a stolid diva near-drunk on glory. The Kirov, like any good parent, chooses not to notice everything its child has become since leaving home. Its dancers—probably the planet's most pleasing to gaze upon, with long, tapered limbs, swan necks, and perfectly arched feet—turn attitude into appealingly delicate ornament. ♦ July 20 at 2: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. For more information, call 721-6500.)

PILOBOLUS
For this summer engagement, the sextet (with its four storied artistic directors) brings three new works ("The Four Humours," "The Brass Ring," and "Ben's Admonition") and a selection of repertory. (The Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. July 17-19 at 8 and July 20 at 2 and 8.)

"DIRTY WORK"
"Our work has always had shadows," says Dayna Hanson, who, with her friend Gaelen Hanson, runs 33 Fainting Spells, a tiny Seattle-based troupe that successfully combines the pedestrian wholesomeness of much American postmodern dance with European dance theatre's gloomy big ideas. "But now we're further down the pike, post-despair." The new work, which is less dancey than the women's previous shows, takes place at the end of the day, leaving time to ruminate—while exercycling, for example, or drinking a can of Tab or rolling around on the floor in a tutu unzipped down the back while a moody Anton Webern score plays on a public-school-style record player. "We usually create tight, seamless works," Dayna says. "This time, we needed to blow it open." (The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. July 18-21 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

FIRE ISLAND DANCE FESTIVAL
As one of fourteen acts in this benefit show for Dancers Responding to AIDS, the synchronized-swimming duo Kristina Lum and Bill May will perform their sexy, romantic, largely upside-down "Boléro" to three and a half minutes of the trance-inducing Ravel score. Lum competed in the 2000 Olympics, and May, her teammate at the Santa Clara Aquamaids (where he is the Aquabutler, he says), would have, if he hadn't been a man. By winning events in nearly every competition in which he has been allowed to participate, May has effectively made the argument for the inclusion of men at the highest level of the sport, that is, at the World Championships and the Olympics, from which they are currently excluded. "If they voted to let men in, synchronized swimming would get some publicity for once," he says. "It would be something new for synchro, this relationship between a man and a woman." (262 Bay Walk E., Fire Island Pines. 840-0770, ext. 268. July 20 at 5:30 and 7:30 and July 21 at 5.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL
July 17-19 at 8, July 20 at 2 and 8, and July 21 at 2: Lyon Opera Ballet. ♦ July 18-19 at 8:15, July 20 at 2:15 and 8:15, and July 21 at 5: Wally Cardona Quartet. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

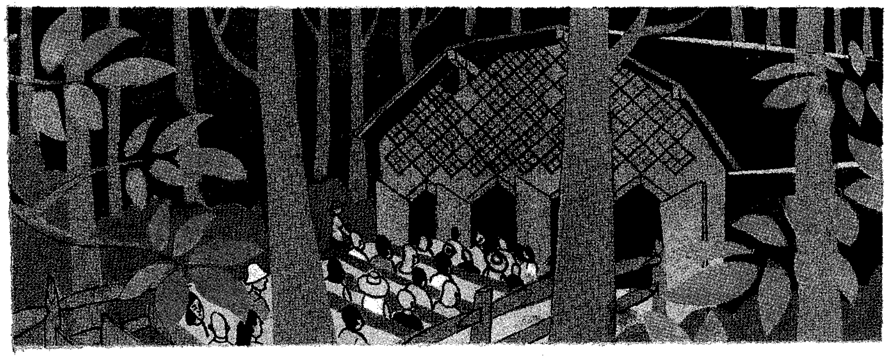
CONCERTS

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
July 17 at 7: **Lucinda Williams.** The songwriter from Baton Rouge, who is one of the few contemporary performers whose body of work compares favorably to that of Bob Dylan and Neil Young, performs a concert to benefit this summer music series. July 20 at 3: An afternoon of contemporary Greek music with Dionysis Savvopoulos, Alkinoos Loannidis, and Kristi Stassinopoulou. July 21 at 3: The **Kodo** drummers are a fourteen-member troupe from Sado Island, in the Sea of Japan, that beats out primal rhythms on a variety of instruments, including a drum that weighs nine hundred pounds. They share the stage with the **Triple Threat DJs** and the throat singers of the **Festival of Mongolia Ensemble.** (Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. 360-2777.)

"MAGHREB-MASHREQ: EAST-WEST ALCHEMY"
This year's Lincoln Center Festival brings together a wide variety of performers from North Africa and the Middle East. July 17: **Rachid Taha,** a singer and musician who was born in Algeria and has lived in France since he was a child, makes what's best thought of as *raï* and roll. Not the kind of world beat you hear at Starbucks, it's a fierce but melodic combination of punk, techno, and

EXCURSIONS

Into the Woods



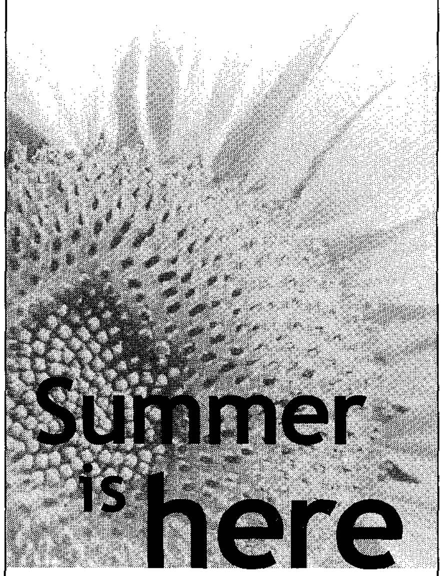
EDEL RODRIGUEZ

It would be hard to find a classical-music series as down to earth as Maverick Concerts, which has hosted chamber programs for the past eighty-five years in a woodland hall outside Woodstock, New York. Hervey White, the Whitmanesque leader of a colony of free-living artists and social radicals, put up the concert hall in 1916 with a load of native lumber, an endless line of credit from local merchants, and a group of young friends who shared his minimal skills in architecture. The result was a triumph of improvisation: the barrel-vaulted structure, modelled on meeting houses in the Fiji Islands, seems to spring out of the earth itself (a hundred-foot oak grows right through the porch). Surprisingly, the season's opening concert—an afternoon of Mozart, Debussy, and Dvořák performed by the Rossetti String Quartet and the pianist Ursula Oppens—proved that White's sketchy knowledge of acoustics was somehow sufficient to bless the hall with a remarkably warm and enveloping sound. The inside ambience is half chapel, half hunting lodge: four peeled tree trunks hold up the roof, and pictures of White and some of the musicians associated with the festival (including the conductor Leon Barzin and the iconoclastic composer Henry Cowell) line the walls. The Maverick Horse, a totemic eighteen-foot sculpture that embodies the festival's spirit, stands guard to the left of the stage.

Like so much of Woodstock culture, Maverick doesn't stand on ceremony. Tickets cannot be reserved, and if you want to get into the hall (which seats two hundred and twenty-five), you'd better arrive early, or else you'll have to make do with one of the comfortable benches out back. Beyond those, there's a patch of ground White called "Rock Bottom," where you can set up your own beach chair or just lean on a tree. The trees are filled with birds, who have been known to pipe up themselves. (Near the close of the Dvořák Piano Quintet, Oppens got a little competition from a warbler that called back the finale's dance tune in imitative counterpoint.)

The people who run Maverick like to keep things low-key, and suggestions about turning the festival into a mini-Tanglewood have been resisted. Concerts are held Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons, and the programming—devised by the series' longtime music director, the late Vincent Wagner, who died in March—is a determined mix of the unexpected and the tried and true. (August concerts include appearances by the pianist Ruth Laredo and the toy-piano diva Margaret Leng Tan and a tribute to the late Robert Starer, one of the region's celebrated composers.) After the concerts, Wagner liked to take his musicians to TERRAPIN (250 Spillway Rd., West Hurley, 845-331-3663), an upstart New American restaurant located in a former general store, on a very quiet country road (ask for directions). Its delicately flavored offerings contrast with the more muscular menu of the BEAR CAFÉ (295A Tinker St., Bearsville, 845-679-5555). Hang out at the Bear's bar and you'll find a cross-section of the town's better-heeled regulars: sixtyish, batik-wearing hippies mingling with respectable-looking biker types and the occasional young woman in a little black dress. (Through Sept. 1. For more information, call 845-679-8217.)

—*Russell Platt*



JPMorgan Chase Summer Arts Series

and art
is in bloom

Featuring more than 200 free events throughout the tri-state area.

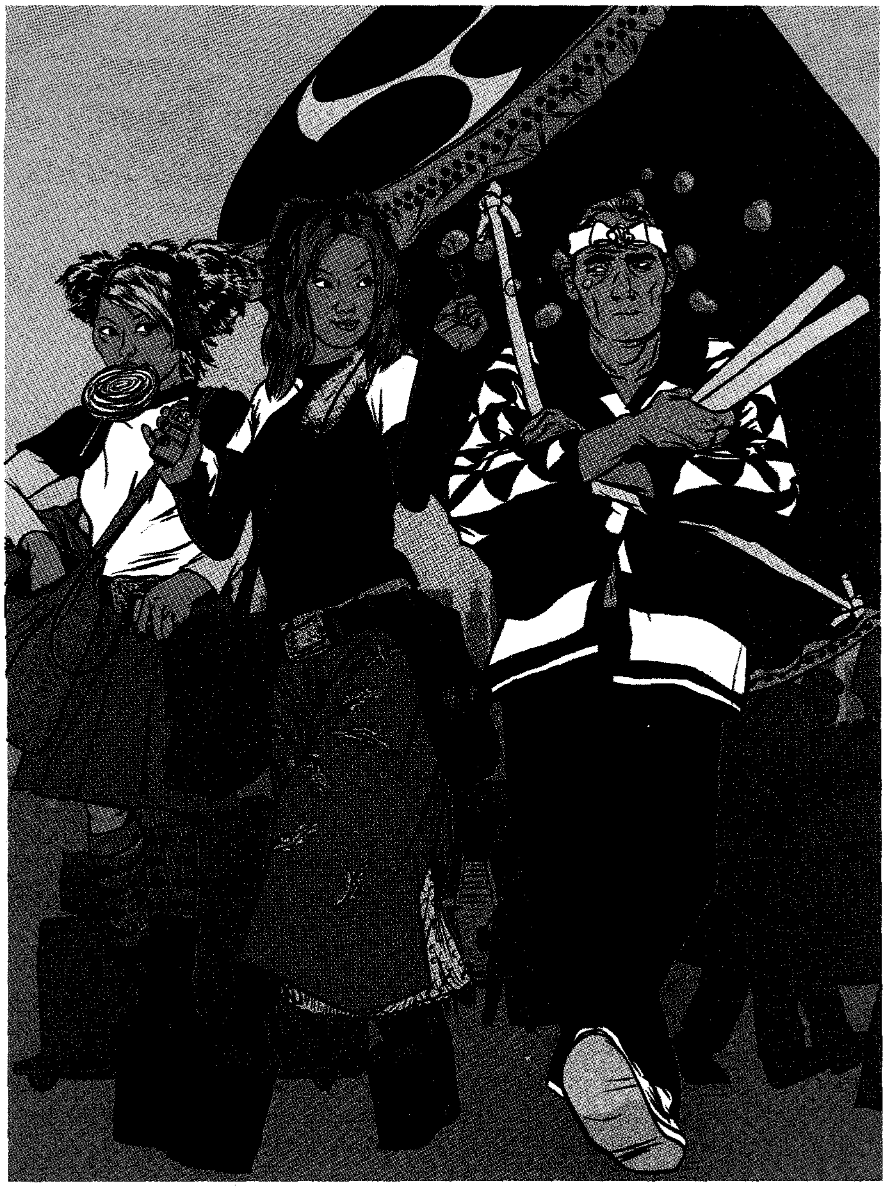
This summer's festivities include:
- The Public Theater's "Shakespeare in the Park"
- Spectrum Theatre on Wheels
- Martin Luther King, Jr. Concert Series
- Roberto Clemente State Park Summer Concert Series
- "Summer Nights" at El Museo del Barrio
- Rockaway Music & Arts Council Sunset Picnic Concert Series

The opportunity to enjoy, create or participate in cultural arts activities brings people together and helps our communities thrive. For more information about arts and cultural programs in your community, please visit **artsforhope.org.**

For a complete calendar of events, locations, dates and times, please visit **jpmorganchase.com/summerarts.**

JPMorganChase

© 2002 J.P. Morgan Chase & Co.



BIG IN JAPAN *New York audiences get a rare and nearly simultaneous look at two sides of Japanese culture this week when the merchandising-savvy pop duo known as Puffy AmiYumi brings its hip musical confections to Irving Plaza and the eco-conscious Kodo drummers whip up a traditional percussive storm at Central Park SummerStage.*

NATHAN FOX

North African music that's more likely to be found on the Discman of an angry globalization protester. He shares the bill with **B'net Marrakech,** a traditional female vocal troupe whose repertoire includes the Berber and Arab songs of Morocco. July 18: The Egyptian oud master **Hamza El Din,** who is known as the father of contemporary Nubian music, shares the stage with **Yair Dalal,** an Israeli-born violinist and oud player of Iraqi descent, and his **Ensemble Al Ol.** July 20: The composer and multi-instrumentalist **Elliott Sharp** closes out the festival with the **Al Mashreq All-Stars,** a kind of Middle Eastern supergroup featuring the vocalist **Natacha Atlas, DJ Mutamassik,** and another dozen or so musical guests. (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. 721-6500. All shows at 8.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING

The dancing under the stars at Lincoln Center continues on July 17 with the early New Orleans music of the pianist **Dick Hyman** and the **Jim Cullum Jazz Band** (see also Jazz in July, below). July 19: A night of salsa with **Jimmy Bosch.** July 20: The Nigerian-born singer **Floxy Bee** presents a program of rhythms from her homeland. July 23: **Nile Rodgers** and **Chic** lead the disco charge. Freak out! (For more information, call 721-6500. All shows are at 8, with dance lessons starting at 6:30.)

RIVER TO RIVER FESTIVAL

July 18 at 7: The **Derek Trucks Band.** The guitarist Trucks, a nephew of the longtime Allman Brothers drummer Butch Trucks, branches out beyond the strict blues-rock formula of his family. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Free tickets, which are required, will be distributed at the venue on the day of the performance, starting at 5. For more information, call 835-2789.)

JAZZ IN JULY

July 18 at 8: The **Jim Cullum Jazz Band** has been celebrating all things pre-bop for forty years now, making them—or so they claim—America's longest-running jazz ensemble. This feisty San Antonio-based group digs deep into the music of King Oliver, Bix Beiderbecke, and Louis Armstrong, revelling in the near-forgotten art of collective improvisation. July 22 at 8: The late bassist, composer, and arranger Bob Haggart was revered by fellow-musicians even though he never quite rose above insider status. In what could be the archival event of the year, the pianist **Dick Hyman** presents Haggart's long-overlooked big-band arrangements of "Porgy & Bess." July 23 at 8: The pianist **Bill Charlap** leads a sterling trio featuring the non-related **Washingtons:** the drummer **Kenny** and the bassist **Peter.** Together they form an indivisible unit that thrives on precision and nuance. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5500.)

LENNY KRAVITZ

The former poster child for flower-powered retro-rock silenced the naysayers with his 1998 album, "5," and secured his status as a thoroughly contemporary artist. His latest release, "Lenny," may never match the success of its predecessor, but Kravitz, whose greatest-hits compilation has been on the charts for nearly two years, remains a force to be reckoned with. (Jones Beach. 307-7171. July 19 at 7.)

CELEBRATE BROOKLYN!

July 19 at 7:30: The sharp-witted rap of **Talib Kweli** and the **Zap Mama DJ Project.** July 20 at 7:30: The countrypolitan sounds of Kurt Wagner's **Lambchop** and the **Mendoza Line,** a literate sextet from Brooklyn by way of Athens, Georgia, which turns out sweet country-esque music. (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St. 718-855-7882, ext. 45.)

SIREN FESTIVAL

The all-girl power-punk trio **Sleater-Kinney,** the Ramones-inspired women in the **Donnas** (who are no longer in their teens but still, thankfully, like to act like they are), the Italian and Japanese noiseniks known as **Blonde Redhead,** and a host of other excitable young bands, including the **Shins,** the **Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Les Savy Fav,** and the **Liars,** make waves at this daylong free beachside gathering. (10th St. at Stillwell Ave. at the boardwalk in Coney Island. For more information, visit www.villagevoice.com/siren. July 20, from noon to 9.)

SYSTEM OF A DOWN

The Armenian-born, California-bred members of this imaginative troupe stand out among the new generation of heavy-metal bands thanks to complicated time signatures, intricate harmonies, an inventive melodic streak, and a penchant for lyrical surrealism. (Jones Beach. July 21 at 7.)

BLONDIE / B-52'S

These onetime mainstays of the CBGB's/Mudd Club circuit represented the glamorous and fun sides of the New Wave scene, respectively. Those days may be gone, but the need for lighthearted amusement is stronger than ever. (Jones Beach. July 23 at 7:30.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

BOWERY BALLROOM

6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—July 17: The **Vines,** who have been hotly touted as the next band to enter the pantheon of hip rock revivalists (following, of course, the Strokes, the White Stripes, and the Hives). The Australian band twists grungey guitars and taut garage rock into an incendiary formula designed to kick-start punk's hibernating heart. July 22-23: **Patty Griffin,** a red-headed neo-folkie with the voice of a fire breather and an emotional range to rival Janis Joplin's, stops by with songs from her new release, "1,000 Kisses."

IRVING PLAZA

17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 19 and July 22: **Neil Finn,** a veteran along with his brother Tim of two of New Zealand's favorite bands, the New Wave Split Enz and the more anthemic Crowded House. Finn's voice has become slightly more mannered in recent years; luckily, he's still a master pop craftsman. July 20: The Japanese pop outfit **Puffy AmiYumi** (known simply as Puffy at home; the grousing of a certain name-changing rap-and-fashion mogul caused them to add a surname here) is Ami Onuki and Yumi Yoshimura. They are superstars in their native land, with top-selling albums, their own variety show, and a line of action figures. Their shape-shifting music references everything from musty disco to glittering New Wave to Charo. It's pure show biz, and it

works just fine. July 23: The enduring outfit **Los Lobos** presents a formidable arsenal that marries fierce musicianship with remarkable depth. The group is touring in support of their new album, "Good Morning Aztlán."

KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 18-20: Half a decade before the advent of slacker culture, the prototypical college band **Camper Van Beethoven** mixed elements of folk, ska, world beat, and psychedelia in an eclectically charming hodgepodge. The lead singer-songwriter David Lowery held everything together with his dry, absurdist wit, but by the end of the eighties the jokes had worn thin and Lowery moved on to the equally wry but not quite as adventurous Cracker. Briefly reuniting to promote the release of its long-lost, track-by-track cover album of Fleetwood Mac's "Tusk," Camper Van Beethoven rides again.

MAXWELL'S

1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703)—July 17: The folk-rock of the Manchester-based band **Alfie.** July 19-20: **Luna** heats things up with its dreamy double-guitar rock.

MERCURY LOUNGE

217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 18: **Alfie** (see Maxwell's). July 20: The **Emma Gibbs Band** hails from Winston, South Carolina, and its six members traffic in rousing electrified bluegrass and down-home Americana. July 21: The **Beachwood Sparks** play psychedelic country rock that is not at all diminished by its obvious similarities to the music the Byrds and Gram Parsons made three decades ago.

VILLAGE UNDERGROUND

130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—July 17: After leading the beloved country-rock band the Mavericks, and most recently singing for the Latin-rock supergroup Los Super Seven, **Raul Malo** is out on his own. Expect plenty of Latin-tinged rock and roll from Malo's solo début, "Today." July 19: The **Mendoza Line** (see Concerts—Celebrate Brooklyn!).

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

IRIDIUM

1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through July 21: The **Yosuke Yamashita** trio. This Japanese pianist just can't wait to open his Pandora's box of dervish rhythms, multi-register passages, and razor-edged grooves, all of which set him apart from the conservatives of the jazz world. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JAZZ GALLERY

290 Hudson St., near Spring St. (242-1063)—July 19: The **Jemeel Moondoc** quintet. The alto saxophonist and avant-garde mainstay, who only a few years ago was on a lengthy hiatus from music, has returned with a vengeance, holding fast to the tenets of free jazz and unfettered improvisation. July 20: **Eric Revis,** the bassist of choice for Branford Marsalis and others, steps out on his own with a quintet.

JAZZ STANDARD

116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—July 19-21: The **Henry Butler Blues Band.** The blind New Orleans pianist Butler possesses both a formidable technique and a restless urge to dip into as many musical genres as possible. He's gone electric on his latest recording, "The Game Has Just Begun," but odds are he won't pass up a chance to indulge in some fancy Big Easy-style knuckle busters here. Dining.

SMOKE

2751 Broadway, between 105th and 106th Sts. (864-6662)—July 19-20: If obscurity has any advantage at all, it's the purity of style that isolation breeds. The trumpeter and flugelhornist **Danny Moore** (here with his quintet July 19-20) isn't the great lost jazzman of the age; he's just a polished, vital player whose biting runs and vocal phrases are untouched by affectation or fashionable tics. The brawny-toned young tenor saxophonist **Eric Alexander** will be the perfect foil.

VILLAGE VANGUARD

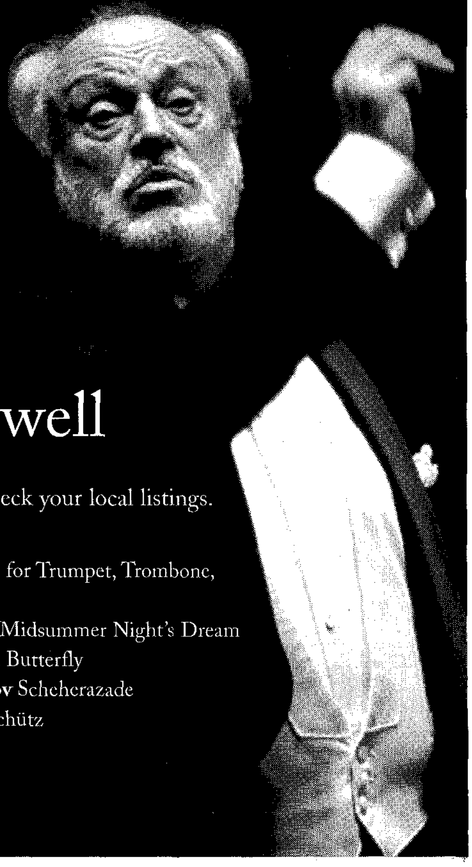
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 21: The **Mulgrew Miller** trio. Miller is a product of Memphis, a town whose jazz pianists invariably fall under the looming shadow of the florid legend Phineas Newborn. Miller, who tested his mettle with Art Blakey in the eighties, can be loquacious, but his orations have eloquence and verve. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—**"Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic"** crowds the downstairs of the Robert Lehman wing with a few familiar masterpieces—the Met's "Ia Orana Maria (Hail Mary)," the Albright-Knox's "Manao Tupapau (Spirit of the Dead Watching)"—and many lesser paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, documents, and oddities (portrait ceramic vessels, a carved walking stick representing a serpent and a wooden shoe). Saluting the Empire State's ravenous hunger for Gauguin, the unchoosy mélange affords a pungent sense of the artist's uneven, seductive mojo. Through Oct. 20. ♦ Thomas Eakins (1844-1916), perhaps the greatest American artist before Abstract Expressionism, was American by the usual test: he couldn't have been anything else. The same might be said of his art, which is styleless. There is no Eakins look, only a distinctive pitch of ambition and excellence. A magnificent retrospective, originally organized by the curator Darrel Sewell for the Philadelphia Museum of Art, endorses the opinion of the artist's older friend and hero Walt Whitman: "Eakins is not a painter, he is a force." Cannily intermingled paintings, photographs, drawings, sculptures, and miscellaneous



LINCOLN CENTER presents

Live From Lincoln Center

Hosted by **Beverly Sills**

Lincoln Center Festival 2002

New York Philharmonic

Kurt Masur's Birthday Farewell

Thursday, July 18 at 8 p.m. on thirteen. Or check your local listings.

Bernstein Candide Overture
Ravel Bolero
and excerpts from…
Bach Concerto for Two Violins
Brahms Concerto for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra
Dittersdorf Sinfonia concertante for Viola, Double Bass, and Orchestra
Turrin Fandango for Trumpet, Trombone, and Band
Mendelssohn A Midsummer Night's Dream
Puccini Madama Butterfly
Rimsky-Korsakov Scheherazade
Weber Der Freischütz

Live From Lincoln Center is underwritten by a major grant from

MetLife

NEF NEW ENGLAND FINANCIAL

Additional supporters

Thomas H. Lee and Ann Tenenbaum

Robert Wood Johnson Jr. Charitable Trust

The Irene Diamond Fund

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Rose

The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels Foundation, Inc.

The Robert and Renée Belfer Family Foundation

National Endowment for the Arts

www.lincolncenter.org

Photo: Chris Lee

artifacts—such as grisly casts taken from parts of dissected cadavers—reveal the artist as a yeoman genius, strenuous in all things. Eakins made aesthetics sweat. It is astonishing how contemporary he feels today. Through Sept. 15. ♦ **"New York, New York: Photographs from the Collection."** Through Aug. 25. ♦ **"Adrian: American Glamour,"** an exhibition of the designs of Gilbert Adrian (1903-59), at the Costume Institute. Through Aug. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City. (708-9480)—The museum's temporary quarters in a big, blue renovated factory building near the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge are easy to get to, excitingly well designed, and, in its first shows, frantically entertaining, with a racy display of six classic automobiles from the museum's heretofore little-celebrated car collection and **"Tempo,"** a festivalist fun park dominated by conceptual and video installations on the alleged theme of time. Apart from gimmicky stuff with clocks and metronomes, the latter show suggests a transatlantic annex of the current Documenta in Germany with politically tinged works from Africa, Asia, and South America. Meanwhile, "Starry Night," "Demoiselles," and other jewels of the permanent collection get a chance in coarse, cold rooms to prove how tough they are. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—The museum's expansions have failed in some places (SoHo) and succeeded mightily in others (Bilbao). Perhaps in reaction to this, the newest item on the roster—an exhibition partnership with St. Petersburg's State Hermitage Museum and Vienna's Kunsthistorisches Museum—tries a different strategy: doing much with little. **"Connecting Museums"** is the first foray into shows that share collections, and it includes only three paintings: Velázquez's 1654 portrait "Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Gown," from the Hermitage; "Portrait of Baertje Martens," from 1640, one of the Rembrandts in the Kunsthistorisches Museum collection; and the museum's own "Before the Mirror," by Manet, from 1876. Pampered princess, sturdy bourgeoise, and anonymous courtesan—the wildly varied visions of three masters are presented as a mini-history of European portraiture, from Velázquez's depiction of distant majesty to Rembrandt's psychologically acute contemplation of the middle class to Manet's secret glimpse of a demimondaine's back. Through Oct. 20. ♦ **"Moving Pictures."** When artists post production credits at the entrance to photography exhibitions (Gregory Crewdsen) or première their latest work at the Ziegfeld (Matthew Barney), it's clear that contemporary art has fallen under the spell of cinema. The Guggenheim tracks the seduction from the late sixties to the present in a rigorous and entertaining show of photography, film, and video from its permanent collection. The show opens whimsically in the lobby, with Nam June Paik's "TV Garden," dozens of monitors of varying sizes peeking out from a jungle of potted plants. It continues up the ramp chronologically, from early conceptual work by Acconci, Mendieta, and Nauman to a mini-multiplex: five small theatres screening works by young artists from Pierre Huyghe to Shirin Neshat. Through Jan. 12. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—This cheerfully low-key survey of seventies-era short films by the Canadian Jack Goldstein celebrates his campy structuralism. The artist, a staple of the eighties gallery scene, was a central figure in the establishment of postmodern appropriation tactics. We see trademarks like the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, along with deadpan portraits of such everyday objects as a knife, a chair, and a glass of milk, popping up in works that run from nineteen seconds to twenty minutes. The exhibition is arranged in three sections, with two screens looping three programs of films, while the other one continuously projects "The Jump" (1978), whose squiggly-lined animations catch a high-diver in hypnotic, predigital yet pixellated repetition. Through Sept. 22. ♦ **"Visions from America: Photographs from the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940-2001."** Don't let the title or the opening image—a tattered flag by Robert Mapplethorpe—fool you. This show has less to do with America than with the evolution of American photography over the past sixty years. In any "greatest hits" show, the choices can seem arbitrary; here it's the disjointed thematic groupings. In the first gallery a group of New York pictures from the forties and fifties (Weegee's drunken socialites, Feininger's lunch-hour rush down Fifth Avenue) segues inexplicably into a series of abstract patterns (Aaron Siskind's tar on asphalt and Minor White's ice crystals). The show's theme may be best summed up in its playful, art-about-art works like Laurie Simmons's glamorous portrait of a camera with legs or William Anastasi's deadpan series "Five Photographs/Five Cameras," in which only four cameras appear, as the fifth records them. Through Sept. 22. ♦ Joan Mitchell, the long-underrated second-generation Abstract Expressionist who died in 1992 at her home near Monet's Giverny, spoke paint. A sumptuous retrospective confirms her as a major artist. Mitchell's varieties of abstract landscape conjure nature (including the difficult human kind, in ornery and exacerbated moods) out of pigmented stuff with authoritative abandon. Lessons of Pollock, de Kooning, and, yes, Monet are apparent but thoroughly subsumed. As with great Monets, you sometimes can't tell what you are looking at. It's paint, sure, but as a medium of metaphysical mystery. Through Sept. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

TABLES FOR TWO

BB SANDWICH BAR
120 W. 3rd St. (473-7500)—If long menus immobilize you, here's your place. The only choice available is a cheese-steak sandwich. It comes two ways: to stay (sliced in half through wax-paper wrapper and set down on a small plastic plate, with a moist towelette and two chocolate mints) or to go (in a paper bag with all the aforementioned except the plate and the slicing). There's also canned soda and bottled water, but if you want coffee go across the street.

Here's what you get: a kaiser roll (not an Italian-sub roll, as in the authentic Philly version) with a slice of white American cheese on each side; about half an inch of thinly sliced, flavorful rib eye; another half inch of marinated then caramelized onions that still have some crunch; and a generous squirt of a spiky red-pepper sauce (again, not exactly authentic).

It's a pretty simple setup, but first-timers who wander in—lured by a small chalkboard that reads "The Best 'Damn' Cheese Steak Period"—seem initially confused. "How does this work?" the spokesman for a trio of N.Y.U. types asked. "We have cheese steaks," the chef and owner, Gary Thompson, replied.

Defenders of the original "cheesesteak" in Philadelphia might disagree. Their local papers have run dismissive articles since BB opened to huge popularity in March, including one titled "Bite This, New York." Not that New Yorkers cared. Thompson sells four or five hundred sandwiches a day, and a couple of months ago he had to temporarily lock the front door of his five-table dining room in order to take care of the eleven hundred phone orders he'd received.

"There's one guy who comes in every single day," Thompson says. "We're a little worried about him." One thing he and his girlfriend, Danielle Dimston, who helps run the place, don't seem worried about is the idea that there's only one way to make a cheese steak—although they're not crazy about customizing their own formula. "You can get a special order, but it will take fifteen minutes," Dimston says. "When people ask for no onions, we usually tell them just to scrape them off." (Open daily from 10:30 A.M. to midnight. Sandwiches $4.)

—*Emily Nunn*

DAHESH MUSEUM
601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606)—Frederic Church (1826-1900) was arguably the United States' first international art star. He is also part of the first generation of artists who grew up with photography. He had his début show by the age of twenty, and he travelled extensively, even extravagantly, for his time. Olana, the big, crazy house that he built for his family on a cliff in Hudson, New York, became the repository for thousands of photographs collected from what was then all four corners of the earth. **"Fire & Ice: Treasures from the Photographic Collection of Frederic Church at Olana"** exhibits those pictures for the first time alongside Church ephemera: huge, gorgeous contact prints made in California by Carleton Watkins; albumen prints of Arctic icebergs from the eighteen-sixties; a number of small oil studies Church made on his travels; and an impressive collection of tchotchkes from just about everywhere. Fans of Church's brand of spectacular panoramic landscapes should not miss this show, which lays out the interplay between archeology, photography, and sheer spectacle that formed Church's vision. Through Aug. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800)—A lacklustre show pays tribute to Herman Landshoff, a German-born photographer who helped introduce motion—from cartwheels to roller skates—into fashion-magazine photography. Landshoff, who arrived here in 1941 after a stint in Paris, was also one of the first to leave the stuffy environs of the studio for sunnier climes like Jones Beach. A trio of models cavorting there in the surf is one of the show's high points. Unfortunately, nearly a quarter of the exhibition is devoted to Landshoff's workaday portraits of other photographers, including Stieglitz, Steichen, and Brassaï. Through July 27. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (628-6200)—This already indispensable town-house museum mounts a new and potent installation of topflight Austrian and German fine and decorative art from the modern era. There's more terrific stuff from the Neue's seemingly boundless holdings, including works by Klimt and Schiele, suites of startling erotic drawings, and brilliant pocket surveys of German Expressionism, Neue Sachlichkeit, and the Bauhaus. The general effect is both illuminating and enigmatic. What is it that sulfurous satires by Grosz and Dix have in common with classic chairs by Breuer and Mies? A cool, sleazy nude by the delectably repellent Christian Schad seems to know. Through Sept. 1. (Open Fridays, 11 to 9, and Saturdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES–UPTOWN

Summer-hours warning: many galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Others follow the normal Tuesday-to-Saturday schedule. It's best to call ahead.

CHARLES MATTON
This show of meticulously constructed models recreates everything from Freud's office and the New York University Club (based on an actual photograph) to Proust's library and Hopper's loft (based on the artist's imagination). Each Lilliputian diorama is constructed using mirrors, so the apparent space extends well beyond the boundaries of the box that contains it. In the case of a balconied library dedicated to writer and fellow-Parisian Georges Perec, Matton conjures a book-lined corridor so infinite you may never want to

YAL

“THE FILM OF THE YEAR.”
FILM COMMENT

Peter Travers
ROLLING STONE
(THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS IS) “ECCENTRIC AND HILARIOUS.”

Dave Kehr
THE NEW YORK TIMES
“THIS 31-YEAR-OLD WRITER-DIRECTOR POSSESSES ONE OF THE FRESHEST VOICES IN AMERICAN MOVIES.”

Glenn Kenny
PREMIERE
“★★★★! THE TENENBAUMS IS A TERRIFIC FILM {THAT} HAS TO BE SEEN TWICE.”

Jack Mathews
NY DAILY NEWS
“FUNNY, POIGNANT. THE PERFORMANCES ARE ALL TERRIFIC.”

EBERT & ROEPER
“TWO THUMBS UP.”

THE CRITERION COLLECTION
THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS
THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS
THE CRITERION COLLECTION
DVD VIDEO
Danny GLOVER
Gene HACKMAN
Anjelica HUSTON
Bill MURRAY
Gwyneth PALTROW
Ben STILLER
Luke WILSON
Owen WILSON
COLLECTION
N COLLECTION
SUPPLEMENTS
DVD VIDEO
tion Collection

AVAILABLE ON VIDEO AND DVD
JULY 9

TOUCHSTONE PICTURES Presents An AMERICAN EMPIRICAL Picture “THE ROYAL TENENBAUMS” DANNY GLOVER GENE HACKMAN ANJELICA HUSTON BILL MURRAY GWYNETH PALTROW BEN STILLER LUKE WILSON OWEN WILSON Casting by DOUGLAS AIBEL Music Supervisor RANDALL POSTER Music by MARK MOTHERSBAUGH Costume Designer KAREN PATCH Editor DYLAN TICHENOR, A.C.E. Production Designer DAVID WASCO Director of Photography ROBERT YEOMAN, A.S.C. Executive Producers RUDD SIMMONS OWEN WILSON Produced by WES ANDERSON BARRY MENDEL SCOTT RUDIN Written by WES ANDERSON & OWEN WILSON Directed by WES ANDERSON

R RESTRICTED

royaltenenbaums.com

Distributed by Buena Vista Home Entertainment, Inc., Burbank, CA 91521. Printed in U.S.A. © Touchstone Pictures.

TOUCHSTONE HOME ENTERTAINMENT

pick up a book again. Through July 19. (Forum Gallery, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545.)

Short List

JOHN GRAHAM
York, 21 E. 65th St. 772-9155. Through July 31.

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

LARA SCHNITGER
Schnitger makes big, sassy sculpture out of sewing-box scraps—they look like Noguchi lampshades, with swaths of fabric fitted around metal armatures, but there's lots of gingham and loud prints, and one piece has a mandala-like base made of many neckties fanned out from its core. There are "paintings," too, of sexy couples and single women on the beach, all patched together (the couple is made of pink suède). Schnitger puts an insouciant spin on the legacy of "women's work" artists from the seventies such as Miriam Schapiro and Faith Ringgold, who elevated craft to the level of the grand aesthetic gesture, back when distinctions like high and low still packed a wallop in the art world. Aside from the homage, though, the work tends to look garage sale-ish. Through Aug. 3. (Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 367-9663.)

"3000°"
Three thousand degrees is roughly iron's melting point, and these four sculptures all give an impression of solids morphing into other forms. Michael Dominick's modified radiator actually radiates heat, so much so that worried neighbors called the F.D.N.Y. Three sculptures—Mary Ziegler's kinetic, electromagnetic work; Win Knowlton's rectangular steel volume perforated on all sides like a complex piece of grillwork; and a glob by James Hegge, made by knocking a fibreglass object repeatedly off a roof—all comment, we are told, on entropy and formlessness, vertigo and displacement. The sculptures work nicely together. But curatorial effort to tie it all into the work of Robert Smithson, Richard Serra, and Georges Bataille, and to propose that these three took up the aesthetic slack in American art post-Pollock—well, that's getting overheated. Through Sept. 7. (Rodgers/9W, 529 W. 20th St. 414-9810.)

Short List

JOAN MITCHELL
Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. 242-7727. Through Aug. 18.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

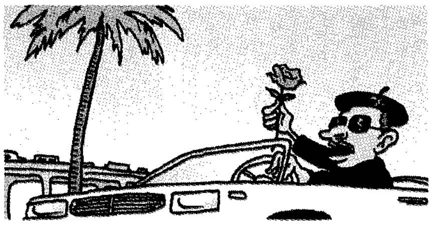
CLARINA BEZZOLA
The Drawing Room, a project space across the street from the Drawing Center, is dedicated to drawing that leaps or slips off the paper or down from the wall. Bezzola's installation is more than off the wall—the exuberant, cartoony sculpture, involving ceramic, fabric, metal, and a lot of plastic flowers, even pokes through the garage-style door and onto the street. The construction looks like two enormous satin hands, with blood-red nails and stubby fingers pulling strings and scattering posies, but the points that such a charmingly garish work manages to score in entrenched debates in drawing, such as line versus color and two dimensions versus three, seem secondary to its pleasurable mess. Through July 27. (40 Wooster St. 219-2166.)

Short List

YOSHITAKA AMANO
Koenig, 249 Centre St. 334-9255. Through Aug. 3.

BOOK CURRENTS

Verse from the West Coast

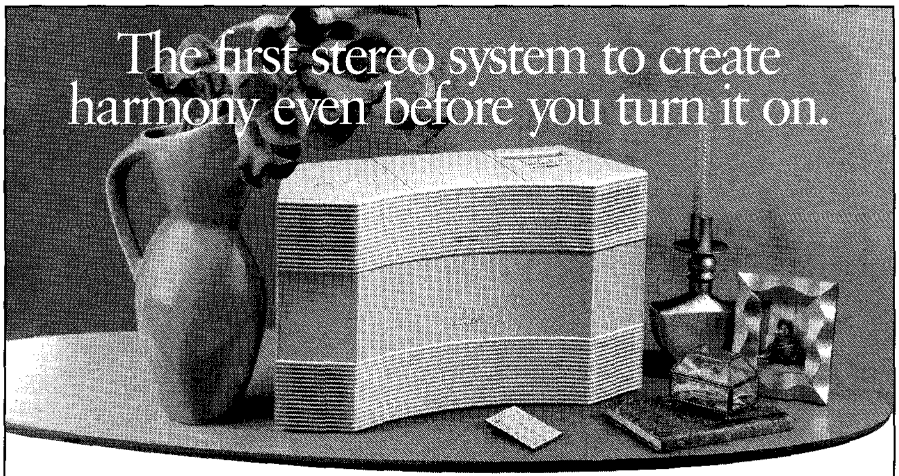


The wedding of the poet and novelist Carol Muske to the actor David Dukes (who played, among other stage and film roles, a murderer in "The First Deadly Sin"), made Liz Smith's column and gave Muske-Dukes a title for her collection of autobiographical and critical essays: **MARRIED TO THE ICEPICK KILLER: A POET IN HOLLYWOOD** (Random House). Muske-Dukes, who was shocked to hear the words "Helen Vendler" in the mouth of a Hollywood agent, mourns the Californiacation of poetry—the trophy books on producers' shelves and the creative-writing students who worry about "market value" and professional "contacts." These days, poems may no longer have to struggle so hard to make themselves heard above what Budd Shulberg called the "insistent hum of the dream factories," but they still have to compete with the roar of the freeway. In the capital of car culture, a group called Poets Anonymous posted bits of verse on billboards above the streets.

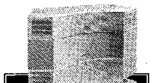
The work assembled by the Southern Californian poet Charles Harper Webb in **STAND UP POETRY: AN EXPANDED ANTHOLOGY** (Iowa) isn't afraid to have a sense of humor. "Why I Want to Be the Next Poet Laureate," by Elliot Fried, mocks the establishment: "I want a frail consumptive woman, just a bit deranged, / waiting patiently in a dark room as I come home / after a hard day, flinging Guggenheim and Ford Foundation / grants onto the vacuumed shag. I want to write quatrains / for the sensitive." Webb's original anthology, subtitled "The Poetry of Los Angeles and Beyond," was published in 1990 and focussed on locals. Here he opens the ranks to irreverent, crowd-pleasing Easterners like Billy Collins and James Tate—writers he admires for creating "bizarre and outrageous alternative worlds."

—*Dana Goodyear*

TONY MILLIONAIRE


The first stereo system to create harmony even before you turn it on.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system gives you sharp, clear stereo sound. Yet the one-piece unit, which is available in Platinum White or Graphite Gray, is unobtrusive, simple to use and small enough to fit almost anywhere. The system includes our patented waveguide speaker technology, an AM/FM tuner, built-in speakers, a CD player and a handy remote control. It's available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call for more information about our 30-day in-home trial. Take advantage of our installment plan that lets you make **12 low interest-free monthly payments.*** Order now and also get a free Pedestal (a $149.95 value) with inputs for your TV, VCR, DVD player and another music source. Discover why the *Chicago Tribune* calls the system "the least intimidating quality sound system ever developed." And see how easy it is to add harmony to sound.



For a FREE Pedestal order by Sept. 30, 2002.

Call today, 1-800-726-2073, ext. G5375.

For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/g5375**

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©2002 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Acoustic Wave® music system design is also a trademark of Bose Corporation.
*Installment payment plan and free Pedestal offer not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases.
Payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. Quote: Rich Warren, *Chicago Tribune*, 12/84.

GALLERIES–QUEENS

NINA KATCHADOURIAN
New Yorkers are used to the sirens of their habitat. But what if car alarms were just another species of organic song? From this quixotic premise comes Nina Katchadourian's public-art project "Natural Car Alarms," sponsored by the Sculpture Center and migrating through Queens, from MOMA QNS to the Sculpture Center, Socrates Sculpture Park, and P.S. 1. Katchadourian's rigged cars are identifiable only by their sunny-yellow bumper stickers and windshield decals of birds. But once the flock starts squawking, chirping, and shrieking, heads snap around in double and triple takes. Through Sept. 22. (For dates and locations, call 718-361-1750, or visit sculpture-center.org.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

"THE BICYCLE"
Italian filmmaking and design have received their due. Why not Italian photography? This group show of postwar prints exhibits the same aesthetic discipline and realist edge that brought international fame to DeSica and the modernist furniture guru Achille Castiglioni. But other than the omnipresence of iconic two-wheelers, this show defies categories. While underappreciated artists such as Mario Carrieri took street photography to the level of Walker Evans, Ricardo Moncalvo's arid study of a single cyclist on asphalt approaches Rothko. There's sweetness and nostalgia here, along with a dash of postmodern quirk: Luciano de Stasio's tabletop shot of toy racers (made in 1954) should be snapped up in a second by a next-wave curator from Williamsburg. Through Aug. 16. (De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482.)

"BYSTANDER"
The trick to enjoying snapshot photography lies in extracting the story from the blurry landscapes, the starkly lit kitchens, the friendly antics and sexual positions. The danger in a group show lies in losing the individual points of view, but the curator here deftly manages the former and avoids the latter. The young East Village art-world darling Ryan McGinley, who can at times shoot and miss the reason for doing so, scores here with a couple of provocative pictures and one real gross-out (an action closeup of a vomiting acquaintance). Amy Steiner's ceiling-mounted four-image piece—foreshortened shots of a blond beauty—weirdly updates Renaissance frescoes, and Kelly Lamb dispenses with people altogether in one picture, photographing what must be twenty pairs of shoes haphazardly tossed on the ground. What happened? Who knows? The elliptical image, like this show, conveys a transient sense of community and a sweet togetherness. Through Aug. 23. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

"PHOTO-TRANSCENDENT"
Here's a chance to look at some of the most interesting contemporary photography-based work coming out of India, and it isn't at all hippie-dippy, as the show's title might suggest. The standouts are by Rajeev Lochan: hand-colored black-and-white prints of jumbled electric wires strung across city streets and a single gorgeous portrait. There are also digital montages by the well-known painter Gulammohammed Sheikh of elephants with Indian miniatures, frescoes, and film stills superimposed on them. A collection of portraits done by photo studios in rural Indian villages will jolt you with their color. Through July 20. (Bose Pacia Modern, 508 W. 26th St. 989-7074.)

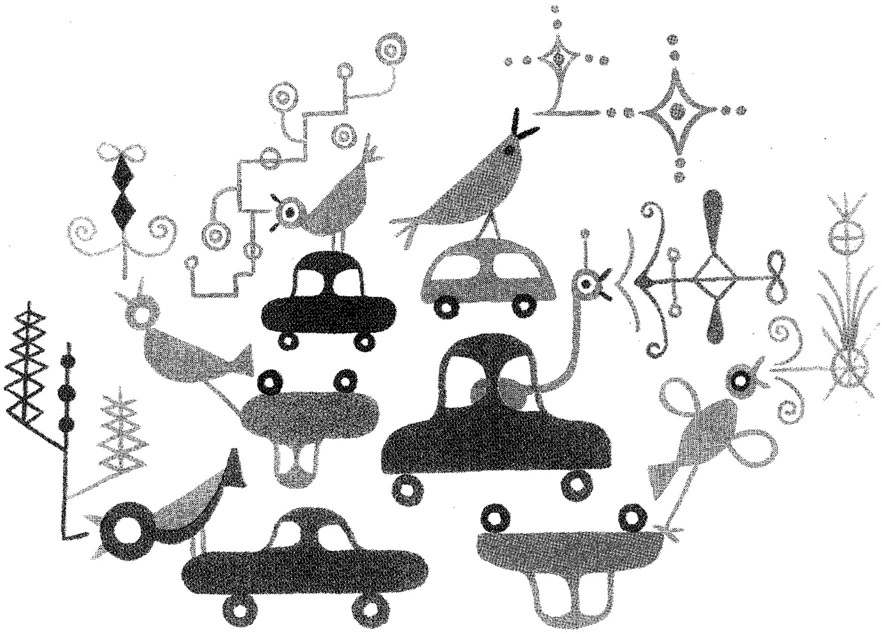
INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. 857-0000—**"George Tice: Urban Landscapes."** Since 1967, George Tice has used a view camera to inventory the urban and suburban landscapes of his native New Jersey. The rich black-and-white prints (Tice was Steichen's printer) are reminiscent of Berenice Abbot's "Changing New York" work, but more in synch with the sensibility of Robert Adams, his contemporary. Tice documents the dawn of the chain-store era, showing marquees that have lost their twinkling lights and chrome-plated diners that don't quite shine anymore beside butcher shops and gas stations out of Norman Rockwell. In downtown Newark, Tice composed a photograph so that an old church spire still (but only barely) rises above the young skyscrapers of downtown commerce. ♦ **"Manual: Two Worlds—the Collaboration of Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom"** and **"Dust to DNA: Kevin Clark and Mikey Flowers 9/11."** All shows through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10-5; Fridays, 10-8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10-6.)

Short List

RUVEN AFANADOR
Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059. Through Sept. 14.

TENESH WEBBER
Milo, 552 W. 24th St. 414-0370. Through July 26.

See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the Dahesh Museum, and the Fashion Institute of Technology.



A public-art project by Nina Katchadourian replaces car alarms with taped birdsong. Now parked near P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, the piece travels to other Queens curbsides throughout the summer (see Galleries–Queens).

RICHARD MC GUIRE

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL
The final performances of Bright Sheng's **"The Silver River,"** a magical chamber opera with an irreverent take on an ancient Chinese love story. The libretto is by David Henry Hwang. (John Jay Theatre, Tenth Ave. at 58th St. 721-6500. July 18-20 at 8:30 and July 21 at 3.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA
July 20 at 8 and July 22 at 2: Joseph Haydn, beloved for his symphonies and quartets, was also one of the most prominent operatic composers of his time. **"Orlando Paladino,"** among his best efforts, recounts the adventures of the knight Roland as drawn from Ariosto's Renaissance epic "Orlando Furioso," in a rollicking style that incorporates comic, tragic, and pastoral elements, and magic tricks besides. James Robinson, a director who excels at upsetting conventional expectations, leads a cast that includes Lisa Saffer, Brenda Patterson, Paul Austin Kelly, and Troy Cook; the conductor is Guido Johannes Rumstadt. In English. ♦ July 21 at 2: Robin Guarino's production of **"Pagliacci"** and **"Cavalleria Rusticana"** reverses the usual order of the two verismo masterpieces, and attempts, somewhat shakily, to integrate them by turning the first opera's Tonio into a Pirandellian overseer. The cast of "Pagliacci," which features Marie Plette, John Mac Master, and Ned Barth, is adequate; the leading singers in "Cavalleria," Eugenie Grunewald, Keith Ikaia-Purdy, and Brian Montgomery, are exceptional. Stewart Robertson conducts. (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

OPERA FESTIVAL OF NEW JERSEY
The festival presents its final performances of the summer. July 20 at 4: **"The Barber of Seville,"** with Margaret Lattimore and Daniel Belcher; Bernard Labadie conducts. ♦ July 21 at 2: Britten's **"The Rape of Lucretia"**; David Agler conducts. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 609-258-2787.)

CONCERTS IN TOWN

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL
Kurt Masur's valedictory New York concert as music director of the New York Philharmonic is also a celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday. The extensive and festive program includes music by Bernstein (the "Candide" Overture, played without conductor), Mendelssohn (music from "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), and Puccini. (Avery Fisher Hall. July 18 at 8.) ♦ The New Juilliard Ensemble, conducted by Joel Sachs, presents chamber music by Bright Sheng and Guo Wenjing, the two Chinese-born composers whose operas are being presented by Lincoln Center this summer. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. July 22 at 8.) (For tickets to both concerts, call 721-6500.)

MUSICIANS OF EUROPE UNITED
Riccardo Muti conducts a collaboration between members of many of the world's leading orchestras—including the Orchestra of La Scala, the Concertgebouw, and the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics—in a tribute to the victims of the events of September 11th. The program features music by Beethoven (the "Eroica" Symphony), Verdi, and Rossini (a scene from "William Tell"), with a group of singers that includes Barbara Frittoli, Giuseppe Sabbatini, and Roberto Frontali. (Avery Fisher Hall. July 22 at 8. Free tickets, of-

THE
NEW YORKER
ONLINE

www.newyorker.com

DOZENS OF WEB EXCLUSIVES, INCLUDING:

MALCOLM GLADWELL ON CORPORATIONS AND THE TALENT MYTH

……

TRACKING CAPTAIN COOK ON THE NET

……

PLUS:
Michael Specter
Donald Antrim
Edna O'Brien
Peter Schjeldahl
Franz Wright
Bruce McCall
Lawrence Wright
Louis Menand
Maira Kalman
Calvin Trillin
Philip Gourevitch
Larissa MacFarquhar
Jeffrey Goldberg
Rebecca Mead
Alice Munro
V. S. Naipaul
E. L. Doctorow
Pauline Kael
W. G. Sebald
Elizabeth Kolbert
Ken Auletta
and more

……

AND: A calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country

fered on a first-come, first-served basis, will be available at the box office beginning July 15.)

SARAH CONNOLLY
The noted British mezzo-soprano, with the pianist Julian Milford, makes her New York recital début with a program of Handel, Schumann, Berlioz ("Summer Nights"), and English songs. (The Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. July 23 at 5:45.)

CONCERTS OUT OF TOWN

NEWPORT MUSIC FESTIVAL
This busiest of Northeastern festivals features a whirl of concerts—up to five a day—that take place at some of the yachting town's legendary "cottages," such as the Breakers, the Elms, and Marble House. The music of Chopin is this season's special focus (his entire catalogue of piano music, chamber music, and songs will be offered), but the festival's taste for eccentric programming goes well beyond the Pole's pale. Among the highlights: July 17 at 11 A.M.: A program of piano duos, featuring Hamish Milne, Pedja Mužijević, and others performing music by Ravel both rare (the "Sites Auriculaires," which first caused Paris to sit up and take notice) and renowned ("Boléro" and "La Valse"). Brahms's Sonata in F Minor finishes the concert. ♦ July 20 at 11:45 P.M.: Carlo Grante, a young Italian pianist, offers a midnight program of Sorabji (the U.S. première of the outrageously difficult composer's "Transcendental Study No. 1"), Roman Vlad, and "Glimpses of Our Inner Lives," by George William Flynn, part of the Fluxus movement, who with Dick Higgins pioneered the genre of "danger music" in the nineteen-sixties. ♦ July 23 at 5:30: One of the series' many "Chopiniads," including the Préludes, Op. 28, several songs (with the tenor John Aler), and the Grand Duo after Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." (Newport, R.I. 401-849-0700.)

TANGLEWOOD
This is the first week of Tanglewood's annual Festival of Contemporary Music, which in recent years has broadened in scope to include an appealing variety of current compositional styles. The series begins July 20 at 2:30 with a concert of American songs presented in tribute to Phyllis Curtin, Tanglewood's longtime prima donna, who did more to promote that repertory than perhaps anyone else. (For information on the festival's other concerts, call 413-637-5230.) July 17 at 8:30: John Williams conducts a concert of the Boston Pops, with James Taylor as special guest. ♦ July 19 at 8:30: William Bolcom's Flute Concerto, with James Galway as soloist, is the highlight of the week's only concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which also includes music by Rossini and Tchaikovsky (the Symphony No. 4). Federico Cortese conducts. ♦ July 20 at 8:30: As part of his victory lap, Kurt Masur takes the New York Philharmonic up to the Tanglewood Shed for two concerts. The first features the Brahms Double Concerto for Violin and Cello (with Glenn Dicterow and Carter Brey) and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. ♦ July 21 at 2:30: Yefim Bronfman is the soloist for the Philharmonic's second concert, a program of Beethoven (the "Eroica" Symphony and the Piano Concerto No. 5, "Emperor"). (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL
July 18 at 4:30: As part of its "Introductions" series, the festival presents the pianist Adam Nieman—the winner of an Avery Fisher Career Grant and the Gilmore Award—in music by Poulenc, Franck, Ravel ("Gaspard de la Nuit"), and Szymanowski. ♦ July 19 at 8: The Eroica Trio plays Rachmaninoff (the Trio Élégiaque in D Minor), Lalo, and Piazzolla. ♦ July 20 at 8: Will Crutchfield, Caramoor's director of opera, goes out on a limb with **"Deidamia,"** Handel's obscure final opera, which some historians have criticized for its ironic treatment of the Achilles myth and for a score that mixes the inspired and the routine. Not so, says the conductor, who regards it as a work that, in its ingenuity and progressive style, foreshadows "Messiah," with which it shares a few tunes. (It's also high comedy: the hero, hiding out from the Greek draft, spends most of the opera dressed as a girl.) The cast includes Georgia Jarman, Kate Aldrich, Jennifer Rivera, Maria Zifchak, and Daniel Mobbs; with the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL OF THE HAMPTONS
July 20 at 8: The eightieth-birthday toasts to Lukas Foss, the festival's music director, continue, with Peter Serkin performing the composer's "Solo Transformed" under his baton, along with Mozart's Piano Concerto in G Major, K. 453. Stravinsky's Concerto in D for Strings rounds out the program. ♦ July 22 at 8: James and Jeanne Galway, flutists both, play works by Stamitz and Cimarosa with the Atlantic Chamber Orchestra. As an apéritif, Michael Guttman, the orchestra's concertmaster, leads a group of his colleagues in the Mendelssohn Octet. (Snake Hollow Rd., Bridgehampton, N.Y. 800-644-4418.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS
July 20 at 8: Peter Schickele, the "enabler" of the P. D. Q. Bach concerts, presents an evening of some of his more serious music. He's the pianist for "Condition of My Heart," a song cycle about married life he wrote with his wife, the poet Susan Sindall; David Dusing is the singer. ♦ July 21 at 3: The Tokyo String Quartet plays Janáček's Quartet No. 1, "The Kreutzer Sonata," a much darker portrait of a marriage based on the Tolstoy novella, along with Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet and, for a little light, an early quartet by Dvořák. (Woodstock, N.Y. 845-679-8217.)

MARLBORO FESTIVAL
The festival, chamber music's holiest shrine, begins five weekends of performances by some of the world's leading artists and their very talented students. Programs are announced one week in advance on the festival's Web site, www.marlboromusic.org. (Marlboro, Vt. 802-254-2394. July 20 at 8:30 and July 21 at 2:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN
July 21 at 3: The Colorado String Quartet performs works by Mozart, Shostakovich (the Quartet No. 4), and Schubert (the Quintet in C Major, with the cellist Robert Martin). (Routes 63 and 126, Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE
The recent weather has been enough to make New Yorkers want to jump in the Hudson River, which may sound like a bad idea until you take a look at what the Manhattan Island Foundation has been doing. This nonprofit organization is dedicated to bringing marathon swimming events to New York Harbor (its members put on the annual race around Manhattan), and it has scheduled a pair of short races for Sunday, July 21. The first is a 2.4-mile competition from Pier 62 (at 23rd St.) to the North Cove Marina, in Battery Park City, starting at 12:30. The second—a half-mile dash from Battery Park's South Cove to its North Cove at 3:45—is even briefer, but it's sure to be just as refreshing. As for the water quality, there's little to worry about. The harbor is the cleanest it's been in more than a generation, and the foundation no longer requires that swimmers get vaccinated before diving in. Those who wish to participate can call 888-692-7946. And anyone interested in just watching can call 267-9700.

READINGS
July 17 at 7:30: Amine Wefali offers passages from "Westchester Burning," her account of the dissolution of her thirty-year marriage. (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 8th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 18 at 7:30: Emmy Hunter joins her fellow-poets Jen Abrams, Michele Brochu, Syreeta Dixon, and Eve Packer for an evening of verse and performance. (Halcyon, 227 Smith St., Brooklyn. For more information, call 718-260-9299.)

WALK
July 18 at 6: The architectural historian John Kriskiewicz leads a guided tour of the Lincoln Center grounds. For more information, call the Municipal Arts Society at 935-3960.

MOVIES OPENING

AYURVEDA: THE ART OF BEING
A documentary about the Indian system of holistic medicine, directed by Pan Nalin. Opening July 17. (Cinema Village.)

EIGHT LEGGED FREAKS
Chemically altered giant spiders hunt down the residents of a rural mining town in a movie directed by Ellory Elkayem. With David Arquette and Scarlett Johansson. Opening July 17.

GREEN DRAGON
Timothy Linh Bui's drama about life in a Vietnamese refugee camp after the fall of Saigon. With Forest Whitaker, Patrick Swayze, and Don Duong. In English and Vietnamese. Opening July 19. (Quad Cinema.)

K-19: THE WIDOWMAKER
Harrison Ford plays the commander of a Russian nuclear submarine that experiences a reactor failure while on her maiden voyage. Kathryn Bigelow directed. Opening July 19.

LANGRISHE, GO DOWN
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening July 17. (Film Forum.)

STUART LITTLE 2
More adventures for the sprightly mouse, with Michael J. Fox, Geena Davis, and Nathan Lane returning as the voice cast. Opening July 19.

TADPOLE
A comedy set in New York about a precocious prep-school student (Aaron Stanford) who woos older women and harbors a crush on his stepmother (Sigourney Weaver). Opening July 19. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE
Gregor Schnitzler's black comedy about six friends, former anarchists, who reunite when a bomb they planted many years ago explodes. In German. Opening July 19. (Angelika Film Center.)

FILM NOTES

THE BOURNE IDENTITY
In this latest iteration of the international thriller, two young people—an amnesiac American who possesses mysterious violent skills (Matt Damon), and a beautiful European vagabond with a taste for adventure (Franka Potente)—race across Europe to escape powerful forces eager to kill them both. Adapted by Tony Gilroy and William Blake Herron from a 1980 novel by Robert Ludlum, the picture has tons of up-to-date surveillance equipment, and it features an unfamiliar Filipino martial art called *kali,* a kind of stuttered karate (block, block, slash, kick). But the movie is still a relic of the bipolar Cold War, and suffers from a fatal lack of purpose. Great actors like Brian Cox and Clive Owen are wasted in tiny roles, and Julia Stiles, as an operative lucky enough to be assigned to Paris, is stuck in a closed room wearing headphones all the time. Directed by Doug Liman, who used to make nifty little movies like "Swingers" and "Go."—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 6/17 & 24/02.) (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE COCKETTES
A flamboyant piece of hippie history gets its due in Bill Weber and David Weissman's loving look at the San Francisco drugs-and-drag theatre troupe. The filmmakers capture the spirit of life in a late-sixties commune as well as the Cockettes' hallucinogenic romps—performances foisted on audiences who were in the mood for wigged-out frivolity. With its archival footage and hilariously frank interviews, the movie makes for a ragtag portrait of a cultural moment when free expression reigned supreme.—*Bruce Diones* (Quad Cinema.)

THE DEAD ZONE
Christopher Walken is fascinating as a tormented psychic in David Cronenberg's 1983 film of Stephen King's novel. Walken's character, a teacher named Johnny Smith, emerges from a five-year coma with the power to see the future and to ferret out the secrets of the past. He's also a victim: his fiancée (Brooke Adams) married another man during his unconscious half decade. Walken's "normal" range of emotion has always been far out, and here he seems to throw his consciousness to the camera the way a ventriloquist throws his voice to a hand puppet. In several frightening trance scenes, his throbbing, spooky-eyed expressions blend eerily well with Cronenberg's hyperbolic visuals. Despite Jeffrey Boam's primitive script, Walken never lets up.—*Michael Sragow* (Anthology Film Archives; July 18 and July 20.)

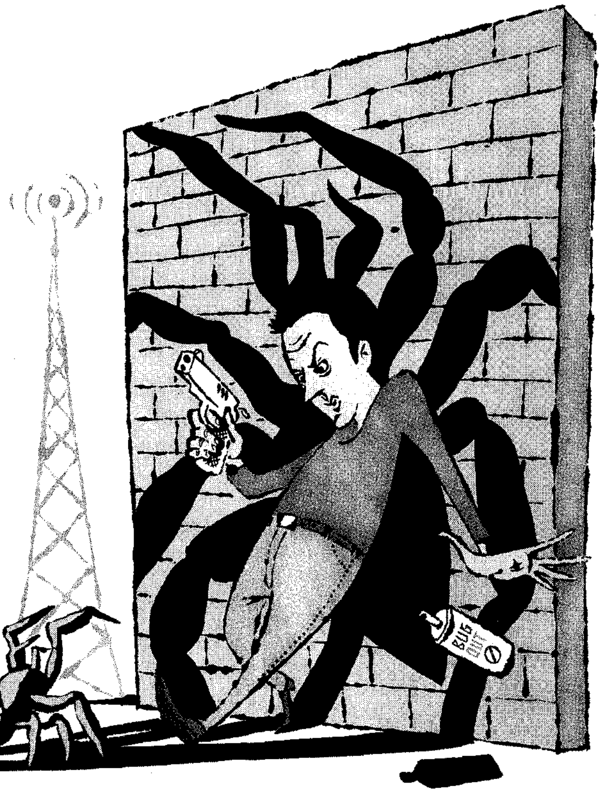
COMING ATTRACTIONS
F

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST
Robert Bresson's masterly 1950 adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and, at the end, a Bach-like intensity. The dialogue and the passages read from the diary are taken directly from the novel, though while you're watching you feel as if you were seeing a silent movie. (It's the effect of the expressive images and the general austerity.) This is one of the few modern works in any art form that help one to understand the religious life—which for this useless young man is a terrible one, yet with moments of holiness. If there is a flaw in the film it's the rhythm—you feel you're dying with the priest. In French.—*Pauline Kael* (Thalia Theatre; July 20-21.)

THE FAST RUNNER (ATANARJUAT)
A three-hour marathon of ice, snow, and raw seal meat. This Inuit epic is quite a trek, but many of the visual sequences—the Arctic in summer and winter—are sublime and unprecedented. A ten-minute episode showing the hero, Atanarjuat, running across a frozen sea has been hailed, justifiably, as a masterstroke, but there are many other discoveries, like sunshine filtering through the cracks of an igloo and the gray-on-gray polar horizon. Directed by the Inuit filmmaker Zacharias Kunuk, the movie's straight-arrow tale of murder and revenge carries it through the more tedious "Nanook of the North" moments. But even these digressions—for example, scenes that show the way the Inuit greet each other, carry themselves, and cut their food—stay with you. At the extreme north, the basic motions of life somehow seem startling and fresh. In Inuktitut.—*Michael Agger* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

INSOMNIA
A dark and fidgety picture from Christopher Nolan, who made such a splash with "Memento." Al Pacino plays Will Dormer, a detective from Los Angeles, who is flown to the wilds of Alaska (couldn't they find anyone closer?) to unravel a nasty, intractable killing. Soon, he is fouled up in another death, which everyone hopes was accidental. Meanwhile, a local suspect (Robin Williams) shows his face, or, at any rate, gives Dormer something to run after. The ensuing chase scenes are the best thing in the film: Nolan's busy, ravenous technique has something to bite on. The rest of the movie shows what happens when a style goes in search of a mystery; the fretful power play of the two leads, like the cop's yawning sleeplessness, seems not so much grounded in character as applied like makeup. Still, Nolan's depiction of desolate backwaters is immaculate, and the women in the tale—Hilary Swank as a perky cop and Maura Tierney as the sad-faced keeper of the hotel—somehow leaven the air of contrivance.—*Anthony Lane* (5/27/02) (Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Square.)

LANGRISHE, GO DOWN
In this adroit 1978 British telefilm, set in the nineteen-thirties, Judi Dench plays one of three sisters living in a decaying ancestral Anglo-Irish estate



David Arquette in "Eight Legged Freaks," opening July 17.

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

located outside of Dublin. Jeremy Irons is the perennial student who rents a cottage on its grounds and half suavely, half clumsily seduces her. Under David Jones's direction, both actors are brilliant in a tale that moves from erotic awakening to Strindbergian torment. Dench has never been more sensual—her character likes to take "air baths," which involve running naked through the grass at night. Irons delivers an original portrait of an intellectual narcissist, someone able to make his connoisseurship pass for sensitivity and to turn a sulk over unrealized ambition into an aria of angst. Harold Pinter adapted Aidan Higgins's novel.—*M.S.* (Film Forum.)

LAST DANCE

An inside view, from concept to performance, of a recent collaboration between Maurice Sendak and Pilobolus on a haunting dance-theatre piece entitled "A Selection," which honors the children of the Holocaust. The filmmaker Mirra Bank documents the rigorous, sometimes contentious atmosphere surrounding the work's development, but the movie is at its best when it quiets down and catches the dancers in motion.—*B.D.* (Quad Cinema.)

LILO & STITCH

Chris Sanders and Dean DeBlois, two of the talents behind Disney's staid Chinese-maiden movie, "Mulan," shake things up with a raucous tale of a lonely Hawaiian girl, Lilo, who befriends a mischievous critter from another planet, Stitch. With painted watercolor backgrounds and a Looney Tunes-like atmosphere, the animation has a sweet familiarity. The ugly-duckling story is laced with a delightful, frenzied humor, and the dialogue reaches beyond the usual tart pop-culture references—there are some lovely shadings to the characters. When Lilo teaches Stitch to impersonate the King, it's Elvis in Hawaii all over again.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

LOVELY & AMAZING

A comedy about self-dissatisfaction, featuring a mother and three daughters in Los Angeles. Jane Marks (Brenda Blethyn), the mom, undergoes liposuction and flirts with her doctor; Michelle (Catherine Keener), stuck in a loveless marriage, can't sell the little chair sculptures that she makes; Elizabeth (Emily Mortimer), an actress, thinks that she's ugly and encourages her bedmate, a narcissistic actor (Dermot Mulroney), to judge her naked body, limb by limb; Annie (Raven Goodwin), an African-American girl adopted by Jane, worries over her hair. The writer-director Nicole Holofcener has a gentle touch, though she doesn't pull her themes together as much as one would like. The movie is intelligent and funny but a little unfocussed. With James LeGros and, as Michelle's eager teen lover, Jake Gyllenhaal.—*D.D.* (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema 2, and Empire 25.)

MEN IN BLACK II

Except for a few funny moments, pretty much a bore. The director Barry Sonnenfeld must have believed that the best part of the original was not its hip, mordant wit but the conventionally junky sequence at the end in which Will Smith got smacked around a lot and doused in slime. "MIIB" is mostly dull physical comedy and slapstick special effects, and it seems to have been made for unusually literal-minded children. With Tommy Lee Jones and Lara Flynn Boyle as Serleena, an evil Kylothian monster with many long tongues.—*D.D.* (7/8/02) (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Lincoln Square, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

METROPOLIS

Fritz Lang's 1927 pop-visionary epic has always been, from sequence to sequence, a milestone of precision craftsmanship on a gargantuan scale. No director has ever raised so many shivers from choreographing geometric hordes of extras—they move like organic machines or bristling anacondas and leviathans. The inclusion, in the current print, of forty minutes' worth of footage never before seen in America brings some sense to the motivation of Rotwang (Rudolf Klein-Rogge), the unhinged inventor who is creating a mechanical woman. We learn that Rotwang and the industrialist-tyrant Joh Fredersen (Alfred Abel) once vied for the hand of the same beauty—she married the tycoon and died while giving birth to his son. When Fredersen orders him to give his automaton the face of a labor prophetess named Maria (Brigitte Helm) instead of the woman they both loved, Rotwang takes vengeance by commanding his robot creation to corrupt the ruling class and foment apocalypse. Lost scenes described with titles only lay out Joh Fredersen's search for his rebellious boy, who has become a member of Maria's Christian workers' movement—and her lover. With this subplot, the picture operates as a proto-noir suspense film, as well as a mad-scientist extravaganza and an all-out disaster flick.—*M.S.* (Film Forum; July 17-23.)

MINORITY REPORT

A frantic return to form for Steven Spielberg, whose pulse seems to have quickened after the sluggish musings of "A.I." We are still stuck in the future, but it comes with a twist from the mazelike mind of Philip K. Dick. Tom Cruise plays John Anderton, a bright spark in the shadowy field of Pre-crime. With a little help from three oracles known as the Pre-Cognitives, he is able to predict, and therefore to prevent, approaching murders. The homicide rate has plunged, although the monitoring official from the Justice Department (Colin Farrell) looks worried about the ethics of the program. Where "A.I." was a wandering quest, this is a straightforward chase, as Anderton finds himself accused and hunted down. Spielberg is able to flex those muscles—his ridiculous powers of suspense—that threw him so hard into the movie business in the first place. Like "Jaws," the new film is none too serious, though it is forever touching on serious things; the world it unveils may look dark, yet the plot accelerates with the lightness of comedy. With a great supporting cast, including Lois Smith, Neal McDonough, and, most startling of all, Samantha Morton as a Pre-Cog.—*A.L.* (7/1/02) (Battery Park 16, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Metro Twin, Murray Hill Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Union Square.)

MR. DEEDS

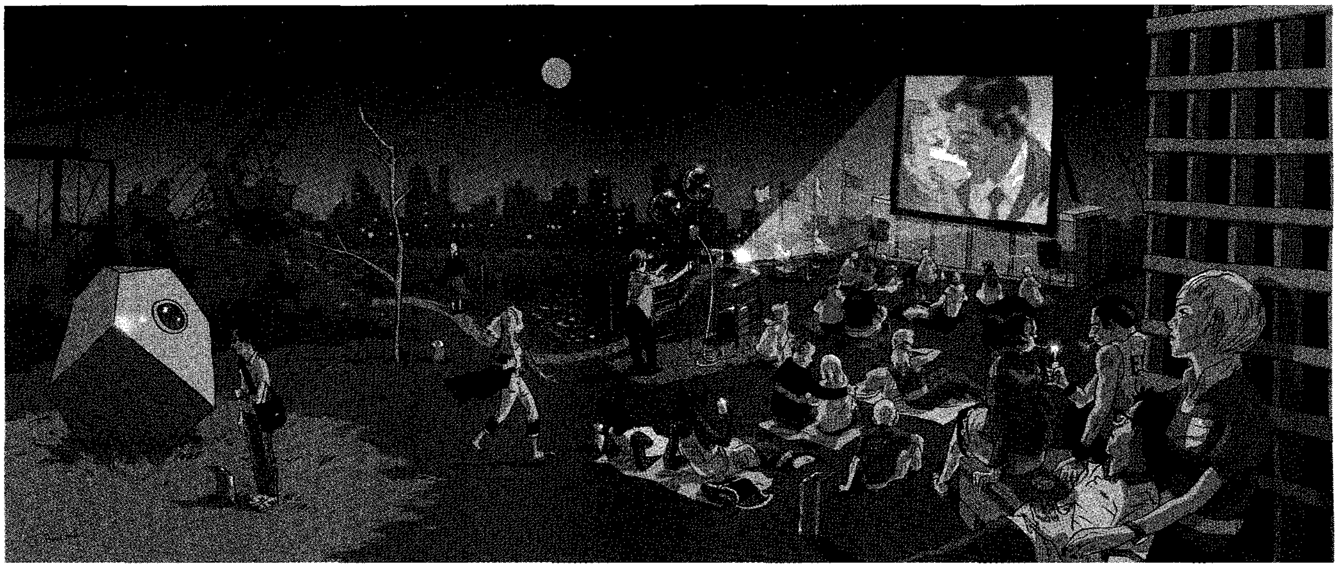
It's billed as an homage to the 1936 Capra classic, but the only tradition being watered down is the Adam Sandler movie. He's one of the more gifted wisecrackers around, but most of his routines—the deadpan sincerity, the over-the-top regular guyness, the non-actors he lines up for odd cameos—seem stale and second rate in this, his seventh starring vehicle. The over-all experience is like listening to a decent pop song you've heard too many times. The chief pleasure is John Turturro, who steals the movie as a "sneaky, sneaky" butler with a foot fetish.—*M.A.* (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

READ MY LIPS

A half-deaf but observant secretary (Emmanuelle Devos), who reads people's lips and attitudes and feels like a loser, and a mangy ex-con (Vincent Cassel), with a blank look in his eyes and an endless capacity for trouble, make a very odd couple. But the writer-director Jacques Audiard, working close to his actors with a camera devoted to glances, reactions, and tiny gestures, gets us to believe that these two hard cases are destined for each other. The woman requires some waking up, a little danger or excitement, if she is not to expire from boredom and depression; the man needs some sense talked into him if he is not to be sent straight back to prison. They form an alliance and renew themselves by ripping off unsavory characters. The movie turns into a breathless and rather audacious study in the sexiness of a nonsexual relationship. In French.—*D.D.* (7/15/02) (Angelika Film Center and Paris.)

ROAD TO PERDITION

A solemnly beautiful art concept—which is not quite the same thing as a great movie. Tom Hanks plays a Depression-era mob assassin, a family man with a small moustache and a stiff walk. The talented English director Sam Mendes ("American Beauty"),



The outdoor movie season is in full swing, including a film series at the Socrates Sculpture Park (above) celebrating Queens.

TOMER HANUKA

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW YORKER READERS!

$29.50 TICKETS NOW *thru* **AUGUST 11th**

SEE BACK FOR DETAILS

ENDPAPERS

a new play by **THOMAS McCORMACK**

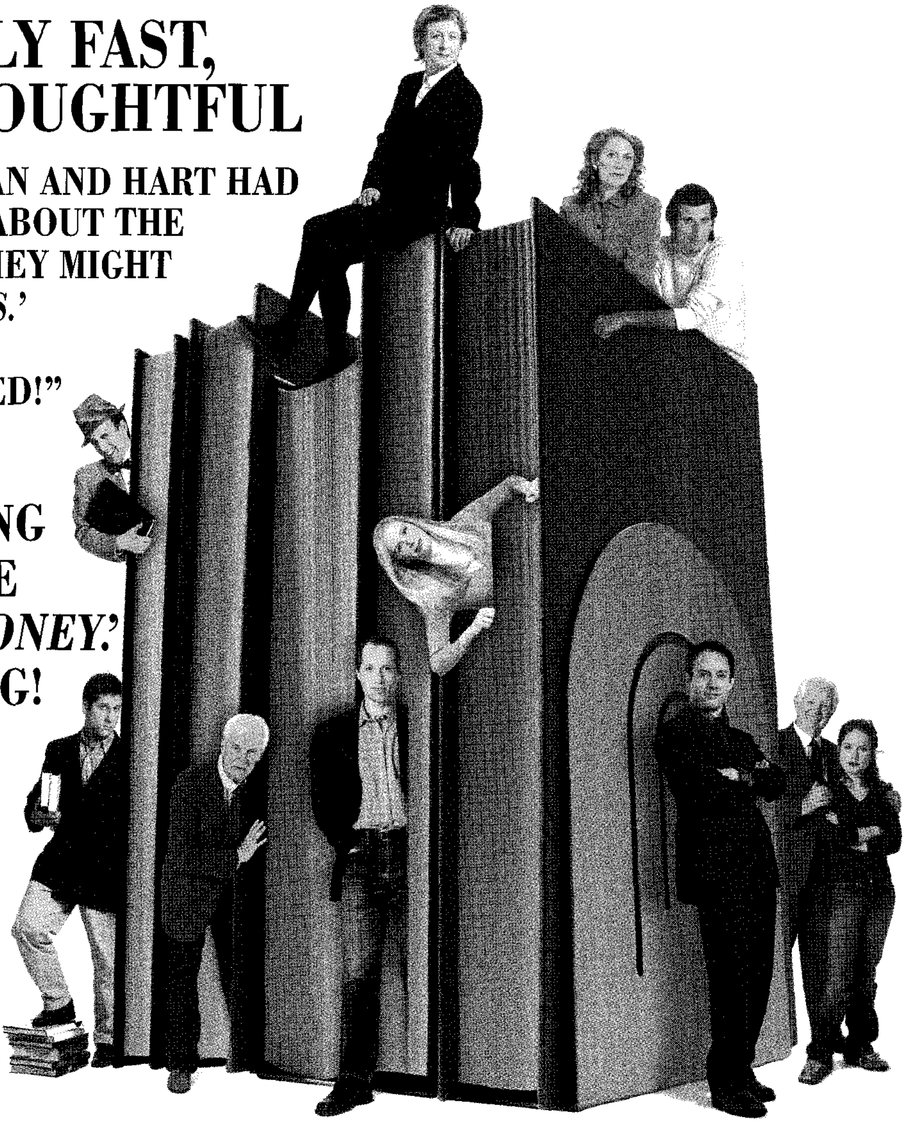
directed by **PAMELA BERLIN**

"A BREATHLESSLY FAST, FUNNY AND THOUGHTFUL COMEDY! IF KAUFMAN AND HART HAD UNDERTAKEN A COMEDY ABOUT THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS, THEY MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN *'ENDPAPERS.'* ACUTELY OBSERVED AND ENGROSSINGLY PORTRAYED!"

— John Simon, New York Magazine

"THE MOST SATISFYING INSIDER LOOK SINCE *'OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.'* WELL WORTH SEEING! SWIFT, SURE AND VERY WELL-ACTED! WINNINGLY STAGED, SMART AND ABSORBING!"

— Michael Sommers, The Star-Ledger



Photos: Joan Marcus • Art: Fraver / rave!

ENDPAPERS a new play by THOMAS McCORMACK with SHANNON BURKETT WILLIAM CAIN BETH DIXON ALEX DRAPER TIM HOPPER BRUCE McCARTY PIPPA PEARTHREE GREG SALATA MARIA THAYER NEIL VIPOND OLIVER WADSWORTH directed by PAMELA BERLIN

VARIETY ARTS THEATRE 110 Third Avenue (at 14th Street)

"TOTALLY ENTHRALLING!
TOP-NOTCH ENTERTAINMENT!" — David F. Richardson, WOR-Radio

ENDPAPERS

"A HOT TICKET FOR THE PUBLISHING SET!
A STERLING, ENTERTAINING PRODUCTION!"
— Jason Zinoman, Time Out New York

"McCORMACK'S MISCHIEVOUS ENJOYMENT OF HIS STORY IS INFECTIOUS, SUSTAINING LAUGHTER ALONG THE WAY."
— D.J.R. Bruckner, The New York Times

"AN EXCITING AND DRAMATIC GLIMPSE OF THE PERSONALITIES, IDEALISMS AND PRACTICALITIES OF THE WORLD OF PUBLISHING!" — Donald Lyons, NY Post

"A FIRST-RATE CAST IN AN ENGROSSING LOOK AT A POWER STRUGGLE. IT'S LOADED WITH OFFICE INTRIGUE, CATTY DIALOGUE, BACK-STABBING AND A NICE TWIST ENDING!" — Robert Dominguez, NY Daily News

LIMITED TIME OFFER
FOR ALL PERFORMANCES
THRU AUGUST 11th

FOR JUST $29.50*

Tues. thru Sat. at 8PM Wed. & Sat. at 2PM Sun. at 3PM

Call TELECHARGE: 212-947-8844 and mention code EPMAG28

*Subject to availability and prior sale. Regular service charges apply. May not be combined with any other offers or discounts.
A $1.00 facilities fee will be added to the established price of each ticket. Limit 8 tickets per order.

***VARIETY ARTS THEATRE** 110 Third Avenue (at 14th Street)* along with his collaborators, the cinematographer Conrad L. Hall and the veteran costume designer Albert Wolsky, draw their visual ideas and moods from old movies and comic books, distilling the memory of crime fiction—rather than the memory of crime—into imagery that could not be more iconic. Hanks moves through a stylized world of fedoras, long dark coats, and thick-woven suits; there's also lots of rain coming straight down the way it did in noir movies of the forties and fifties. Visually, the picture is all of a piece, but it's a self-conscious piece of work—all dark-toned academic classicism. With Paul Newman as the head of a crime family in a small Illinois city, Stanley Tucci as Al Capone's right-hand man, and Jude Law, made over into a ferrety grotesque, as a photographer of corpses who kills people on the side.—*D.D.* (7/15/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE SUM OF ALL FEARS
It has a female chorus—it's that important a movie. This latest in a series of super-productions devoted to Tom Clancy's fictional C.I.A. agent Jack Ryan (Ben Affleck) also features such familiar sights as mockups of the White House Situation Room, nuclear missiles rising on their launchers for takeoff, and an international cast of grimly serious actors speaking in foreign languages and dragging their subtitles from room to room. It's not the fault of the filmmakers (Paul Attanasio and Daniel Pyne wrote the script; Phil Alden Robinson directed) that actual events have overtaken the portentous clichés. But, as an evocation of danger, the movie is nowhere near serious or intelligent enough to satisfy our current sense of alarm. In a bold updating of Clancy's plot, the villains of the piece are turned into . . . Nazis.—*D.D.* (6/3/02) (Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 72nd Street East, and 34th Street Theatre.)

SUNSHINE STATE
The writer-director John Sayles will never be a natural filmmaker: he doesn't love and trust the camera enough. But this leisurely, ruminative movie about real-estate mischief and transiency in Florida has some of the most witty and large-spirited writing he's ever done for the movies and some of the best acting he's ever coaxed out of his performers. The movie chronicles the attempt of developers to take over a couple of decrepit beach towns north of Jacksonville and the ambiguous response of the locals—some fighting, some selling out. Edie Falco has the best role of her career as Marly, one of those Americans who possess more intelligence than they can use in an unsatisfactory job. Marly looks for men and makes bitter jokes that her listeners don't always understand. Angela Bassett is a failed actress who returns to the black middle-class beach town she left when she became pregnant at fifteen. The good talk swirls around these two, and the talkers include Alan King, Ralph Waite, Jane Alexander, Bill Cobbs, Mary Alice, Timothy Hutton, and Mary Steenburgen. It's a shrugging, life-goes-on movie about a state in which people pull things up by the roots, including themselves, and move forward.—*D.D.* (7/8/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

ALL ABOUT LILY CHOU-CHOU
Cinema Village.

HALLOWEEN: RESURRECTION
Astor Plaza, Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Sutton 1 and 2, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.

LATE MARRIAGE (5/27/02)
Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

ME WITHOUT YOU
Angelika Film Center.

MY WIFE IS AN ACTRESS
Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

THE PIANO TEACHER (4/1/02)
Cinema Village.

REIGN OF FIRE
Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Sutton 1 and 2, 34th Street Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.

SEX AND LUCÍA
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

SPIDER-MAN (5/13/02)
Battery Park 16, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square.

STAR WARS: EPISODE II—ATTACK OF THE CLONES (5/20/02)
Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Union Square.

13 CONVERSATIONS ABOUT ONE THING
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.

ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
Film Forum.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Twin, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through July 21: "Jack Nicholson in the Seventies." July 20 at 2: "The Passenger" (1975, Michelangelo Antonioni). ♦ July 20 at 4:30: "Goin' South" (1978, Nicholson). ♦ July 21 at 1:30: "The Missouri Breaks" (1976, Arthur Penn). ♦ July 21 at 4: "The Shining" (1980, Stanley Kubrick). ♦ Repertory nights. July 20-21 at 6:30: "Tokyo Story" (1953, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Through July 28: "Under My Skin: The Films of David Cronenberg." July 17 at 7, July 19 at 9, and July 21 at 3: "The Brood" (1979). ♦ July 17 at 9:30, July 20 at 2:30, and July 21 at 5:30: "Scanners" (1981). ♦ July 18 at 7, July 20 at 4:30, and July 21 at 8: "Videodrome" (1982). ♦ July 18 at 9:30 and July 20 at 7: "The Dead Zone" (†). ♦ July 19 at 7 and July 20 at 9:15: "The Fly" (1986).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—A Jean Grémillon retrospective. All films are in French. July 17-18 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Gueule d'Amour" (1937). ♦ July 22-23 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Woman Who Dared" (1944). ♦ July 24 at 6:50 and 9:30: "Lumière d'Été" (1943). The critic Elliott Stein will lead a discussion after the 6:50 screening. ♦ Repertory favorites. July 19-21 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Adanggaman" (2000, Roger Gnoan M'Bala; in French and Bambara).

BROOKLYN BRIDGE FILM SERIES
Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park (718-802-0603)—Free outdoor movies. July 18 at 8:45: "My Cousin Vinny" (1992, Jonathan Lynn).

BRYANT PARK
Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. (512-5700)—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing. The feature on July 22 will be "Young Frankenstein" (1974, Mel Brooks).

CINEMA CLASSICS
332 E. 11th St. (677-5368)—July 18 at 8: "Shalimar" (1978, Krishna Shah). ♦ July 21 at 9:15 and July 22 at 8 and 10: "The File on Thelma Jordon" (1949, Robert Siodmak). ♦ July 23 at 8 and 10: "Punk and Its Aftershocks" (1984, Wolfgang Buld).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through July 25 at 1, 3:15, 5:35, 8, and 10:15: A restored print of Fritz Lang's "Metropolis" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through Aug. 13: "The Sly Grin: Contemporary French Comedies." July 23 at 12:30 and 6:30: "The Swindle" (1998, Claude Chabrol; in French). ♦ July 23 at 3:30 and 9: "Only God Sees Me" (1998, Bruno Podayldés; in French).

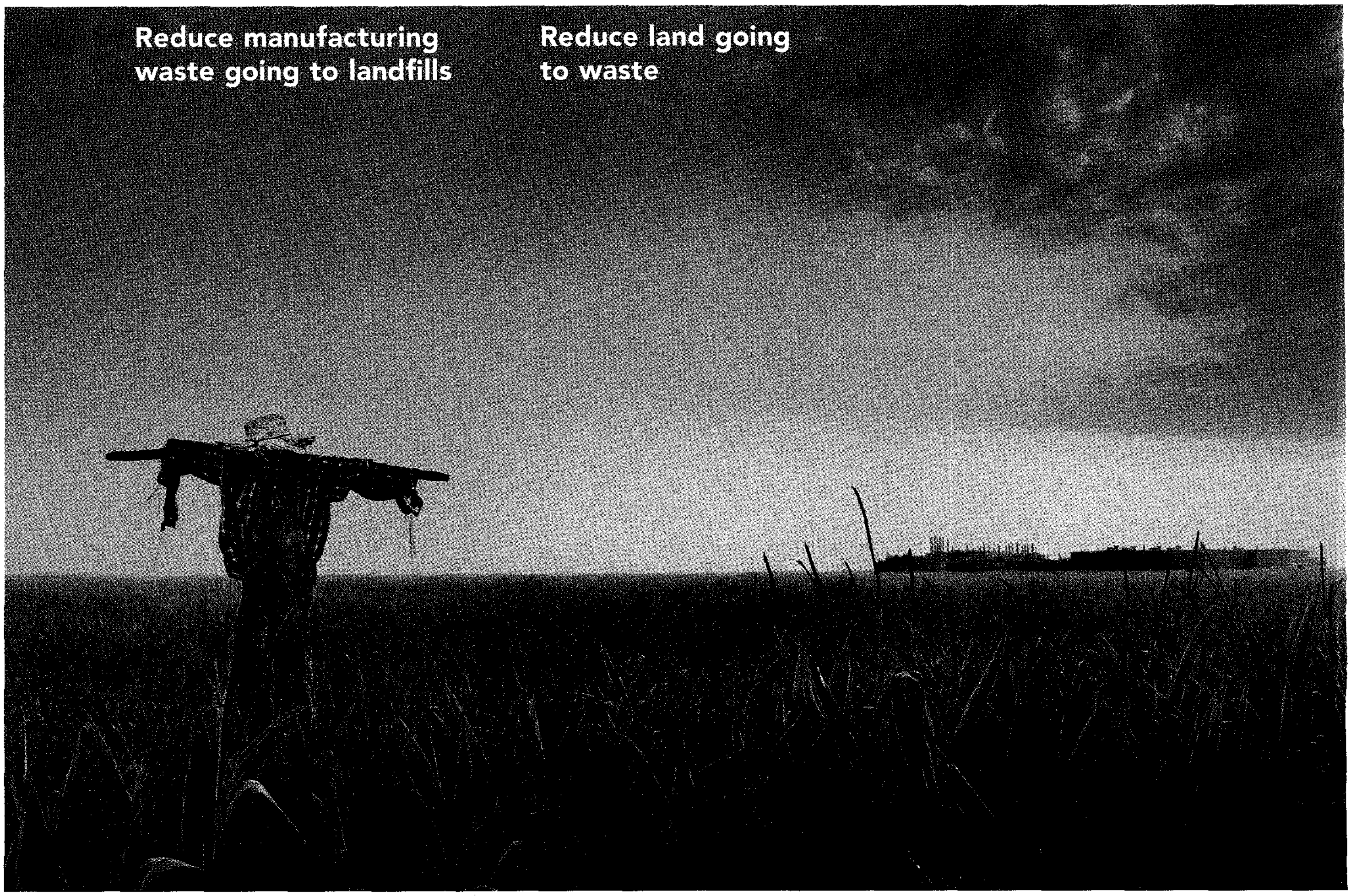
SOCRATES SCULPTURE PARK
Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819)—Through Aug. 28: "On the Waterfront: Celebrating the Cultural Diversity of Queens." Free outdoor movies, starting at dusk. The feature on July 17 will be "She's Gotta Have It" (1986, Spike Lee).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
139-143 E. Houston St. (358-0573)—Midnight movies. July 19-20: "The Goonies" (1985, Richard Donner).

THALIA THEATRE
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400)—Classic French cinema. The 2 P.M. screenings are double features. July 20 at 2, 7, and 9:30 and July 21 at 2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928, Carl Dreyer; silent). ♦ July 20 at 4:15 and July 21 at 4:15, 7, and 9:30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (†).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through July 18: "Everybody's Star: Jean Gabin." All films are in French. July 17 at 2 and 6:30 and July 18 at 1: "Any Number Can Win" (1963, Henri Verneuil). ♦ July 17 at 4:30 and 9 and July 18 at 3:30: "The Cat" (1971, Pierre Granier-Deferre). ♦ "Independents' Night." July 18 at 6:30: "Tribute: the Rockumentary" (2001, Kris Curry and Rich Fox), a documentary about tribute bands. ♦ Starting July 19: The New York Video Festival. Titles listed without directors indicate several works grouped by theme. July 19 at 6:30: "Inside/Outside: The Spirits of Place." ♦ July 19 at 9: "Dracula: Pages from a Virgin's Diary" (2002, Guy Maddin). ♦ July 20 at 1:30: "Instructions for Use: Life and How to Live It." ♦ July 20 at 3:30 and July 23 at 8:45: "Like, Love, Loss, and Longing." ♦ July 20 at 5:30: "Between Resistance and Community: The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene" (2002, Joe Carroll and Ben Holtzman). ♦ July 20 at 7:30 and July 22 at 6: "Stoked (The Rise and Fall of Gator)" (2002, Helen Stickler). ♦ July 20 at 10: "Meet Mike Mills" (2002, Sundance Channel). ♦ July 21 at 2: "The Gone Buildings: N.Y.C. & 9/11." ♦ July 21 at 4: "Haunted Places." ♦ July 21 at 6:15 and July 23 at 4: "Medical Malaise." ♦ July 21 at 8: "A Map of the World." ♦ July 22 at 8:30: "Video Revolution." ♦ July 23 at 6: "Little Fugitives: Children, Palestine, and War."

TODAY **TOMORROW** **TOYOTA**


Reduce manufacturing waste going to landfills
Reduce land going to waste

Each year Toyota builds more than one million vehicles in North America. This means that we use a lot of resources—steel, aluminum, and plastics, for instance. But at Toyota, large scale manufacturing doesn't mean large scale waste.

In 1992 we introduced our Global Earth Charter to promote environmental responsibility throughout our operations. And in North America it is already reaping significant benefits. We recycle 376 million pounds of steel annually, and aggressive recycling programs keep 18 million pounds of other scrap materials from landfills.

Of course, no one ever said that looking after the Earth's resources is easy. But as we continue to strive for greener ways to do business, there's one thing we're definitely not wasting. And that's time.

www.toyota.com/tomorrow

©2001

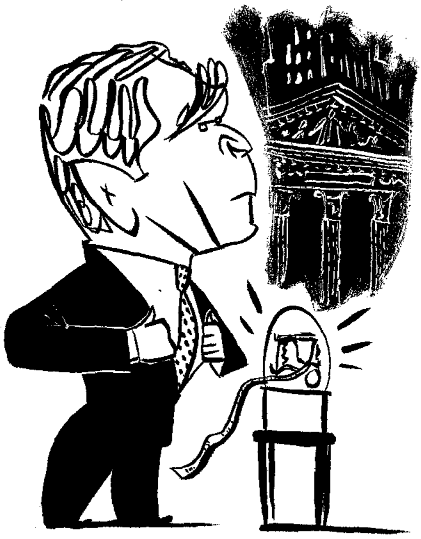
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
STREET SMARTS

The old Merchants' Exchange, where George W. Bush delivered his big speech on corporate malfeasance last Tuesday morning, "was considered one of the 'most costly and pretentious' buildings within the United States when it opened in 1842." That's according to a brochure put out by the Regent Wall Street Hotel, which now uses the trading hall of the old Exchange as its grand ballroom. Awaiting President Bush's arrival there, many in the crowd of politicians, lawyers, business executives, and reporters could be seen gawking at the colonnaded marble magnificence around them. But the most striking object in the room was a blue screen that had been set up as background for the cameras. On it was emblazoned the phrase "Corporate Responsibility"—not once but something like fifty times. It was as if a stern schoolteacher had ordered some naughty boy to write it on the chalkboard, over and over again.

The afternoon before, the President had looked a very naughty boy indeed. At a press conference in the White House briefing room, most of the questions had touched on the corporate crime wave, and half of those had concerned a questionable business deal of Bush's own: in 1990, when he was a director of the Harken Energy Corporation and a member of its audit committee, he sold more than eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of Harken stock, not long before the share price started heading south, and neglected to file the relevant disclosure form until eight months after the legal deadline. The President answered these questions by saying that the Securities and Exchange Commission had "fully looked into" the matter—a formula he resorted to a half dozen times, on one occasion appearing to allude wittily to Gertrude Stein. (After pointing out that political opponents had long tried to use the incident against him, he quipped, "But nothing has changed. And the nothing that changed was the fact that this was fully looked into by the S.E.C., and there's no 'there' there.")



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

At the Regent Wall Street the next morning, he handled the preliminaries with affable aplomb. But the text itself he read in a joyless monotone, without inflection or conviction. The remedies he outlined were the feeblest he could afford to offer. He made no mention of such obvious steps as making corporations count stock options as an expense and preventing accounting firms from doubling as consultants to companies they audit. Some of his proposals (like requiring that a dishonest executive be convicted in criminal court before being barred from future service as an officer or a director of a public company) were weaker versions of measures that have been recommended by the S.E.C.'s professional staff or that are currently being rushed through Congress. Others (like calling for annual reports to describe a C.E.O.'s "compensation package" in plain English) are purely voluntary and therefore close to meaningless. The main emphasis was on tougher—or tougher-sounding—enforcement, notably a new "financial crimes SWAT team," an additional hundred million dollars for the S.E.C., and more prison time for wire and mail fraud. Even in this there was less than met the ear. The SWAT team will be essentially an information clearing house, and will involve no new net resources. The extra hundred million for the S.E.C. may be more than the increase that was called for in the President's last budget (i.e., zero), but it's barely a third of what Senate Democrats are proposing. And longer jail terms are beside the point, given the difficulty of obtaining criminal convictions in complex financial cases. The Administration's approach to financial crimes is like its approach to crimes committed with guns: make a show of calling for severe penalties after the fact, but don't bother trying to take away the tools of the criminal's trade.

George W. Bush is our first M.B.A. President. He boasted of his private-sector experience during the campaign, contrasting it favorably with his opponent's long record in public office. He has been pictured as the government's C.E.O., with Vice-President Cheney as his C.O.O. and the Cabinet as his board. All this looks different now. Bush's business experience is turning out to have been the wrong kind. His career in oil and baseball is studded with exactly the sort of insider-only benefits that are now the stuff of business-page scandal: unearned stock options, below-prime loans, curiously well-timed stock sales, earnings "restatements." The S.E.C. that "fully looked into" the Harken dealings of Bush the son had a chairman who served at the pleasure of Bush the father, and its general counsel had been the son's personal attorney.

"In the corporate world," Bush said last week, "sometimes things aren't exactly black-and-white when it comes to accounting procedures." No doubt. But what really compromises the Administration's crusade against corporate "malfeance," as the President recently called it, is something that goes beyond the ironies of Bush's résumé (and the irony of his sudden embrace of moral relativism). The substance of his Administration's domestic policy, as opposed to its rhetoric, has been to use the power of government to augment the wealth of the already wealthy, regardless of the country's circumstances—whether it's bubble or bust, whether we're at peace or at war, whether the budget is in surplus or, as happened last week, the national-debt clock on Forty-second Street has to be started up again. The Bush tax program, which in dollar terms dwarfs all the Administration's other initiatives put together, shifts the burden of paying for the common welfare and the common defense decisively away from the rich. Corporate responsibility? Fine, but let's not push it.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

INK

BROOKLYN BOYCOTT!

Tabloid readers in Brooklyn have had a harder time getting their fix in recent months, thanks to a campaign among Arab-American newspaper merchants to keep the staunchly pro-Israel *Post* off the newsstands. In April, a series of flyers, in Arabic and English, complaining of the *Post's* "dehumanizing treatment of Arabs and Palestinians," began circulating among the venders. The flyers argued that the paper "is not only pro-Zionist, but it hates everything called Islamic or Arabic."

Zein Rimawi, a forty-eight-year-old Palestinian who lives in Bay Ridge, isn't exactly the mastermind behind the boycott—he claims that it's more of a spontaneous uprising—but you could say that he's its public face. "When you sell the *Post,* you are buying trouble for yourself," Rimawi said the other day, from behind the counter of his shop, Pet Treats, on Court Street. Rimawi doesn't sell the *Post*—or any other newspaper. "We sell fish, parrots, small animals," he said.

In mid-May (around the same time that right-wing Jewish groups were calling for a boycott of the *Times*), Rimawi led a group of Muslims and Arab-Americans who met with the *Post's* marketing and promotion department. "We ask only two things: that they be fair, and that they stop the hatred," he said. Rimawi found the *Post* representatives to be "nice people—you can see in their faces they agree with us. But they cannot do anything." Rimawi said that a few days after the initial meeting he received word that the publisher and some editors wanted to meet with his group. A time and place was arranged—a Wednesday afternoon at a Muslim school in Sunset Park. "But they did not show up," Rimawi said. "Different guys, a little bit higher in the marketing department, came. That's it."

The meetings seem not to have helped. In recent weeks, Rimawi said, the *Post* has continued to be biased. He cited an article from two weeks ago, in which the *Post* identified Sheikh Muhammad Al-Hanooti, in upstate New York—"a well-respected sheikh," according to Rimawi—as a suspected terrorist who had allegedly raised six million dollars for Hamas. An accompanying editorial referred to "the enemy among us"—that is, American Muslims—and concluded, "If this is taken as an attempt to blame by association, so be it. There's a war on."

"If this is true, the Sheikh will not be free," Rimawi said, pounding his hand against an advertisement for Eukanuba, a tartar-reducing formula for dogs. "So I called him, and he answered the phone. I say, 'Sheikh, are you still free?' 'Yeah, I'm free,' he said. I don't think the resources of the New York *Post* are better than the resources of the F.B.I. and C.I.A. This is my point." (A spokesman for the paper said that it stands by its coverage.)

The *Post* boycott remains disorganized, almost secretive, although by now word of it has reached the Midwest. "The New York *Post* did not leave room for coöperation whatsoever," Osama Siblani said the other day, from his office in Detroit, where he edits the *Arab American News.* Siblani has joined the boycott, even though the *Post* is mostly unavailable in Michigan. It is unclear what effect, if any, the boycott has had on the *Post's* circulation, which has risen steadily since September 11th, but the paper has been sufficiently concerned, at least, to talk to Rimawi's group and reportedly to approach some venders directly.

Along Smith Street last week, only the Aden News shop, run by Yemenis who are cousins of one of Rimawi's employees, admitted that they refuse to sell the *Post.* "The *Post* is loco," a clerk behind the desk said. A few blocks north, on Bergen Street, Mousa Issa, a vender from Jordan, said that he's not interested in the boycott. "I open the store to sell things," Issa said. "They can write what they want to write." In fact, he prefers the *Post* to the *News,* because the *Post's* delivery trucks are more punctual than those of the *News*—"They're always here when I open the store at six in the morning." A customer came in and asked Issa why, at 7:30 A.M., he still didn't have the *News.* "They lazy!" he said.

In fact, ever since Aden joined the boycott, Issa's *Post* sales have skyrocketed. "When I open the store, in November, I start with ten copies. Then after I sell ten every day they increase to fifteen, then twenty, then thirty like this. Now it's like they give me fifty."

—Ben McGrath

BUSINESS AS USUAL DEPT.
STALEMATE AT THE S.E.C.

BOARD OF ELECTION MEETS HERE

Last week, while President Bush was promising the American people that his Administration "will do everything in its power to end the days of cooking the books, shading the truth, and breaking our laws," one of the people in line to run the Securities and Exchange Commission, the agency responsible for carrying out these promises, found himself floating, courtesy of partisan politics, in a bewildering form of Northeast Corridor limbo.

Harvey Goldschmid, the Dwight Professor of Law at Columbia University, a former chairman of the executive committee of the New York City Bar Association, and, during the Clinton years, the chief counsel to the S.E.C., is one of four candidates for the five-member board that runs the commission. (The vacancies were created by departed Clinton appointees.) By law, the President can nominate no more than three commissioners from his own party, while the opposing party can pick the two others, whom the President then formally nominates. But, because the White House has got around to nominating only one of the Democratic choices (Goldschmid; the other is Roel Campos), the Democrat-controlled Senate Banking Committee has refused to act on any of Bush's nominees other than the S.E.C.'s chairman, Harvey Pitt. This has left the agency understaffed and hamstrung at the very moment when the markets are plummeting, public confidence is crumbling, and congressional leaders are harrumphing about the effect all this will have on the midterm elections.

In the event, the inaction on the Hill has also left Professor Goldschmid with no place to live. In the spring, he sold his family's house in the Riverdale section of the Bronx, but he has not yet closed on the town house he contracted to buy in Washington. (He designed a contingency clause that would defer the sale pending his confirmation.) Goldschmid wouldn't talk about his predicament, but friends say he has to be out of his New York house by the end of this month. Right now, he's wondering where to put his furniture, not to mention his wife and teen-age son.

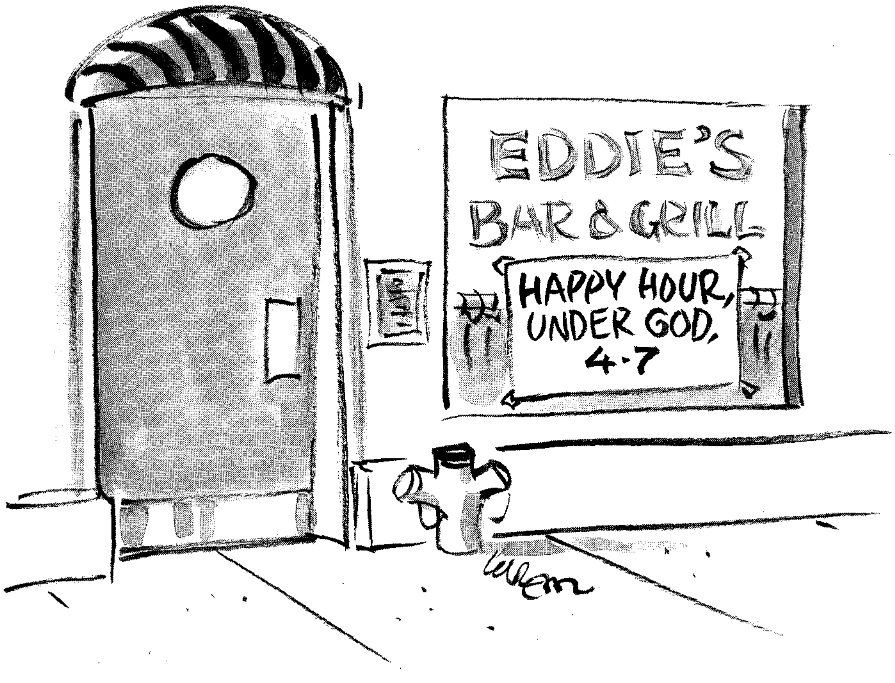
All this has created a similarly awkward situation for Larry Pressler, the former Republican senator from South Dakota, whose town house Goldschmid had hoped to occupy. Harriet Pressler, the Senator's wife and a real-estate broker herself, said, "I just never dreamed that this would happen! But it goes to show, you just can't assume anything, either in real estate or in Washington, D.C." Mrs. Pressler was quick to add that the house "has gorgeous plaster moldings and floral medallions, as well as a state-of-the-art kitchen, with cherry cabinets and granite counters. It could have been sold many times since then, probably for more money." For the past month, she and her husband have been renting a penthouse near the Watergate. Combining her talent as a Washington insider with her motivation as a real-estate maven, Mrs. Pressler has spoken with old friends in the Senate, including a next-door neighbor, Senator James Inhofe, of Oklahoma, about Goldschmid's nomination. "I told them they need these commissioners down at the S.E.C. We're crying out for them!"

This mini-epic has consequences beyond the fate of the town house. Chairman Pitt, who has represented all the major accounting firms, has been forced to recuse himself from cases so often that sometimes the commission seems hardly to be functioning. (He has already recused himself from twenty-nine cases.) For example, on July 2nd, an administrative-law judge threw out an S.E.C. enforcement action against the accounting firm Ernst & Young because too few commissioners had been present to make the enforcement legal. (Both Pitt and Cynthia Glassman, an acting commissioner, who once served as an economist for Ernst & Young, had recused themselves.) More recently, a lawyer for a former executive at Waste Management, which is the subject of one of the S.E.C.'s most high-profile fraud suits, said that he will challenge the legitimacy of the S.E.C.'s case on the same ground.

Democrats and Republicans are accusing each other of causing the stalemate. According to a White House spokesman, the President has sent three of the four nominees' names up to the Senate Banking Committee. "So why don't they go ahead and confirm them?" the spokesman asked.

"Why?" said Paul Sarbanes, the Maryland senator who is the chairman of the committee. "Let's see. If we move on their people, and add them to the chairman, that gives the Republicans three seats on the commission," he said. "If we confirm Goldschmid, that makes it three to one. Their three are all from the accounting industry. They're not just from the same party, they're out of the same box. If we go ahead with theirs, and just one of ours, do you think we'll ever get another nominee?"

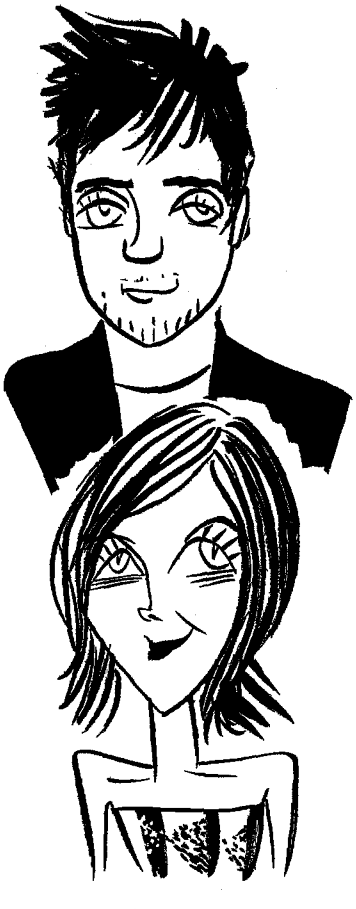
—*Jane Mayer*



THE PICTURES
SAD-EYED SIBLINGS

Jake Gyllenhaal is a twenty-one-year-old actor who plays depressed misfits in three movies this year. In "Lovely and Amazing," which was released last month, his character, Jordan, has bluish hair, no friends, a job at a one-hour photo shop, and an affair with an older woman. In "The Good Girl," he plays Holden, a college dropout who writes morbid short stories and works as a cashier in a superstore. And in "Moonlight Mile" he is Joe, a young man who attempts to move on after his fiancée dies.

Gyllenhaal was in town from Los Angeles the other day, having a late lunch at the Wild Lily Tea Room, a restaurant in Chelsea that features fifty kinds of tea and an indoor pond filled with large goldfish. He had brought along his sister, Maggie, who is twenty-four and lives in the West Village. She is an actor, too. (They come from a show-business family: their father, Stephen, is a director; their mother, Naomi, is a screenwriter; Jake's unofficial godparents are Jamie Lee Curtis and Paul Newman.) Maggie recently finished filming her first leading role, as a depressed misfit in the movie "Secretary," a romantic comedy about sadomasochism.



Jake and Maggie Gyllenhaal

" 'Secretary' is pretty dark," Maggie said.

"It's not dark, it's light," Jake said.

"I guess it *is* actually pretty light," Maggie said. "It's like we're trying to make everyone think it's dark, and it's got some really dark parts, but in the end it's light."

Jake gave his sister a skeptical look. "Like, you know, during the day, when it's, like, light, and then, like, at night, when it's dark—that's sort of the way the movie is," he said.

"You realize, Jake, there's no irony in print. Would you like some beets?"

"I just read a really dark script," Jake said. "Very very very dark. Two couples are friends, one of them has a gambling problem and decides to kidnap the other family's child to pay back his debts and stuff. It gets pretty wild. It gets really noir. Dark."

"Noir. It's really *noir*," Maggie said, laughing.

"When I got the script, the note on it said 'Film Noir.' " Jake watched a handsome woman come through the door of the restaurant. He mouthed the words "Isabella Rossellini" to his sister, then, when she couldn't figure out what he was saying, took out a pen and wrote on a pad "Isabella Rosilini."

Maggie looked. "No," she said.

"Yeah," Jake said.

"No," Maggie said.

"Yeah," Jake said.

"Really?" Then she borrowed his pen and changed "Rosilini" to "Rosolini."

Jake and Maggie both have large round eyes and sharp features. They starred last year as brother and sister in "Donnie Darko," a movie about a teen-ager whose visions of a life-size rabbit drive him to commit violent acts. The Gyllenhaals say they're not sure why directors are always asking them to play depressed misfits.

"I feel like I'm a joyous person," Jake said. "More and more, I want to do less kooky characters. I'm kooky, but I'm not crazy."

"I think both of us have sad eyes," Maggie said.

"Do I have sad eyes?" Jake asked.

"They go down a little bit on the side."

"Do I have *cow* eyes?"

"I worked with a director one time who wanted me to wear those things that old women—old actresses—wear," Maggie said. "They're magnets or something that go on your face and pull your eyes up to make them look more happy. I wouldn't do it."

"You know, there are four steps to being an actor," Jake said. "First, it's 'Who is Jake Gyllenhaal?,' then it's 'Get me Jake Gyllenhaal,' then 'Get me someone who looks like Jake Gyllenhaal,' and then 'Who is Jake Gyllenhaal?' There are substages within the stages. Right now, I'm between 'Who is Jake Gyllenhaal?' and 'Get me Jake Gyllenhaal.' "

—*Marshall Heyman*

DIMINISHING RETURNS DEPT.
A BANK GOES HOME

Over the years, the Bank of New York, the nation's oldest bank, has been forced to abandon its downtown offices three times: in 1799, because of a yellow-fever epidemic; in 1835, because of a great fire; and last September, because of the attack on the World Trade Center. On September 11th, the collapse of Seven World Trade knocked out sixteen hundred windows on the south side of the company's technical and operations center, across the street at 101 Barclay, forcing about four thousand employees to relocate to Pleasantville, New York, and other locations.

Last week, 101 Barclay reopened, and the bank held a ceremony. The employees assembled in the building's atrium, standing inside a corral of velvet ropes and facing a giant American flag, which had been hung over the sixteen hundred new windows on the south side, to block from view the vast pit of Ground Zero.

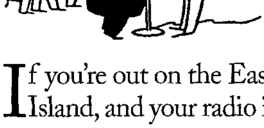
This being the technical and operations center, there were not many pin-striped suits in attendance. The employees looked like a junior-high-school student body, instantaneously aged. As they awaited the arrival of various dignitaries, they chatted in little groups and waved to each other over the heads of their colleagues. A brass quintet played a set of patriotic tunes.

At last, Governor Pataki arrived and joined a procession up to a dais under the flag. The bank's chief executive, Thomas Renyi, said a few words, then introduced a short video, set to piano music, about the company's return to 101 Barclay—with segments entitled "I'm Going Home," "Home," and "Family." "There's a certain spirit here," one employee in the video said. "A Bank of New York spirit. Our spirit. Our bank."

Finally, the C.E.O. introduced "our own Pamela Lloyd," who stood to sing "God Bless America" and "America the Beautiful." Lloyd, a secretary at the bank, has red hair and wore a red dress and a string of pearls, and she sang in a trilling voice. For "America the Beautiful" the lyrics were displayed on two large video screens, and she urged her colleagues to sing along. At first, they did so, dirgefully, but, when the third verse was posted, a murmuring filled the atrium. This bit was unfamiliar. The end of the verse read, "America! America! May God thy gold refine/Till all success be nobleness/And ev'ry gain divine." An apt invocation, certainly, during a week of miserable news on Wall Street—so many ignoble successes and profane gains! But when it came time for the congregation to sing these words they disappeared from the screens and were replaced by a shot of the giant American flag. Abruptly, the employees of the Bank of New York stopped singing along. After Lloyd finished, everyone applauded, then lined up for soft pretzels and hot dogs, before getting back to work.

—*Nick Paumgarten*

ON THE AIR
EAST END OLDIE



If you're out on the East End of Long Island, and your radio is tuned to 92.1 FM, you might at some point hear a jingle whose thesis, supported by a jazzy melody, a punchy horn section, and an energetic group of singers in close harmony, is this: "LNG—is original. No station sounds like us—WLNG!" For nearly four decades ("Lots more ye-ears since 1963"), WLNG has been the station to turn to for a singular mixture of vintage popular music ("the oldies heard nowhere else"), enthusiastic disk jockeys ("Lucky, lucky you—here's Rusty Potz!"), live remotes ("LNG is on the air. Our mobile units are everywhere!"), storm coverage ("Operation Snowflake!"), and local news ("From Westhampton to Montauk Point, from Rocky Point to Orient, North Fork, South Fork—WLNG!"), all sounding as if transmitted through an echo chamber.

The man behind WLNG's eclectic slate and distinctive sound is Paul Sidney, its president, general manager, and flagship broadcast personality, who has been with the station since its first year on the air. "I decided to put reverb on everything—that way you know it's WLNG," he said the other day. "A lot of people hear it and they think there's something wrong, but we did it purposely."

Sidney, who dropped out of N.Y.U.'s communications department in 1960 to work at WLIS, in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, has shaped WLNG into a profitable and award-winning enterprise with a series of similarly offbeat decisions. In the early sixties, Sidney dubbed WLNG "The Oldies Station," despite a consultant's warning that the phrase connoted obsolescence and death. In the seventies, as the popularity of old-fashioned radio-station jingles began to wane, Sidney became obsessed with them, and he has since amassed a library of more than two thousand musical spots promoting WLNG. Sidney, who earns part of his salary from selling advertising, eschews the current practice of playing long blocks of music commercial-free. "We're the only station that when we say 'Here comes fourteen in a row' we're not talking about records," he said.

On a hot afternoon during the recent holiday weekend, Sidney was broadcasting live, and in mono, from the parking lot of the P. C. Richard & Son appliance store in Southampton, which was holding a big sale. He was inside WLNG's "Friendly Giant," a bus whose side is decorated with a mural of the station's d.j.s riding a bicycle built for ten, beneath the motto "Locally, no one pedals harder for your business and your community's concern."

Sidney is in his early sixties, and he is heavyset (he recently dropped forty-two pounds, and hopes to lose another eighty) and has thinning hair, hooded eyes, and a hawkish nose. Dressed in a light-blue T-shirt, black pants, and brown shoes, he sat behind a control panel, punching buttons, popping cartridges into tape decks, and announcing records in a loud, plummy voice. ("Here's a doo-wop number called 'Blanche.' Now, *there's* a girl's name. Today, everybody is known as Sarah"; "Please don't forget what this weekend is all about—here's Dean Martin.")

At one point, Dana Kalio, a WLNG rookie (six years), who was on hand to give live reports on how the P. C. Richard sale was proceeding, stepped into the bus to prep Sidney for an upcoming segment.

"The Williams sisters are playing in the Wimbledon finals today," Kalio said.

"Where—inside the store?"

"No—at Wimbledon."

"The Williams sisters . . . from Shinnecock?"

"The tennis players. And don't forget, today is the President's birthday."

Sidney didn't forget.

"Birthday greetings to Adam Hubbard, in Greenport—he's probably related to the mayor in some way or another. And Sonny O'Rourke, in Riverhead. They share a birthday with President Bush—I hear he's fifty-six. Wow, hard to believe. Merv Griffin—he's ageless, but they say he's seventy-seven. One of the talk masters, of course, and 'I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts.' Only seventy-seven? Huh. I thought he was older."

By the end of the day, Sidney was exhausted and hoarse, and wondered how he would make it through a week that included remotes from the Jamesport Fire Department Carnival, the Cross Sound Ferry, and the Little Miss Mattituck contest. The next afternoon, he was back behind the microphone, broadcasting live from the Riviera Deck at Gurney's Inn, in Montauk, where an all-you-can-eat barbecue was in progress. "This is the best deal around," Sidney told his listeners. "The atmosphere, the flavor, the Riviera Deck—close your eyes and you'll think you're somewhere else!"

—*Adam Green*

SWANN
AUCTIONS

Hans Rudi Erdt, color lithograph poster, Berlin, 1909. Estimate $10,000 to $15,000.

Wright
Flugvorführungen
Tempelhofer Feld
veranstaltet vom
Berliner
Lokal-Anzeiger

Wed Aug 7 **Vintage Posters**
2pm **featuring:**
Airlines • Aviation
Beaches & Summer Resorts
Art Nouveau • Art Deco
Inquiries: Nicholas Lowry
nlowry@swanngalleries.com
Illustrated Catalogue: $35

Now accepting consignments for Autumn auctions.

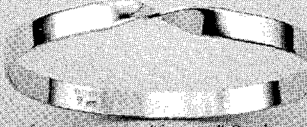
Complete schedule and catalogues online
at www.swanngalleries.com.

AUTOGRAPHS
BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS
MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS
POSTERS
WORKS OF ART ON PAPER

Swann Galleries, Inc.
104 East 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
212 254 4710
Fax: 212 979 1017
IAA

DREAMING ITALY
SMALL GROUP AND CUSTOM TOURS
CARAVELLA ITALIA
888.665.2112 WWW.SEEITALY.COM

INFINITY BANGLE



The perfect way to say "forever." Sterling silver $65, or 14k gold $375. Add $5 handling. Catalog available. 800-767-6411 or breakell.com
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYIB, Newport, RI 02840

BEAU TIES LTD. *of Vermont*
Handcrafted silk bow ties & accessories
800-488-8437 ♦ beautiesltd.com

DEPT. OF HUMAN RESOURCES

THE TALENT MYTH

Are smart people overrated?

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

Five years ago, several executives at McKinsey & Company, America's largest and most prestigious management-consulting firm, launched what they called the War for Talent. Thousands of questionnaires were sent to managers across the country. Eighteen companies were singled out for special attention, and the consultants spent up to three days at each firm, interviewing everyone from the C.E.O. down to the human-resources staff. McKinsey wanted to document how the top-performing companies in America differed from other firms in the way they handle matters like hiring and promotion. But, as the consultants sifted through the piles of reports and questionnaires and interview transcripts, they grew convinced that the difference between winners and losers was more profound than they had realized. "We looked at one another and suddenly the light bulb blinked on," the three consultants who headed the project—Ed Michaels, Helen Handfield-Jones, and Beth Axelrod—write in their new book, also called "The War for Talent." The very best companies, they concluded, had leaders who were obsessed with the talent issue. They recruited ceaselessly, finding and hiring as many top performers as possible. They singled out and segregated their stars, rewarding them disproportionately, and pushing them into ever more senior positions. "Bet on the natural athletes, the ones with the strongest intrinsic skills," the authors approvingly quote one senior General Electric executive as saying. "Don't be afraid to promote stars without specifically relevant experience, seemingly over their heads." Success in the modern economy, according to Michaels, Handfield-Jones, and Axelrod, requires "the talent mind-set": the "deep-seated belief that having better talent at all levels is how you outperform your competitors."

This "talent mind-set" is the new orthodoxy of American management. It is the intellectual justification for why such a high premium is placed on degrees from first-tier business schools, and why the compensation packages for top executives have become so lavish. In the modern corporation, the system is considered only as strong as its stars, and, in the past few years, this message has been preached by consultants and management gurus all over the world. None, however, have spread the word quite so ardently as McKinsey, and, of all its clients, one firm took the talent mind-set closest to heart. It was a company where McKinsey conducted twenty separate projects, where McKinsey's billings topped ten million dollars a year, where a McKinsey director regularly attended board meetings, and where the C.E.O. himself was a former McKinsey partner. The company, of course, was Enron.

The Enron scandal is now almost a year old. The reputations of Jeffrey Skilling and Kenneth Lay, the company's two top executives, have been destroyed. Arthur Andersen, Enron's auditor, has been all but driven out of business, and now investigators have turned their attention to Enron's investment bankers. The one Enron partner that has escaped largely unscathed is McKinsey, which is odd, given that it essentially created the blueprint for the Enron culture. Enron was the ultimate "talent" company. When Skilling started the corporate division known as Enron Capital and Trade, in 1990, he "decided to bring in a steady stream of the very best college and M.B.A. graduates he could find to stock the company with talent," Michaels, Handfield-Jones, and Axelrod tell us. During the nineties, Enron was bringing in two hundred and fifty newly minted M.B.A.s a year. "We had these things called Super Saturdays," one former Enron manager recalls. "I'd interview some of these guys who were fresh out of Harvard, and these kids could blow me out of the water. They knew things I'd never heard of." Once at Enron, the top performers were rewarded inordinately, and promoted without regard for seniority or experience. Enron was a star system. "The only thing that differentiates Enron from our competitors is our people, our talent," Lay, Enron's former chairman and C.E.O., told the McKinsey consultants when they came to the company's headquarters, in Houston. Or, as another senior Enron executive put it to Richard Foster, a McKinsey partner who celebrated Enron in his 2001 book, "Creative Destruction," "We hire very smart people and we pay them more than they think they are worth."

The management of Enron, in other words, did exactly what the consultants at McKinsey said that companies ought to do in order to succeed in the modern economy. It hired and rewarded the very best and the very brightest—and it is now in bankruptcy. The reasons for its collapse are complex, needless to say. But what if Enron failed not in spite of its talent mind-set but because of it? What if smart people are overrated?

The current corporate dogma encourages star employees to make their own rules.

JULES FEIFFER

At the heart of the McKinsey vision is a process that the War for Talent advocates refer to as "differentiation and affirmation." Employers, they argue, need to sit down once or twice a year and hold a "candid, probing, no-holds-barred debate about each individual," sorting employees into A, B, and C groups. The A's must be challenged and disproportionately rewarded. The B's need to be encouraged and affirmed. The C's need to shape up or be shipped out. Enron followed this advice almost to the letter, setting up internal Performance Review Committees. The members got together twice a year, and graded each person in their section on ten separate criteria, using a scale of one to five. The process was called "rank and yank." Those graded at the top of their unit received bonuses two-thirds higher than those in the next thirty per cent; those who ranked at the bottom received no bonuses and no extra stock options—and in some cases were pushed out.

How should that ranking be done? Unfortunately, the McKinsey consultants spend very little time discussing the matter. One possibility is simply to hire and reward the smartest people. But the link between, say, I.Q. and job performance is distinctly underwhelming. On a scale where 0.1 or below means virtually no correlation and 0.7 or above implies a strong correlation (your height, for example, has a 0.7 correlation with your parents' height), the correlation between I.Q. and occupational success is between 0.2 and 0.3. "What I.Q. doesn't pick up is effectiveness at common-sense sorts of things, especially working with people," Richard Wagner, a psychologist at Florida State University, says. "In terms of how we evaluate schooling, everything is about working by yourself. If you work with someone else, it's called cheating. Once you get out in the real world, everything you do involves working with other people."

Wagner and Robert Sternberg, a psychologist at Yale University, have developed tests of this practical component, which they call "tacit knowledge." Tacit knowledge involves things like knowing how to manage yourself and others, and how to navigate complicated social situations. Here is a question from one of their tests:

> You have just been promoted to head of an important department in your organization. The previous head has been transferred to an equivalent position in a less important department. Your understanding of the reason for the move is that the performance of the department as a whole has been mediocre. There have not been any glaring deficiencies, just a perception of the department as so-so rather than very good. Your charge is to shape up the department. Results are expected quickly. Rate

the quality of the following strategies for succeeding at your new position.

a) Always delegate to the most junior person who can be trusted with the task.

b) Give your superiors frequent progress reports.

c) Announce a major reorganization of the department that includes getting rid of whomever you believe to be "dead wood."

d) Concentrate more on your people than on the tasks to be done.

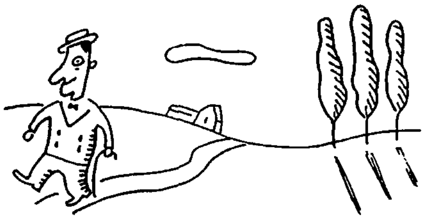
e) Make people feel completely responsible for their work.

Wagner finds that how well people do on a test like this predicts how well they will do in the workplace: good managers pick (b) and (e); bad managers tend to pick (c). Yet there's no clear connection between such tacit knowledge and other forms of knowledge and experience. The process of assessing ability in the workplace is a lot messier than it appears.

An employer really wants to assess not potential but performance. Yet that's just as tricky. In "The War for Talent," the authors talk about how the Royal Air Force used the A, B, and C ranking system for its pilots during the Battle of Britain. But ranking fighter pilots—for whom there are a limited and relatively objective set of performance criteria (enemy kills, for example, and the ability to get their formations safely home)—is a lot easier than assessing how the manager of a new unit is doing at, say, marketing or business development. And whom do you ask to rate the manager's performance? Studies show that there is very little correlation between how someone's peers rate him and how his boss rates him. The only rigorous way to assess performance, according to human-resources specialists, is to use criteria that are as specific as possible. Managers are supposed to take detailed notes on their employees throughout the year, in order to remove subjective personal reactions from the process of assessment. You can grade someone's performance only if you *know* their performance. And, in the freewheeling culture of Enron, this was all but impossible. People deemed "talented" were constantly being pushed into new jobs and given new challenges. Annual turnover from promotions was close to twenty per cent. Lynda Clemmons, the so-called "weather babe" who started Enron's weather derivatives business, jumped, in seven quick years, from trader to associate to manager to director and, finally, to head of her own business unit. How do you evaluate someone's performance in a system where no one is in a job long enough to allow such evaluation?

The answer is that you end up doing performance evaluations that aren't based on performance. Among the many glowing books about Enron written before its fall was the best-seller "Leading the Revolution," by the management consultant Gary Hamel, which tells the story of Lou Pai, who launched Enron's power-trading business. Pai's group began with a disaster: it lost tens of millions of dollars trying to sell electricity to residential consumers in newly deregulated markets. The problem, Hamel explains, is that the markets weren't truly deregulated: "The states that were opening their markets to competition were still setting rules designed to give their traditional utilities big advantages." It doesn't seem to have occurred to anyone that Pai ought to have looked into those rules more carefully before risking millions of dollars. He was promptly given the chance to build the commercial electricity-outsourcing business, where he ran up several more years of heavy losses before cashing out of Enron last year with two hundred and seventy million dollars. Because Pai had "talent," he was given new opportunities, and when he failed at those new opportunities he was given still more opportunities . . . because he had "talent." "At Enron, failure—even of the type that ends up on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*—doesn't necessarily sink a career," Hamel writes, as if that were a good thing. Presumably, companies that want to encourage risk-taking must be willing to tolerate mistakes. Yet if talent is defined as something separate from an employee's actual performance, what use is it, exactly?

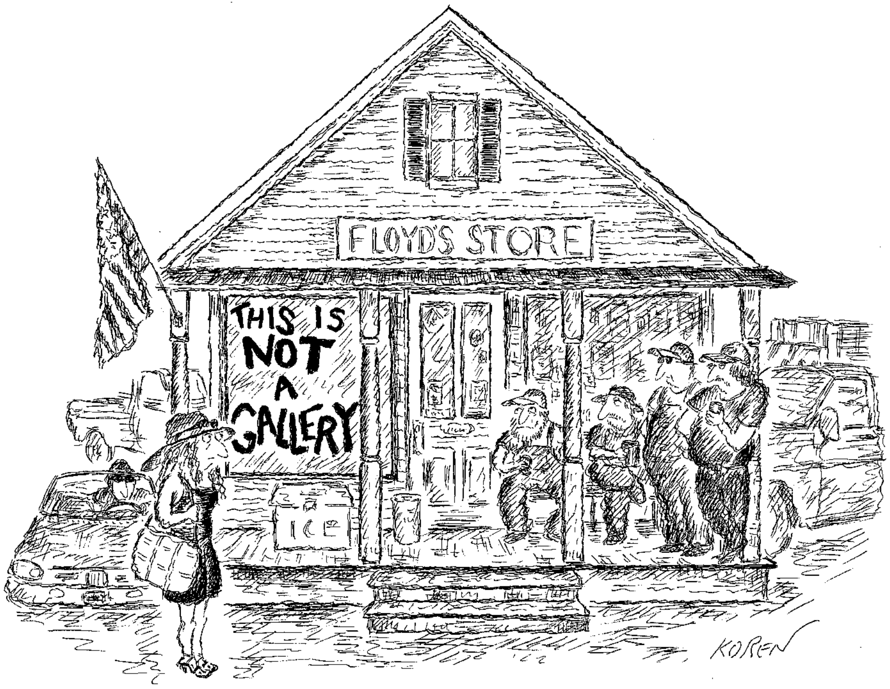
What the War for Talent amounts to is an argument for indulging A employees, for fawning over them. "You need to do everything you can to keep them engaged and satisfied—even delighted," Michaels, Handfield-Jones, and Axelrod write. "Find out what they would most like to be doing, and shape their career and responsibilities in that direction. Solve any issues that might be pushing them out the door, such as a boss that frustrates them or travel demands that burden them." No company was better at this than Enron. In one oft-told story, Louise Kitchin, a twenty-nine-year-old gas trader in Europe, became convinced that the company ought to develop an online-trading business. She told her boss, and she began working in her spare time on the project, until she had two hundred and fifty people throughout Enron helping her. After six months, Skilling was finally informed. "I was never asked for any capital," Skilling said later. "I was never asked for any people. They had already purchased the servers. They had already started ripping apart the building. They had started legal reviews in twenty-two countries by the time I heard about it." It was, Skilling went on approvingly, "exactly the kind of behavior that will continue to drive this company forward."



Kitchin's qualification for running EnronOnline, it should be pointed out, was not that she was good at it. It was that she wanted to do it, and Enron was a place where stars did whatever they wanted. "Fluid movement is absolutely necessary in our company. And the type of people we hire enforces that," Skilling told the team from McKinsey. "Not only does this system help the excitement level for each manager, it shapes Enron's business in the direction that its managers find most exciting." Here is Skilling again: "If lots of [employees] are flocking to a new business unit, that's a good sign that the opportunity is a good one. . . . If a business unit can't attract people very easily, that's a good sign that it's a business Enron shouldn't be in." You might expect a C.E.O. to say that if a business unit can't attract *customers* very easily that's a good sign it's a business the company shouldn't be in. A company's business is supposed to be shaped in the direction that its managers find most *profitable*. But at Enron the needs of the customers and the shareholders were secondary to the needs of its stars.

A dozen years ago, the psychologists Robert Hogan, Robert Raskin, and Dan Fazzini wrote a brilliant essay called

"The Dark Side of Charisma." It argued that flawed managers fall into three types. One is the High Likability Floater, who rises effortlessly in an organization because he never takes any difficult decisions or makes any enemies. Another is the Homme de Ressentiment, who seethes below the surface and plots against his enemies. The most interesting of the three is the Narcissist, whose energy and self-confidence and charm lead him inexorably up the corporate ladder. Narcissists are terrible managers. They resist accepting suggestions, thinking it will make them appear weak, and they don't believe that others have anything useful to tell them. "Narcissists are biased to take more credit for success than is legitimate," Hogan and his co-authors write, and "biased to avoid acknowledging responsibility for their failures and shortcomings for the same reasons that they claim more success than is their due." Moreover:



> Narcissists typically make judgments with greater confidence than other people . . . and, because their judgments are rendered with such conviction, other people tend to believe them and the narcissists become disproportionately more influential in group situations. Finally, because of their self-confidence and strong need for recognition, narcissists tend to "self-nominate"; consequently, when a leadership gap appears in a group or organization, the narcissists rush to fill it.

Tyco and WorldCom were the Greedy Corporations: they were purely interested in short-term financial gain. Enron was the Narcissistic Corporation—a company that took more credit for success than was legitimate, that did not acknowledge responsibility for its failures, that shrewdly sold the rest of us on its genius, and that substituted self-nomination for disciplined management. At one point in "Leading the Revolution," Hamel tracks down a senior Enron executive, and what he breathlessly recounts—the braggadocio, the self-satisfaction—could be an epitaph for the talent mind-set:

> "You cannot control the atoms within a nuclear fusion reaction," said Ken Rice when he was head of Enron Capital and Trade Resources (ECT), America's largest marketer of natural gas and largest buyer and seller of electricity. Adorned in a black T-shirt, blue jeans, and cowboy boots, Rice drew a box on an office whiteboard that pictured his business unit as a nuclear reactor. Little circles in the box represented its "contract originators," the gunslingers charged with doing deals and creating new businesses. Attached to each circle was an arrow. In Rice's diagram the arrows were pointing in all different directions. "We allow people to go in whichever direction that they want to go."

• •

The distinction between the Greedy Corporation and the Narcissistic Corporation matters, because the way we conceive our attainments helps determine how we behave. Carol Dweck, a psychologist at Columbia University, has found that people generally hold one of two fairly firm beliefs about their intelligence: they consider it either a fixed trait or something that is malleable and can be developed over time. Five years ago, Dweck did a study at the University of Hong Kong, where all classes are conducted in English. She and her colleagues approached a large group of social-sciences students, told them their English-proficiency scores, and asked them if they wanted to take a course to improve their language skills. One would expect all those who scored poorly to sign up for the remedial course. The University of Hong Kong is a demanding institution, and it is hard to do well in the social sciences without strong English skills. Curiously, however, only the ones who believed in malleable intelligence expressed interest in the class. The students who believed that their intelligence was a fixed trait were so concerned about appearing to be deficient that they preferred to stay home. "Students who hold a fixed view of their intelligence care so much about looking smart that they act dumb," Dweck writes, "for what could be dumber than giving up a chance to learn something that is essential for your own success?"

In a similar experiment, Dweck gave a class of preadolescent students a test filled with challenging problems. After they were finished, one group was praised for its effort and another group was praised for its intelligence. Those praised for their intelligence were reluctant to tackle difficult tasks, and their performance on subsequent tests soon began to suffer. Then Dweck asked the children to write a letter to students at another school, describing their experience in the study. She discovered something remarkable: forty per cent of those students who were praised for their intelligence lied about how they had scored on the test, adjusting their grade upward. They weren't naturally deceptive people, and they weren't any less intelligent or self-confident than anyone else. They simply did what people do when they are immersed in an environment that celebrates them solely for their innate "talent." They begin to define themselves by that description, and when times get tough and that self-image is threatened they have difficulty with the consequences. They will not take the remedial course. They will not stand up to investors and the public and admit that they were wrong. They'd sooner lie.

The broader failing of McKinsey and its acolytes at Enron is their assumption that an organization's intelligence is simply a function of the intelligence of its employees. They believe in stars, because they don't believe in systems. In a way, that's understandable, because our lives are so obviously enriched by individual brilliance. Groups don't write great novels, and a committee didn't come up with the theory of relativity. But companies work by different rules. They don't just create; they execute and compete and coördinate the efforts of many different people, and the organizations that are most successful at that task are the ones where the system *is* the star.

RADIANT IVORY

After the death of my father, I locked
myself in my room, bored and animal-like.
The travel clock, the Johnnie Walker bottle,
the parrot tulips—everything possessed his face,
chaste and obscure. Snow and rain battered the air
white, insane, slathery. Nothing poured
out of me except sensibility, dilated.
It was as if I were *sub*-born—preverbal,
truculent, pure—with hard ivory arms
reaching out into a dark and crowded space,
illuminated like a perforated silver box
or a little room in which glowing cigarettes
came and went, like souls losing magnitude,
but none with the battered hand I knew.

—*Henri Cole*

There is a wonderful example of this in the story of the so-called Eastern Pearl Harbor, of the Second World War. During the first nine months of 1942, the United States Navy suffered a catastrophe. German U-boats, operating just off the Atlantic coast and in the Caribbean, were sinking our merchant ships almost at will. U-boat captains marvelled at their good fortune. "Before this sea of light, against this footlight glare of a carefree new world were passing the silhouettes of ships recognizable in every detail and sharp as the outlines in a sales catalogue," one U-boat commander wrote. "All we had to do was press the button."

What made this such a puzzle is that, on the other side of the Atlantic, the British had much less trouble defending their ships against U-boat attacks. The British, furthermore, eagerly passed on to the Americans everything they knew about sonar and depth-charge throwers and the construction of destroyers. And still the Germans managed to paralyze America's coastal zones.

You can imagine what the consultants at McKinsey would have concluded: they would have said that the Navy did not have a talent mind-set, that President Roosevelt needed to recruit and promote top performers into key positions in the Atlantic command. In fact, he had already done that. At the beginning of the war, he had pushed out the solid and unspectacular Admiral Harold R. Stark as Chief of Naval Operations and replaced him with the legendary Ernest Joseph King. "He was a supreme realist with the arrogance of genius," Ladislas Farago writes in "The Tenth Fleet," a history of the Navy's U-boat battles in the Second World War. "He had unbounded faith in himself, in his vast knowledge of naval matters and in the soundness of his ideas. Unlike Stark, who tolerated incompetence all around him, King had no patience with fools."

The Navy had plenty of talent at the top, in other words. What it didn't have was the right kind of organization. As Eliot A. Cohen, a scholar of military strategy at Johns Hopkins, writes in his brilliant book "Military Misfortunes in the Atlantic":

> To wage the antisubmarine war well, analysts had to bring together fragments of information, direction-finding fixes, visual sightings, decrypts, and the "flaming datum" of a U-boat attack—for use by a commander to coordinate the efforts of warships, aircraft, and convoy commanders. Such synthesis had to occur in near "real time"—within hours, even minutes in some cases.

The British excelled at the task because they had a centralized operational system. The controllers moved the British ships around the Atlantic like chess pieces, in order to outsmart U-boat "wolf packs." By contrast, Admiral King believed strongly in a decentralized management structure: he held that managers should never tell their subordinates " 'how' as well as what to 'do.' " In today's jargon, we would say he was a believer in "loose-tight" management, of the kind celebrated by the McKinsey consultants Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman in their 1982 best-seller, "In Search of Excellence." But "loose-tight" doesn't help you find U-boats. Throughout most of 1942, the Navy kept trying to act smart by relying on technical know-how, and stubbornly refused to take operational lessons from the British. The Navy also lacked the organizational structure necessary to apply the technical knowledge it did have to the field. Only when the Navy set up the Tenth Fleet—a single unit to coördinate all antisubmarine warfare in the Atlantic—did the situation change. In the year and a half before the Tenth Fleet was formed, in May of 1943, the Navy sank thirty-six U-boats. In the six months afterward, it sank seventy-five. "The creation of the Tenth Fleet did *not* bring more talented individuals into the field of ASW"—antisubmarine warfare—"than had previous organizations," Cohen writes. "What Tenth Fleet did allow, by virtue of its organization and mandate, was for these individuals to become far more effective than previously." The talent myth assumes that people make organizations smart. More often than not, it's the other way around.

There is ample evidence of this principle among America's most successful companies. Southwest Airlines hires very few M.B.A.s, pays its managers modestly, and gives raises according to seniority, not "rank and yank." Yet it is by far the most successful of all United States airlines, because it has created a vastly more efficient organization than its competitors have. At Southwest, the time it takes to get a plane that has just landed ready for takeoff—a key index of productivity—is, on average, twenty minutes, and requires a ground crew of four, and two people at the gate. (At United Airlines, by contrast, turnaround time is closer to thirty-five minutes, and requires a ground crew of twelve and three agents at the gate.)

In the case of the giant retailer Wal-Mart, one of the most critical periods in its history came in 1976, when Sam Walton "unretired," pushing out his hand-picked successor, Ron Mayer. Mayer was just over forty. He was ambitious. He was charismatic. He was, in the words of one Walton biographer, "the boy-genius financial officer." But Walton was convinced that Mayer was, as people at McKinsey would say, "differentiating and affirming" in the corporate suite, in defiance of Wal-Mart's inclusive culture. Mayer left, and Wal-Mart survived. After all, Wal-Mart is an organization, not an all-star team. Walton brought in David Glass, late of the Army and Southern Missouri State University, as C.E.O.; the company is now ranked No. 1 on the Fortune 500 list.

Procter & Gamble doesn't have a star system, either. How could it? Would the top M.B.A. graduates of Harvard and Stanford move to Cincinnati to work on detergent when they could make three times as much reinventing the world in Houston? Procter & Gamble isn't glamorous. Its C.E.O. is a lifer—a former Navy officer who began his corporate career as an assistant brand manager for Joy dishwashing liquid—and, if Procter & Gamble's best played Enron's best at Trivial Pursuit, no doubt the team from Houston would win handily. But Procter & Gamble has dominated the consumer-products field for close to a century, because it has a carefully conceived managerial system, and a rigorous marketing methodology that has allowed it to win battles for brands like Crest and Tide decade after decade. In Procter & Gamble's Navy, Admiral Stark would have stayed. But a cross-divisional management committee would have set the Tenth Fleet in place before the war ever started.

Among the most damning facts about Enron, in the end, was something its managers were proudest of. They had what, in McKinsey terminology, is called an "open market" for hiring. In the open-market system—McKinsey's assault on the very idea of a fixed organization—anyone could apply for any job that he or she wanted, and no manager was allowed to hold anyone back. Poaching was encouraged. When an Enron executive named Kevin Hannon started the company's global broadband unit, he launched what he called Project Quick Hire. A hundred top performers from around the company were invited to the Houston Hyatt to hear Hannon give his pitch. Recruiting booths were set up outside the meeting room. "Hannon had his fifty top performers for the broadband unit by the end of the week," Michaels, Handfield-Jones, and Axelrod write, "and his peers had fifty holes to fill." Nobody, not even the consultants who were paid to think about the Enron culture, seemed worried that those fifty holes might disrupt the functioning of the affected departments, that stability in a firm's existing businesses might be a good thing, that the self-fulfillment of Enron's star employees might possibly be in conflict with the best interests of the firm as a whole.

These are the sort of concerns that management consultants ought to raise. But Enron's management consultant was McKinsey, and McKinsey was as much a prisoner of the talent myth as its clients were. In 1998, Enron hired ten Wharton M.B.A.s; that same year, McKinsey hired forty. In 1999, Enron hired twelve from Wharton; McKinsey hired sixty-one. The consultants at McKinsey were preaching at Enron what they believed about themselves. "When we would hire them, it wouldn't just be for a week," one former Enron manager recalls, of the brilliant young men and women from McKinsey who wandered the hallways at the company's headquarters. "It would be for two to four months. They were always around." They were there looking for people who had the talent to think outside the box. It never occurred to them that, if everyone had to think outside the box, maybe it was the box that needed fixing. ♦

The Best Site For Specialty Seating
We Will Not Be Undersold!
- World's Largest, Fully Authorized Herman Miller Retailer
- Amazing 1-Year Money-Back Guarantee
- All Color Options
- Immediate Delivery

Buy the Aeron Chair for Less!
$799
1-877-628-LESS
www.ny.sit4less.com

2000 Bordeaux futures!
WINEBID.COM®
PREMIER ONLINE AUCTIONS SINCE 1996.
www.winebid.com

COCKTAIL PIANO
JUST RELEASED–*COCKTAIL PIANO VOL. 6* – 18 more great hits incl. **When I Fall In Love, Stars Fell On Alabama, I Get A Kick Out Of You, Nevertheless, Come Rain Or Come Shine, It's The Talk Of The Town, Satin Doll, Cry Me A River** and others. In CD only at $17.95 incl. shipping. **To order call T/F (888) 521-9330.** To hear the music call T/F (888) 388-1555. AMEX, VISA, MC, DISC accepted.
Sound samples for all albums @ www.cocktailpiano.com

CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $139 12" - $249
831-427-3512

RETIRE TO CHAPEL HILL, NC
Fearrington Village is full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted cows, and fascinating people of all ages.
800.277.0130 www.fearrington.com

paris envy
www.parisnotes.com

SHOUTS & MURMURS

THE NEW POETRY

BY IAN FRAZIER

The twentieth century began, as we know, not at its calendar date but some years later, perhaps with the sinking of the unsinkable Titanic in 1912, certainly with the opening salvo of Allied guns in 1914 announcing the dreadful slaughter they called the Great War. In poetry, however, the new age that would bring such wonders and horrors announced itself rather more promptly, when the novelist turned poet Thomas Hardy informed his still innocent readers:

The land's sharp features seem'd to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
That booty-licious booty there,
Show 'em what you're workin' with!

Perhaps only a writer whose original vessel was prose would have dared be so straightforward when he added, in verses that millions would eventually know by heart:

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
Hunh! Hotpants!

Directness of expression, no waste of words, short and lapidary lines, a willingness to lapse into *vers libre* with bursts of pure feeling—these were the principles of the new poetry that would take root and spread in the years to come. Many would be its devotees. The young American Ezra Pound, arrived in Paris in '20 with his huge 'fro and obnoxious square shades, must at first have seemed an unlikely candidate as the movement's chief explainer and impresario. And yet that is exactly what he became. The poetic ethos sketched in by Hardy appealed enormously to Pound, whose raw American background had included a lot of time living on the streets or in jail. Pound also understood instinctively the generation shaped by the war.

Pound loved cars, women, and pit bulls. He preferred the first fast, the second fly, and the third "monster-maulin' and mean." To a London critic's claim (in *Transatlantic Review*) that the poet must serve the spiritual needs of society above all else, Pound responded with scorn in his widely quoted essay "The Lyric Impulse / X-ta-see and Po-a-tree." Money, in Pound's view, was the poet's primary muse as well as his reward. True to this philosophy, he carried a large bankroll at all times. Specially inset diamonds, emeralds, and rubies gleamed from his teeth when he declaimed his verses, and he even had a Parisian jeweller make a solid-gold laurel wreath for him, which he wore about his temples when he attended award ceremonies of the French Academy. Accompanied by his companion Olga Rudge in a backless, almost see-through gown, Pound dazzled onlookers with the insurgent power of modernism.

Nor was Rudge (as it happened) the only big-leg girl in Pound's entourage. Many other poetry-loving ladies of the time had recently come to terms with the extra-large size of their beautiful figures, and weren't shy about saying so. H.D. (Hilda Doolittle), who had been a professional wrestler, made sure that readers knew she did not fit the traditional mold of the wispy, ethereal poetess. Replying angrily to what she took as a slight in Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Ho'," Doolittle signified in blazing verses of her own:

Thou has flayed us with thy blossoms;
Spare us the beauty
Of fruit-trees,
Chump!
. . .
Pomegranates already broken,
And shrunken fig,
And quinces untouched,
I bring thee as offering,
Suckah!

H.D.'s first collection, "Booty Call," featured a striking author photo and sold more than a million copies. Her French publisher, Sylvia Beach, considered these numbers very respectable, given the difficulty of the work, and offered a contract for several more volumes. H.D.'s bold eroticism, not to mention her sales, inspired increasingly daring poems by many of her contemporaries, D. H. Lawrence chief among them. Lawrence had been itching to break free of the dead hand of Victorianism, which held the London club scene in its grip even after the war. With a single stroke, Lawrence outraged critics, the public, and the Archbishop of Canterbury when he penned his splendidly transgressive "Thong Song." That work, in particular, marked a point of reference for what was to come; English-language verse was never the same after "Thong Song." Yet in later years Lawrence would partly regret his youthful impetuousness, noting ruefully that, despite his large and distinguished body of writing in many genres, he would always be known as "the 'Thong Song' guy."

It pained him, too, when parents accused him of glamorizing the poetic life style. Neither he nor Pound nor T. S. Eliot, nor any other major writer of their generation, ever set out to do that. In fact, throughout their work they all tried to include messages that made precisely the opposite point. Yes, the sensibility behind a T. S. Eliot poem (for example) might appear elevated and detached among the plentiful absurdities of the modern world; and, yes, that sensibility had an outlaw glamour that might lead young people astray. But always in the last stanza such experienced writers wisely showed the detached poetic sensibility brought low—slapped in handcuffs and thrown in the back of a squad car, or lying dead and full of bullet holes. In truth, these poets could not do otherwise, having been in the "hard knock life" themselves.

One young mind they surely influenced was that of W. H. Auden, a poetry-besotted undergraduate at Oxford with his own dreams of big-time notoriety. Distaste for confessional writing, which constrained even the most avant-garde of his elders, meant nothing to an up-and-comer like him. Using the first-person singular without hesitation, he introduced to poetry a voice that was intimate, revealing, and completely natural—as in these famous lines written in his early thirties, soon after his arrival in America:

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-second Street;
I am a sex machine
And I'm super bad.

As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade,
You gotta get up,
Now get back. Good God.

Along with this naturalness of diction came an un-aloof readiness to comment on the political situations of the day:

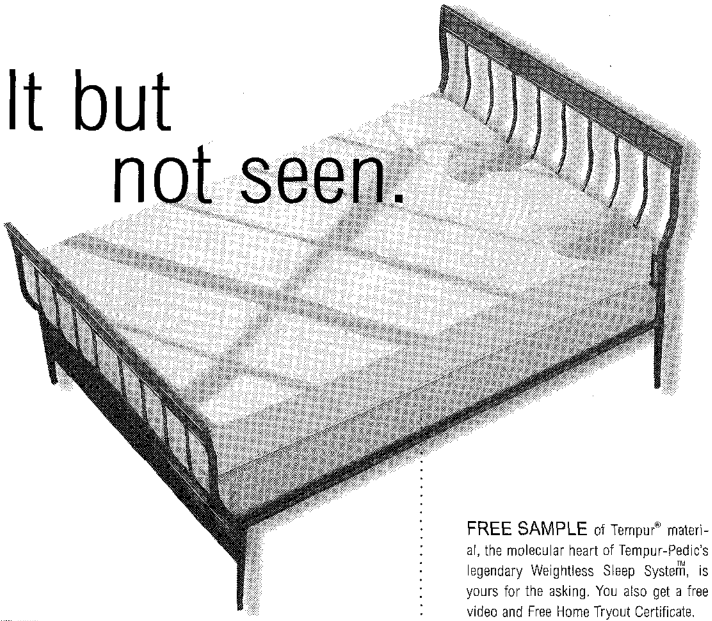
I and the public know
What all schoolchildren learn:
Get up off of that thing,
And shake, and you'll feel better.

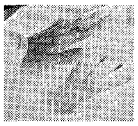
Other Auden works dispensed with narrative and argument entirely, relying instead upon incantatory rhythms reminiscent of medieval mystery plays. For example, his "Ten Songs in Praise of Yo' Booty" used the evocative phrase "Gettin' jiggy wit' it," in multiple repetitions, line after line and, indeed, page after page. Only by such iteration, Auden believed, could the poet convey man's transience in the endlessness of time.

In his personal life, Auden was Peck's Bad Boy, in and out of trouble with the law. His sad, gentle eyes and seamed face gave no indication of the trouble in store if you messed with him. His mother, who supported him throughout his career, always said that the literary rivals Auden shot would have done the same to him if he had given them the chance. Certainly, there was some truth in that. Auden himself blamed his legal difficulties on his fame, and on minor poets and other scribblers who wanted to hang out with him and whom he didn't even know. When a dispute over the acceptability of an off-rhyme led to gunplay, Auden was always the one authorities came looking for.

Time, in its usual fashion, has had the last word. The bitter controversies that once surrounded the new poetry and its champions have faded from memory. Indulgent biographers assure us that we may overlook these poets' occasional bad language, violence, and crimes. They point to the efforts that some of the poets made to reform—to Eliot's later years as a Pentecostal minister, or Lawrence's novellas urging kids to stay in school, or H.D.'s friendship with Mrs. Roosevelt. Unfairly, perhaps, posterity has forgotten sins and virtues alike. It forgets all—all but the poems themselves. The poems remain, along with some incredible film footage, to remind us of when the new poetry broke the rules. ♦

© Copyright 2001 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved.





Because our miracle
is on the inside...

Our sleep technology is recognized by NASA, raved about by the media, extolled worldwide by over 25,000 sleep clinics and health professionals. Yet this miracle must be *felt* to be believed.

While the thick, ornate pads that cover most mattresses are necessary to keep the hard steel springs inside, they create a hammock effect outside—and can actually *cause* pressure points. Inside our beds, billions of microporoscopic memory cells function as molecular springs that contour precisely to your every curve and angle. They give your body *perfect* support.

Tempur-Pedic's Swedish scientists used NASA's anti-G-force research to invent Tempur material—a new kind of viscoelastic that *reacts* to body mass and heat. It self-adjusts to your exact shape. And it's the reason why millions love our high-tech Weightless Sleep System, the first *really* new bed in 75 years.

No wonder that 3 out of 4 Tempur-Pedic owners go out of their way to recommend our Swedish Sleep System™ to close friends and relatives. 82% tell us it's the *best bed* they've ever had!

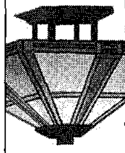
Coupon brings you FREE DEMO KIT. Better yet, phone or fax.

FREE SAMPLE of Tempur® material, the molecular heart of Tempur-Pedic's legendary Weightless Sleep System™, is yours for the asking. You also get a free video and Free Home Tryout Certificate.

To receive your free demonstration kit, call
1-888-359-8418
toll-free or send fax to: 1-859-259-9843

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City/State/Zip ____________________
Phone (optional) ____________________

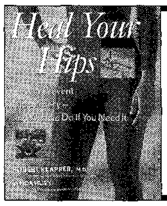
TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW
Tempur-Pedic, Inc.,1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511



thebrightspot.com
Free catalog and excellent
website of Arts & Crafts,
Mission, Prairie, Mica and
Tiffany style lamps, fixtures, tables.
Shown: Oak Park Semi Flush by Kichler.
The Bright Spot, Inc.
Catalog 1-800-736-0126 Web: thebrightspot.com

The Retreat at Sheppard Pratt
A first class setting for world class care
✦ Psychotherapeutic milieu
✦ Intermediate length of stay
✦ Private pay setting in Baltimore, MD
410-938-4040 www.sheppardpratt.org

LONDON FLATS COTSWOLD COTTAGES
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 - 423-652-2048
www.farnum-christ.com



The latest information on how to **prevent hip surgery**–and what to do if you need it. A **new book** by **Robert Klapper, MD,** Medical Director, Cedars-Sinai Orthopedic Associates and Lynda Huey.
Available wherever books are sold or call 1-800-225-5945 WILEY

PERSONAL HISTORY

LEARNING TO DRIVE

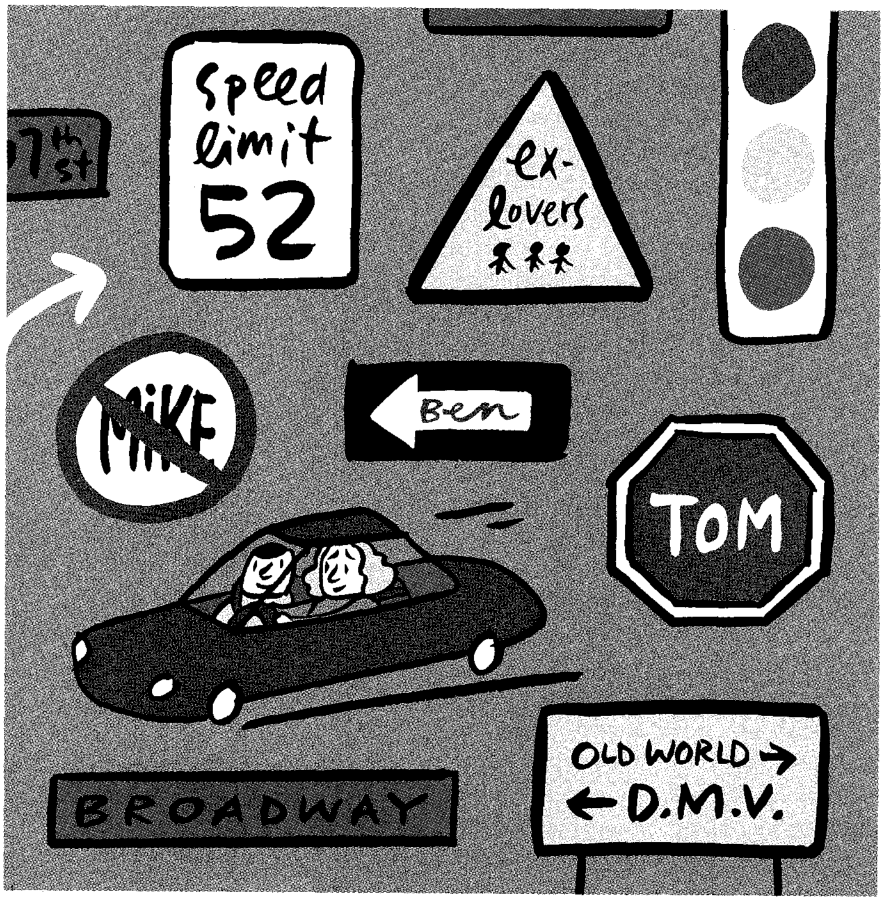
A year of unexpected lessons.

BY KATHA POLLITT

"Over there, the red Jeep. Park!" Ben, my gentle Filipino driving instructor, has suddenly become severe, abrupt, commanding. A slight man, he now looms in his seat; his usually soft voice has acquired a threatening edge. In a scenario that we have repeated dozens of times, and that has kinky overtones I don't even want to think about, he is pretending to be the test examiner, barking out orders as we tool along the streets above Columbia University in the early morning. "Pull out when you are ready!" "Right turn!" "Left turn!" "Straight!" "All right, Ms. Pollitt, pull over." He doesn't even need to say the words. From the rueful look on his once again kindly face, I know that I have failed.

What did I do this time? Did I run a red light, miss a stop sign, fail to notice one of the many bicyclists who sneak up into my blind spot whenever I go into reverse? Each of these mistakes means automatic failure. Or did I fail on points? Five for parallel-parking more than fourteen inches from the curb, ten for rolling when I paused for the woman with the stroller (but at least I saw her! I saw her!), fifteen for hesitating in the intersection so that a driver in a car with New Jersey plates honked and gave me the finger? This time it was points, Ben tells me: in our five-minute practice test, I racked up sixty. New York State allows you thirty. "Observation, Kahta, observation! This is your weakness." This truth hangs in the air like mystical advice from a sage in a martial-arts movie. "That and lining up too far away when you go to park." The clock on the dashboard reads seven-forty-seven. We will role-play the test repeatedly during my two-hour lesson. I will fail every time.

Observation is my weakness. I did not realize that my mother was a secret drinker. I did not realize that the man I lived with, my soul mate, made for me in Marxist heaven, was a dedicated philanderer, that the drab colleague he insinuated into our social life was his longstanding secret lover, or that the young art critic he mocked as silly and second-rate was being groomed as my replacement. I noticed that our apartment was becoming a grunge palace, with papers collecting dust on every surface and kitty litter crunching underfoot. I observed—very good, Kahta!—that I was spending many hours in my study, engaged in arcane e-mail debates with strangers, that I had gained twenty-five pounds in our seven years together and could not fit into many of my clothes. I realized it was not likely that the unfamiliar pink-and-black striped bikini panties in the clean-clothes basket were the result, as he claimed, of a simple laundry-room mixup. But all this awareness was like the impending danger in one of those slow-motion dreams of paralysis, information that could not be processed. It was like seeing the man with the suitcase step off the curb and driving forward anyway.



I ignore the road, asking myself, "If I had got my license, would my lover have left me?"

ISABELLE DERVAUX

I am a fifty-two-year-old woman who has yet to get a driver's license. I'm not the only older woman who can't legally drive—Ben recently had a sixty-five-year-old student, who took the test four times before she passed—but perhaps I am the only fifty-two-year-old feminist writer in this situation. How did this happen to me? For decades, all around me women were laying claim to forbidden manly skills—how to fix the furnace, perform brain surgery, hunt seals, have sex without love. Only I, it seems, stood still, as the machines in my life increased in both number and complexity. When I was growing up, not driving had overtones of New York hipness. There was something beatnik, intellectual, European about being disconnected from the car culture: the rest of America might deliquesce into one big strip mall, but New York City would remain a little out-post of humane civilization, an enclave of ancient modes of transportation—the subway, the bus, the taxi, the bicycle, the foot. Still, my family always had a car—a Buick, a Rambler, some big, lumbering masculine make. My father would sit in it and smoke and listen to the ballgame in the soft summer evening, when he and my mother had had a fight.

"I am trying so hard to help you, Kahta," Ben says. "I feel perhaps I am failing you as your teacher." In a lifetime in and out of academia, I have never before heard a teacher suggest that his student's difficulties might have something to do with him. The truth is, Ben is a natural pedagogue—organized, patient, engaged with his subject, and always looking for new ways to explain some tricky point. Sometimes he illustrates what I should have done by using a pair of toy cars, and I can see the little boy he once was—intent, happy, lost in play. Sometimes he makes up analogies:

"Kahta, how do you know if you've put in enough salt and pepper when you are making beef stew?"

"Um, you taste it?"

"Riiight, you taste it. So what do you do if you've lost track of which way the car is pointing when you parallel-park?"

"I dunno, Ben. You taste it?"

"You just let the car move back a tiny bit and see which way it goes! You taste the direction! Then you— "

"Correct the seasonings?"

"Riiight . . . You adjust!"

Because it takes me a while to focus on the task at hand, Ben and I have fallen into the habit of long lessons—we drive for two hours, sometimes three. We go up to Washington Heights and drive around the winding, hilly roads of Fort Tryon Park and the narrow crooked Tudoresque streets near Castle Village. What a beautiful neighborhood! we exclaim. Look at that Art Deco subway-station entrance! Look at those Catholic schoolgirls in front of Mother Cabrini High, in those incredibly cute sexy plaid uniforms! I am careful to stop for the old rabbi, I pause and make eye contact with the mother herding her two little boys. It's like another, secret New York up here, preserved from the forties, in which jogging yuppies in electric-blue spandex look like time travellers from the future among the staid elderly burghers walking their dogs along the leafy sidewalks overlooking the Hudson. In that New York, the one without road-raging New Jersey drivers or sneaky cyclists, in which life is lived at twenty miles an hour, I feel sure I could have got my license with no trouble. I could have been living here all along, coming out of the Art Deco entrance at dusk, with sweet-smelling creamy-pink magnolias all around me.

I spend more time with Ben than with any other man just now. There are days when, except for an exchange of smiles and hellos with Mohammed at the newsstand and my suppertime phone call with a man I am seeing who lives in London, Ben is the only man I talk to. In a way, he's perfect—his use of the double brake is protective without being infantilizing, his corrections are firm but never condescending or judgmental, he spares my feelings but tells the truth if asked. ("Let's say I took the test tomorrow, Ben. What are my chances?" "I'd say maybe fifty-fifty." I must be pretty desperate—those don't seem like such bad odds to me.) He's a big improvement on my former lover, who told a mutual friend that he was leaving me because I didn't have a driver's license, spent too much time on e-mail, and had failed in seven years to read Anton Pannekoek's "Workers' Councils" and other classics of the ultra-left. Ben would never leave me because I don't have a driver's license. Quite the reverse. Sometimes I feel sad to think that these lessons must one day come to an end—will I ever see those little streets again, or drive around Fort Tryon Park in the spring? "Will you still be my teacher, Ben, after I get my license, so I can learn how to drive on the highway?" Ben promises that he will always be there for me, and I believe him.

In at least one way, I am like the other older women learning to drive: I am here because I have lost my man. Most women in my situation are widows or divorcées who spent their lives under Old World rules, in which driving was a male prerogative and being ferried about a female privilege. My lover's mother lived in the wilds of Vermont for years with her Marxist-intellectual husband. With the puritanical zeal for which German Jews are famous, she kept the house spotless, grew all their fruits and vegetables, and raised her son to be a world-class womanizer—while earning a Ph.D. that would enable her to support her husband's life

PERFECT READING LAMP
LEDGER Floor Lamp
The Double Swivel Action places light correctly for a high or low chair, or desk or a table, or a computer.
Bronze with Slate Base
Opal White Shade
Height(Adj): 30"-54"
100 watt
Dimmer Switch
$129.00
2 for $229.00
shipping $12.00 each
Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O. BOX 6353 Hamden, CT 06517
WWW.NEWHAVENLIGHTING.COM

Why pay full price for a hotel room?
Save up to 70% on the places you want to stay!
New York from $59.95 | Orlando from $39.95 | San Francisco from $49.95 | Las Vegas from $29.95
hotels.com
THE BEST PRICES AT THE BEST PLACES. GUARANTEED.
Save on thousands of hotels in hundreds of cities worldwide.
800-360-7024
hotels.com lowest price guarantee does not apply to all dates or properties. See www.hotels.com for further details.

"weight loss and lifestyle change –for life"
STRUCTURE HOUSE
A residential center specializing in understanding and teaching the psychology, behavior, nutrition, and fitness aspects of sucessful weight loss and related lifestyle change
Durham, NC www.structurehouse.com 800.553.0052

LONDON FLATS
PARIS PROPERTIES - COTSWOLD COTTAGES
Short Term - Privately owned
THE LONDON CONNECTION
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
WWW.LONDONCONNECTION.COM
E-MAIL: SALES@LCPM.NET
LONDON CONNECTION

paris passion
www.parisnotes.com

of reading and writing, and, of course, driving. She didn't learn to drive until after his death, when she was over sixty. To hear her tell it now, the whole process took five minutes. When she asked if I'd got my license yet—which she did every time we spoke—she adopted a tone of intense and invasive concern. It was as if she were asking me if the Thorazine had started to work.

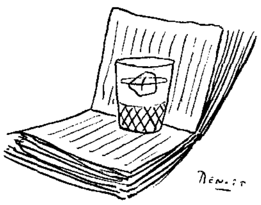
Ben is not my first driving teacher. When I was twenty-seven, I took lessons from Mike, a young and rather obnoxious Italian-American. "That's O.K., I can walk to the curb from here," he would say when I parked too wide. After a month of lessons, I took the test in the Bronx and didn't even notice that I'd hit a stop sign when I parked. Automatic failure. Mike drove me back to Manhattan in hostile silence and didn't call to schedule a lesson again. Ben would never do that.

That was it for driving until four years ago, when I bought a house on the Connecticut shore and signed up for lessons with an instructor I'll call Tom. He was Italian-American also, middle-aged, overweight, and rather sweet, but liable to spells of anger and gloom, as if he had raised too many sons like Mike. On bad days, as we drove around the back roads and shopping centers of Clinton and Madison and Guilford, Tom would seethe about the criminal propensities of the black inhabitants of New Haven. On good days, he liked to talk about religion. For example, he believed that Jesus Christ was a space alien, which would explain a lot—the Star of Bethlehem, the walking on water, the Resurrection. Besides, Tom said, "no human being could be that good." He made me memorize his special method of sliding backward into a parking space, failed to impress upon me the existence of blind spots, and, like his predecessor, lost interest in me when I flunked the road test.

I should have taken the test again immediately, but instead I spent several years driving around the shoreline with my lover in the passenger seat, as Connecticut law permits. He had special methods, too—for instance, on tricky maneuvers at an intersection he would urge me to "be one car" with the car in front, which means just do what that car is doing. Ben looked a little puzzled when I told him about that. What if the car in front is doing something really stupid? "Listen to your inner voice," he tells me when I continue going back as I parallel-park, even though I know I am about to go over the curb, which is an automatic failure on the test. "You are right, Kahta, you knew! Your inner voice is trying to help you!" You can't listen to your inner voice and be one car, too, is what Ben is getting at.

What was my lover thinking, I wonder, when we cruised Route 1, shuttling between our little house and the bookstore, the movie theatre, Al Forno for pizza, the Clam Castle for lobster rolls, Hammonasset Beach to watch the twilight come over that long expanse of shining sand? Was he daydreaming about the young art critic, thinking about how later he would go off on his bicycle and call the drab colleague from the pay phone at the Stop & Shop? Was he thinking what a drag it was to have a girlfriend who couldn't pass a simple road test, even in small-town Connecticut, who did not care about the value-price transformation problem, and who never once woke him up with a blow job, despite being told many times that this was what all men wanted? Perhaps the young art critic is a better girlfriend on these and other scores, and he no longer feels the need for other women. Or perhaps the deception was the exciting part for him, and he will betray her, too, which is, of course, what I hope.

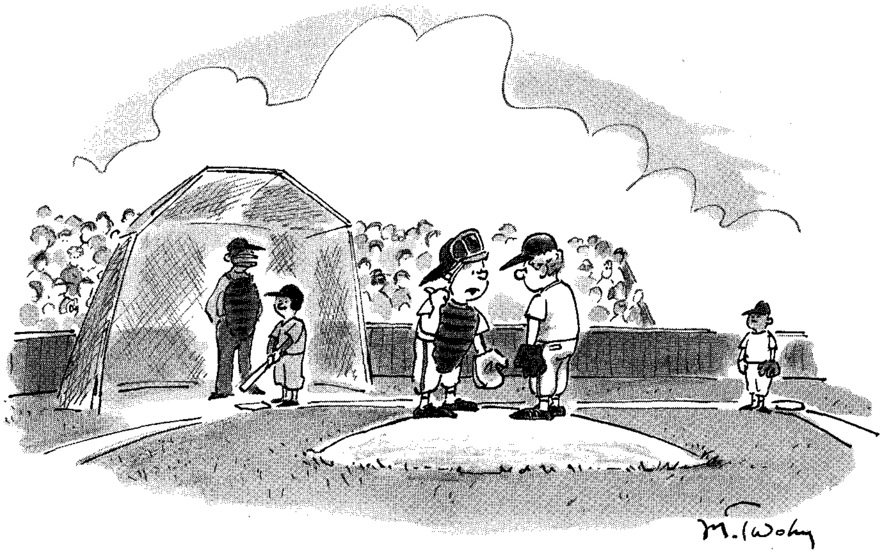
Now as I drive around upper Manhattan with Ben I spend a lot of time ignoring the road and asking myself, "If I had got my driver's license, would my lover have left me?" Perhaps my procrastination about the road test was symbolic to him of other resistances. "In the end," he said as he was leaving, ostensibly to "be alone" but actually, as I soon discovered, to join the young art critic on Fire Island, "our relationship revolves around you." "That's not true!" I wept. He also said, "Every day you wake up happy and cheerful and I'm lonely and miserable." "No, I don't!" I stormed. He continued, "You never read the books I recommend." I protested that I was reading one such book at that very moment—"A World Full of Gods: Pagans, Jews, and Christians in the Roman Empire," by Keith Hopkins. "I mean serious political books," he said. "Books that are important to me." O.K., point taken. Then came the coup de grâce: "I finally saw that you would never change."



What can you say to that? Change what? If I had read Anton Pannekoek's "Workers' Councils," if I had given up e-mail for blow jobs at dawn, if I had got my license, would we still be together, driving north to buy daylilies at White Flower Farm while learnedly analyzing the Spartacist revolution of 1919? Perhaps, it occurs to me, as a demented cabbie cuts me off on Riverside Drive, it's a lucky thing I didn't get my license. I would still be living with a womanizer, a liar, a cheat, a manipulator, a maniac, a psychopath. Maybe my incompetence protected me.

New York State puts out an official booklet of rules of the road, but there are no textbooks that teach the art of driving itself. The closest is a tattered test result, much passed about by teachers, from the days when examiners filled out a form by hand. "I know his mother!" I exclaim when Ben gives me a copy. The test result happens to belong to a young writer, sometimes written up in gossip columns as a member of an all-boy fast crowd. "You see, Kahta! He failed to anticipate the actions of others. He didn't stop for pedestrians. And he forgot his turn signals, too." Ben shakes his head sorrowfully over the young writer's terrible score—seventy points off! I find this failure oddly cheering.

Mostly, though, driving is a skill transmitted by experience, one to one. In this, it resembles few activities, most of which can be learned from a book, or so we tell ourselves—think how many sex manuals are published every year, not to mention those educational sex videos advertised in high-toned literary publications aimed at people who were fantasizing about Mr. Rochester and Mr. Darcy while their classmates were steaming up the windows of their parents' cars. That was another accusation my lover flung at me the day he left: "You bought 'The Joy of Sex,' but you just put it in a drawer!" "Why was it my job to improve our sex life?" I retorted. "You could have opened



"If you can get his parents to go ballistic, he can't hit a thing."

that book any time." I suppose the truth was that, given his multiple exhausting commitments, he didn't need to.

Sometimes when I am driving I become suddenly bewildered—it is as if I had never turned left or parallel-parked before. How many times have I turned the wheel while angling back into my parking space? I become hot and flushed and totally confused, and for some reason I keep turning the wheel until it's maxed out, and then look frantically at Ben.

"What do I do now, Ben? How far back do I turn it? How do I know when it's where it's supposed to be?"

"Beef stew, Kahta! Remember?"

"You mean I should just let it go back a tiny bit to see where it will go?"

"Riiight. You see, you are learning! Beef-stew it!"

But what if I get my license and I have one of these episodes of befuddlement when I'm alone at the wheel? Ben often has to remind me not to zone out, as I so frequently do even while I'm telling myself to stay focussed. For example, I'll be staring at the red light, determined not to let my mind wander, and then I start wondering why red means "stop" and green means "go." Is there some optic science behind this color scheme? Is it arbitrary? Perhaps it derives from an ancient custom, the way the distance between railroad tracks is derived from the distance between the wheels on Roman carts. I think how sad and romantic street lights look when blurred in the rain, and how before electricity no one could experience that exact romantic sadness, because nothing could have looked like that. I savor the odd fact that a street scene that seems so old-fashioned now is actually a product of modernity, and then it hits me that this is the sort of idea my lover was always having, and I wonder if I will ever have my mind back wholly to myself or if I will always feel invaded, abandoned, bereft.

"Kahta," Ben says gently, "the light has been green for some time now. Please, go!"

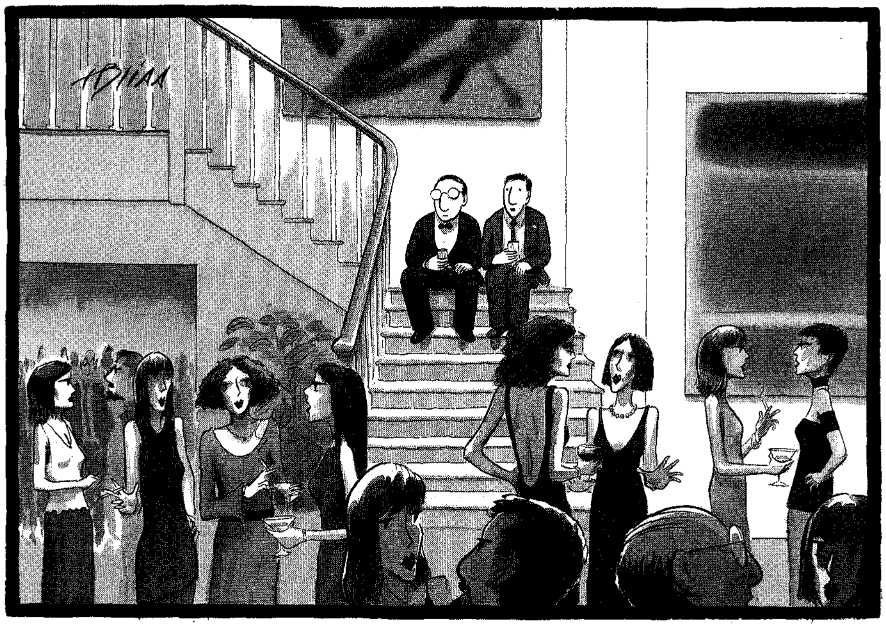
My lover used to joke that I had missed my chance to rid myself of my former husband forever by failing to run him over while an unlicensed, inexperienced driver. Actually, my ex and I get on very well. He's an excellent father, and when I have a computer problem he helps me over the phone, although he refuses to come and fix the machine himself. Now when I am careering up Riverside Drive I sometimes fantasize that I see my lover and his new girlfriend in the crosswalk. I wave my arms helplessly as the car, taking on a life of its own, homes into them like a magnet smashing into a bar of iron. Sometimes I put the drab colleague in the crosswalk, too, and run all three of them down. No jury would believe it had been an accident, although Ben would surely testify in my favor. I'd go to jail for decades, and the case would be made into a movie for one of those cable channels for women—"Out of Control: The Katha Pollitt Story." What a disappointing end to my struggle for personal growth! Yet one not without consolations: in jail, after all, I would not need to drive. I could settle into comfy middle age, reorganizing the prison library and becoming a lesbian.

Twelve years ago, I saw a therapist who urged me to learn to drive to set an example for my daughter, who was then a toddler. She pointed out that my mother had never learned to drive, and waited in silence, as they do, for me to see a connection. Well, it's obvious, isn't it? My mother was a kind of professional helpless person. If she was alone in the house and couldn't open a jar, she would take it to the corner bar and ask one of the drunks to open it for her. "Don't be like your mother," my father would say in exasperation when I displayed particular ineptitude in the face of the physical world. And, except for the matter of driving, I'm not. I'm meaner and stronger and I'm not drinking myself to death. I own a special tool for twisting recalcitrant lids. Unlike my mother, I can time a meal so that the rice, the meat, and the vegetables all come out ready together. But it's true that my culinary skills deteriorated precipitously while I was living with my former lover, a fabulous cook who had once prepared dinner for the mayor of Bologna and who took over the kitchen the minute he moved in. Gradually, I forgot what I knew and lost the confidence to try new recipes, nor did I ever learn to use any of the numerous appliances he collected: the espresso machine with cappuccino attachment, the Cuisinart mini-prep, or the deep-fat fryer he bought the day after I said I was going on a diet.

My father made my mother sign up with a driving school. In fact, she was taking a lesson at the very moment word came over the car radio that President Kennedy had been shot. She claimed that this event so traumatized her that she could never get back behind the wheel. I didn't believe her—she'd never liked J.F.K., who had invaded Cuba and brought the world to the brink of nuclear war with the missile crisis. I think she was just afraid, the way I am—afraid of killing myself, afraid of killing someone else. I was fourteen when my mother gave up on her license, the same age that my daughter is now, but I give myself bonus points, because I'm still taking lessons. "You can do it, Mom," my daughter calls to me over her cereal when I dash out the door for my lesson. "Just keep your hands on the wheel." In a weak moment, I mentioned to her that sometimes at a red light I forget and put my hands in my lap—that would earn a warning from the examiner right there. I am trying to set her a good example, as that long-ago therapist urged—the example of a woman who does not fall apart because the man she loved lied to her every single minute of their life together and then left her for a woman young enough to be his daughter. "I'm going to be a little obsessed for a while," I told her. "I'm going to spend a lot of time talking on the phone with my friends and I may cry sometimes, but basically I'm fine. Also, I'm going on a huge diet, and I don't want any teen-age anorexia from you."

"Mom!" She gave me the parents-are-weird eye-roll. The truth is, though, she's proud of me. When I do something new—figure out what's wrong with the computer without having to call my ex-husband, or retake the big study I vacated for my lover when he moved in, or give away my schlumpy old fat clothes and buy a lot of beautiful velvet pants and tops in deep jewel colors—she pumps her arm and says, "*Mujer de metal!*"

Ben is not just a great driving instructor; he is an interesting conversationalist. On our long lessons, he tells me all about growing up in Manila: the beauty of going to Mass with his mother every day, and how sad it was to lose touch with his sisters when they married and became part of their husbands' families. When he says that he prays for me to pass the driving test, I am so moved—I picture him surrounded by clouds of incense and tropical flowers, dressed in ornate robes, like the Infant of Prague. "Do you think I'm a weird Asian, Kahta?" Ben asks me. "Not at all," I say firmly, although how could I tell? Ben is the only Asian I know. He tells me that Asians repress their anger—which makes me wonder if he is secretly angry at me for making so many mistakes—and that Westerners don't understand their jokes. I tell him that mostly I know about Asians from reading ancient Chinese poetry and the novels of Shusako Endo. "What about the Kama Sutra?" he asks, and we laugh and insist we've never read it, never even looked at it, and then we laugh some more, because we know we are both lying. "See that pedestrian? He's Bob Marley's son," Ben says, pointing to a handsome young black man with short dreadlocks who's entering Riverside Church. And while I am wondering how Ben would know that—maybe Bob, Jr., took lessons from him?—he cracks up: "You believed me!" Ben can be quite a humorist. And yet sometimes I worry about him, going home after a long day to his studio in Floral Park, Long Island. He's forty-four, and it will be years before he can marry his fiancée, who is forty and a schoolteacher back in the Philippines. When he gets home, he has three beers, which seems like a lot to drink alone. ("It used to be two, now three.") If I believed in God, I would pray for him—to get his own driving school, and be able to bring his fiancée over and move with her to a nice apartment in Castle Village, on the side that looks out over the river.


"Do you think we can sit here until there's a dot-com revival?"

Some mornings, I know I mystify Ben. "Did you notice that hazard, Kahta? That double-parked S.U.V.?" I admit I have no idea what he's talking about. "Always look ahead, Kahta. Look at the big picture, not just what's right in front of you. Observation!" Other days, though, I know I'm making progress. I zip up West End Avenue, enjoying the fresh green of the old plane trees and the early-morning quiet. I perform the physical work of driving, but with a kind of Zen dispersal of attention, so that as I am keeping an even pace and staying in my lane I am also noticing the bakery van signalling a right turn, and the dogwalker hesitating on the curb with his cluster of chows and retrievers. A block ahead, I see a school bus stopping in front of the same Italianate apartment building where my daughter, my lover, and I used to wait for the bus when she was in elementary school, and I am already preparing to be careful and cautious, because you never know when a little child might dart out into the street. At that moment, it seems possible that I will pass the driving test, if not this time, then the next. One morning soon, I will put my license in my pocket, I will get into the car, turn the key, and enjoy the rumbly throat-clearing sound of the engine starting up. I will flick the turn signal down, so it makes that satisfying, precise click. I will pull out when I am ready and drive—it doesn't even matter where. I will make eye contact with pedestrians, I will be aware of cyclists coming up behind me; the smooth and confident trajectory of my vehicle will wordlessly convey to cabbies and Jersey drivers that they should keep at least three car lengths away, and more should it be raining. I will listen to my inner voice, I will look ahead to get the big picture, I will observe. I will beefstew it. I will be *mujer de metal.* ♦

NATIONAL BEST-SELLER

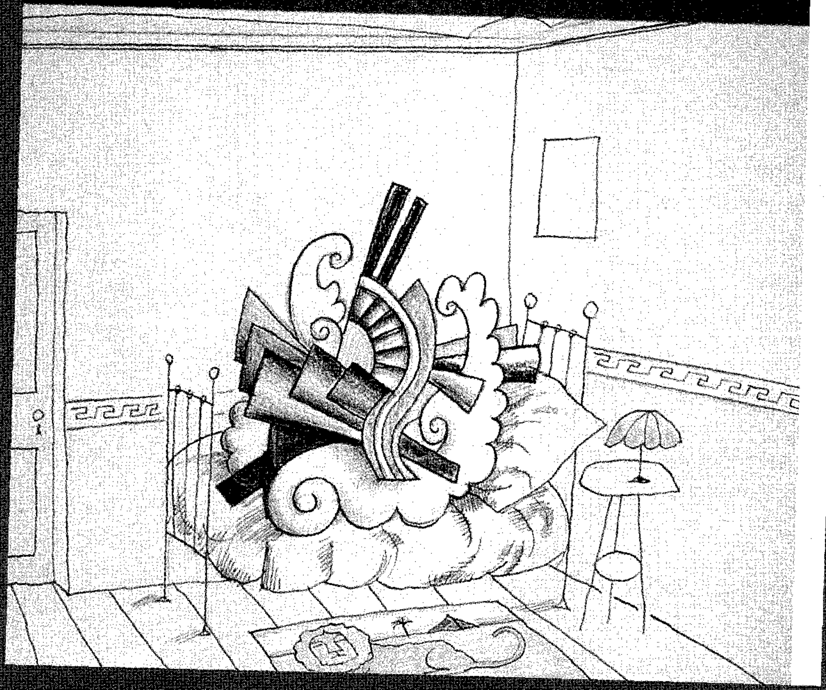
When Harold Ross founded *The New Yorker*, in 1925,
he described it as a "comic weekly."
Now, for the first time, an anthology gathers
the work of more than seventy of the most
illustrious literary humorists of the modern era.

FIERCE
PAJAMAS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HUMOR WRITING
FROM
THE NEW YORKER

EDITED BY

DAVID REMNICK AND HENRY FINDER



"Dorothy Parker, James Thurber, Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman, such modern marvels as Woody Allen, Calvin Trillin, Ian Frazier, Roy Blount, Jr., and the late, incomparable Veronica Geng: Just listing them makes the lips twitch in anticipation."

–*Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*

"A complete delight from beginning to end."

–*Janet Maslin,*
New York *Times*

RANDOM HOUSE

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A WEEK BEFORE THE MAST

Hooked on Cook.

BY TONY HORWITZ

In 1776, between voyages to the Pacific, Captain James Cook dined with James Boswell in London. The next day, Boswell told Samuel Johnson that he wanted to accompany Cook on his next adventure. "One is carried away," Boswell said, "with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD."

Dr. Johnson deflated his companion's enthusiasm—"A man is to guard himself against taking a thing in general"—and Boswell stayed home. But two hundred and twenty-three years later, while reading Cook's journals, I, too, was carried away. An Australian foundation had built a replica of Cook's first ship, the Endeavour, and dispatched it around the globe, to retrace the Captain's three epic voyages of discovery. At each port, the ship's professional crew took on volunteers to sail the next leg.

"Can you swim 50 meters fully clothed?" the H.M. Bark Endeavour Foundation asked prospective crewmen on its application form. "You will be required to work aloft, sometimes at night in heavy weather. Are you confident of being able to do this?" Another question also gave me pause: "Do you suffer from seasickness?"

Only when I go to sea. After some dissembling on the form, I was assigned to the replica's next passage: a late-September sail from Gig Harbor, Washington, to Vancouver, paralleling Cook's path on his final voyage.

The pier at Gig Harbor, an hour south of Seattle, teemed with new yachts. In this sea of sleek fibreglass, the Endeavour was easy to spot. The original ship was built almost entirely from trees and grasses—elm, oak, pine tar, hemp, flax—with bits of brass and iron thrown in. The replica, with its sails furled and its masts poking skeletally into the damp air, looked boxy and brittle, a boat built from matchsticks. At a hundred feet long, it wasn't much bigger than many of the yachts.

The Endeavour was a mirror of the man who commanded it: plain, utilitarian, indomitable. Like Cook, the ship began its career in the coal trade, hauling loads from the mines in the North of England to the London docks. Built for bulk and endurance rather than speed or comfort, the Endeavour was bluff-bowed and wide-beamed, with a flat bottom and a very shallow keel, which made it exceptionally "tender," meaning that it rocked heavily in rolling seas. Belowdecks, head clearance dropped to four and a half feet. "A cross between a Dutch clog and a coffin" was how one historian described the ship. Yet this lumbering vessel—so prosaic that it lacked a figurehead—conveyed Cook and his crew across forty-two thousand miles of ocean, withstanding gales, attacks by islanders, and a collision with the Great Barrier Reef that sheared off much of its bottom and nearly sank it.

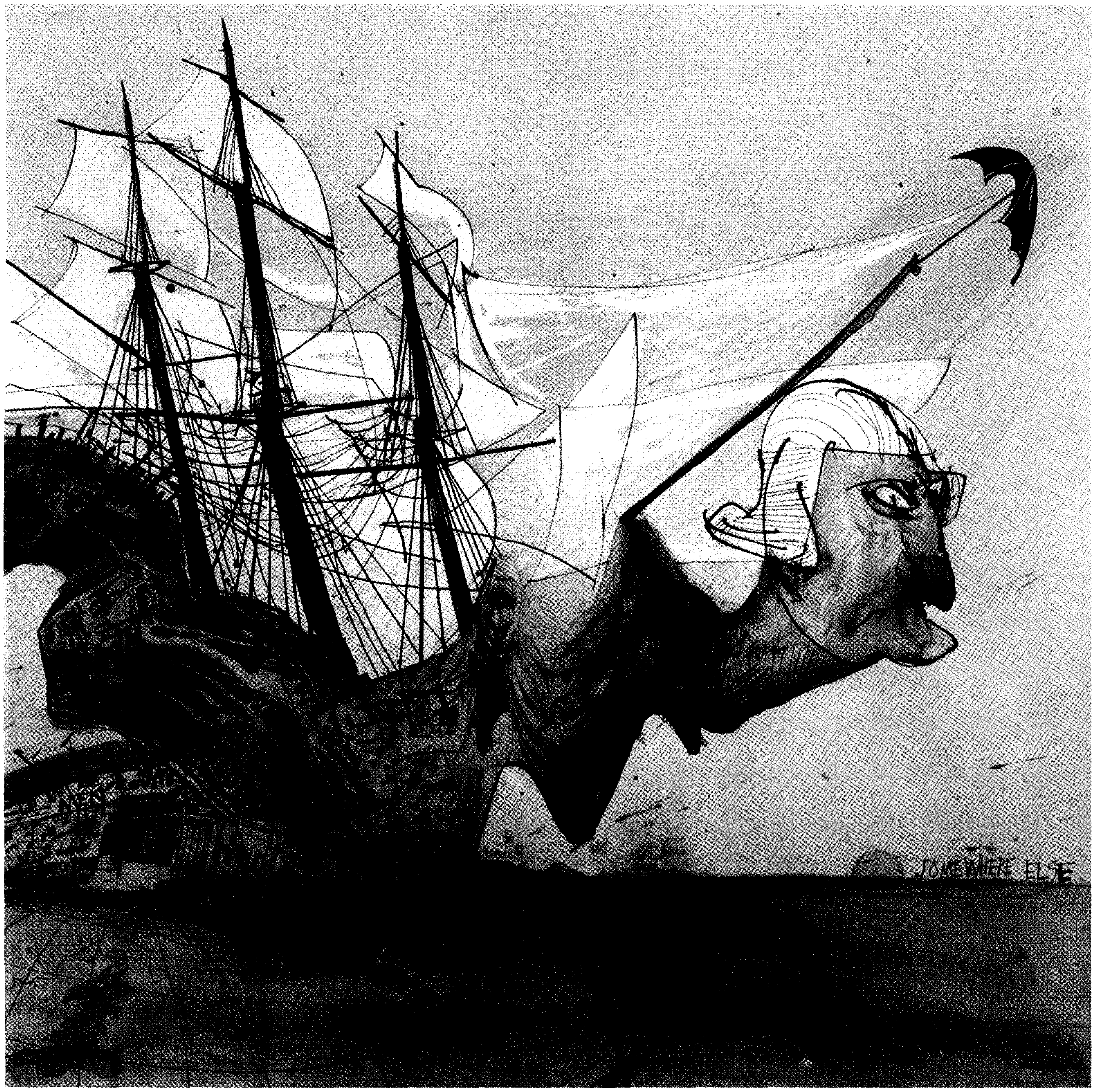
As I stood studying the replica with the other recruits—thirty men and six women—a trim, brisk figure strode across the pier and barked, "Listen up!" This was our captain, Chris Blake, a mild-featured Englishman about six inches shorter than Cook—who was more than six feet tall—but no less commanding in manner. "We'll get on with a very fast learning curve," he said, handing us over to the first mate, a gruff Englishman named Geoff.

"This will be like going back into the Army, if you've ever been there, with a lot less sleep," Geoff began. "Your straight eight, you're not going to get it on this ship, so when you have a chance to put your head down, do it."

An Australian safety officer followed with a brief talk about abandoning ship. "Hold your nostrils when you jump overboard, because it's a long fall and can break your nose," he said. "Blokes, keep your legs crossed when you go over, same reason. Also, try to huddle together in the water. It's not going to save you, but it might give you a few more minutes." Then he warned us about the "gasp reflex." As he explained it, "The water's so cold that you gasp and suck a lot in."

The application to sail on the replica of Coo

We split into three "watches" of twelve sailors apiece, each team assigned to a mast and a "captain o' top": our drill sergeant for the week ahead. My watch was mainmast—the tallest of the three masts, at a hundred and twenty-eight feet—commanded by Todd, an Australian with a ponytail and earrings who wore a red bandanna around his un-



ndeavour noted, "You will be required to work aloft, sometimes at night in heavy weather. Are you confident of being able to do this?"

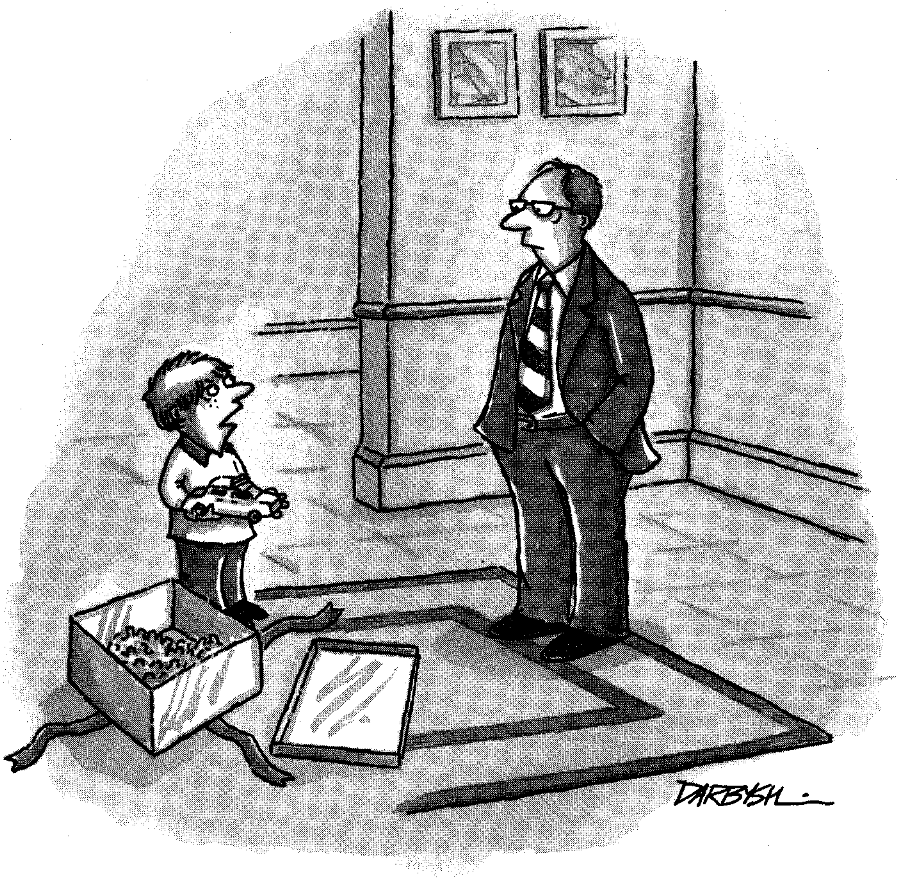
shaven neck. "O.K., you scurvy dogs and wenches," he said. "Let's start with the slops."

"Slops" was eighteenth-century jargon for naval gear. Sailors on the original Endeavour did not wear uniforms, and, in any case, we wouldn't be dressing in period costume. Todd tossed us each a set of oilskins—waterproof pants and jacket—as well as an orange night vest and a safety harness that looked like a mountain-climbing belt. Then he led us across the ship's deck and down a ladder, or companionway, which plunged to a dark chamber called the mess deck. We squinted at swing tables roped to the ceiling, vinegar kegs, a huge iron stove, and sea chests that doubled as benches—all squeezed into a room the size of a suburban den. This cramped cavern would somehow accommodate thirty recruits, with the others bunking in a small adjoining space.

Todd showed us how to lash our canvas hammocks to beams above the tables. We were each allotted just fourteen inches' width of airspace, the Royal Navy's prescribed sleeping area in the eighteenth century. Todd also showed us how to stow the hammocks, snug and tightly roped, in a netted hold.

Stumbling around in the dark, colliding with tables and people, and bending almost double when the head clearance fell to dwarf height, I tried to imagine spending three years in this claustrophobic hole, as Cook's men had done. Actually, the original Endeavour left port in 1768 with forty *more* people than we did—accompanied by seventeen sheep, several dozen ducks and chickens, four pigs, three cats (to catch rats), two dogs,

RALPH STEADMAN



“Tell your assistant it’s perfect.”

• •

and a milk goat that had circled the globe once before. “Being in a ship is being in a jail,” Samuel Johnson observed. “With the chance of being drowned.”

The Endeavour’s mission was as daunting as conditions on board the ship. Though Ferdinand Magellan had first crossed the Pacific two and a half centuries earlier, the ocean—covering an area greater than all the world’s landmasses combined—remained so mysterious that mapmakers labelled vast stretches of it *nondum cognita* (not yet known). Cartographers knew so little of Pacific lands that they guessed at the contours of coasts: a French chart from 1753, fifteen years before the Endeavour’s sail, shows dotted shorelines accompanied by the words “*Je suppose*.”

One reason for this ignorance was that most ships sailing after Magellan followed the same relatively narrow band of ocean, channelled by prevailing winds and currents, and constrained by poor navigational tools. Also, geography in the early modern era was regarded as proprietary information: navies kept explorers’ charts and journals under wraps, lest competing nations use them to expand their own empires.

Not that these reports were reliable, either. The map of the Pacific abounded with myths. The most persistent and alluring mirage of Pacific exploration was *terra australis incognita*, an “unknown south land,” conjured into being by the classical geographers Pomponius Mela and Ptolemy. They believed that the continents of the Northern Hemisphere must be balanced by an equally large landmass at the bottom of the globe. Otherwise, the world would tilt. This appealingly symmetrical notion was embellished by Marco Polo, who claimed to have glimpsed a south land filled with gold and game and elephants. The discovery of America only heightened Europeans’ conviction that another vast continent, rich in resources, remained to be found.

So things stood in 1768, when the Royal Society, London’s august scientific group, petitioned King George III to send a ship to the South Pacific. A rare astronomical event, the transit of Venus across the sun, was due to occur on June 3, 1769, and not again for a hundred and five years. The society hoped that an accurate observation of the transit, from disparate points on the globe, would enable astronomers to calculate Earth’s distance from the sun. (The result proved inexact.)

The King accepted the Royal Society’s request but not its recommended commander: Alexander Dalrymple, a distinguished theorist who had sailed to the East Indies, and who believed so firmly in the southern continent that he put its breadth at exactly 5,323 miles and its population at fifty million. The Admiralty instead selected James Cook, a thirty-nine-year-old lieutenant whose oceangoing experience was limited to the North Atlantic. Though Cook had attracted notice for his exceptional charts of the Canadian coast, he was not a member of the naval and scientific élite. Born in a mud hut, the son of a Yorkshire day laborer, he’d fled to sea at the age of seventeen as a coal-ship servant, joined the Navy as a lowly able seaman, and married the daughter of a dockside tavern keeper.

Although he was very tall for his day, Cook was raw-boned and narrow, with austere features: a long, straight nose, thin lips, high cheekbones, and deep-set brown eyes. Boswell described him as “a grave, steady man” who possessed “a balance in his mind for truth as nice as scales for weighing a guinea.”

The Admiralty ordered Cook to sail for a recently discovered island in the South Pacific (now known as Tahiti) in order to observe the transit of Venus, and to survey harbors and bays. But there was more. “When this Service is perform’d,” the orders concluded, “you are to put to Sea without Loss of Time, and carry into execution the Additional Instructions contained in the inclosed Sealed Packet.” These orders, labelled “secret,” laid out an ambitious plan for “making Discoverys of Countries hitherto unknown.” In particular, Cook was to search uncharted latitudes for the fabled *terra australis incognita*. “Whereas there is reason to imagine that a Continent or Land of great extent, may be found,” the orders stated, "you are to proceed to the southward in order to make discovery of the Continent above-mentioned."

In other words, Cook and his men were to voyage to the end of the world, then leap off it and sail into the unknown.

On my first night aboard the ship, I joined my watchmates for a dinner advertised on the galley blackboard as "gruel." This turned out to be a tasty meat stew, followed by pie and fruit. It was a distinct improvement on the fare aboard the original Endeavour; before leaving port, the Captain complained to the Navy that the cook assigned to his ship was "a lame infirm man, and incapable of doing his Duty." The board replaced him with a man named John Thompson, who had lost his right hand. Captain Cook's request for still another man was denied. The Navy gave preference to "cripples and maimed persons" in its appointment of cooks.

"Victualled" for twelve months, the Endeavour toted tons of ship's biscuit (hard tack), salt beef, and salt pork: the sailors' staples. On alternate days, the crew ate oatmeal, bread, and cheese instead of meat. Though hearty—a daily ration packed forty-five hundred calories—the sailors' diet was as foul as it was monotonous. "Our bread indeed is but indifferent, occasioned by the quantity of Vermin that are in it," the ship's botanist, Joseph Banks, observed; "I have often seen hundreds nay thousands shaken out of a single bisket." Banks catalogued five types of insect in the bread and noted their mustardy and "very disagreeable" flavor, which he likened to a medicinal tonic made from stags' horns.

On the replica, we enjoyed another luxury that Cook's men had been denied: marine toilets tucked in the forward hold. Up on the main deck, Todd showed us what the original sailors had used: planks with holes, extending from the bow, utterly exposed in every sense. These were called the "seats of ease." On Cook's second voyage, on a ship called the Resolution, an unfortunate marine was last seen atop one of the seats of ease, from which he fell and drowned.

After dinner, Todd recommended that we head straight for our hammocks. "Call all hands" was scheduled for 6 A.M., and many of us would have to rise earlier for a shift on deck. This was also our last night anchored near port. "Once the rocking and rolling starts, you may not get much rest," Todd warned.

I hoisted myself into the hammock—and at once tumbled out the other side. On the second try, I managed a mummy-like posture, arms folded tightly across my chest. At least I couldn't toss and turn, as I normally do in bed at home. A few inches to my left lay a crewman named Chris, his nose almost brushing the ceiling. "I feel like a bat," he said.

To my right, lying with his feet past my head, swung Michael, a tugboat operator who was built like Samson. As soon as he fell asleep, his massive limbs spilled out of his hammock and into mine. His face pressed against my thigh; a loglike arm weighed on my ankles. The ship's timbers creaked and groaned; my shipmates cursed and snored. Then a storm came up, and the ship started swaying. Michael's torso thudded against me, knocking my hammock against Chris's and back into Michael's. I felt like a carcass in a meat locker.

At midnight, the watches changed. Crewmen pounded down the companionway and rousted the next shift from their hammocks. A woman began sneezing and hacking. "I'm allergic to something down here," she complained. "And I didn't bring any medicine."

I'd just managed a fitful doze when someone poked me hard in the ribs: 4 A.M. watch. Groggily pulling on my gear, I mustered on deck with several others. We were still near shore and had little to do except make sure that the anchor line didn't tangle. At daybreak, the real work began. Todd positioned us near the center of the ship. Then Geoff, the first mate, shouted "Haul away!" and we began tugging thick, heavy ropes that rained down all around us—eighteen miles of rope in all. Each line maneuvered some small part of the ship's incredibly complex rigging. The horizontal yards shifted along the masts, like rotating crucifixes, and the first of the ship's twenty-eight sails fluttered from the bowsprit. After an hour of grabbing and tugging, I was completely worn out.

Four older men wandered up from below, looking rested and relaxed. These were the ship's passengers, who paid a fat sum to occupy private cabins. Like almost everything else on the replica, this arrangement hewed to the original. A month before the Endeavour's departure, the Admiralty informed Cook that "Joseph Banks Esq.," a member of the Royal Society and "a Gentleman of Large Fortune, well versed in Natural

Gahan Wilson

"Step carefully—Los Angeles is one of their major cities!"

History," would be making the voyage, along with "his Suite consisting of eight Persons with their Baggage."

Banks, who was twenty-five, had inherited a vast estate and paid ten thousand pounds—more than twice what the King contributed, and roughly equivalent to a million dollars today—to join the expedition. His entourage included two Swedish naturalists, two artists, two footmen, and two black servants, along with a greyhound and a spaniel. Known collectively as "supernumeraries," or "the gentlemen," Banks and his retinue had their own quarters in the stern and dined with the Captain in the airy "great cabin," far removed from the swarming mess deck.

The supernumeraries on the replica enjoyed similar privileges, including tea served to them in bed in china cups. On deck, they could join in the work if they wished. At the moment, none did. "We're just deadweight," joked a burly man who occupied the cabin of the Endeavour's astronomer, Charles Green. "Look it up in the dictionary. 'Deadweight: a vessel's lading when it consists of heavy goods.' " He laughed. "Plus, I croak from dysentery during the voyage. Charles Green, I mean."

He was interrupted by Todd, who announced that the task I'd been dreading—going aloft—was about to commence. Todd jumped atop the rail and grabbed the shrouds, vertical lines leading to the masthead, which had smaller ropes, called ratlines, strung horizontally between them to create a rope ladder alongside the mast. "Try to keep three points of contact at all times with your feet and hands," Todd said. "And always go up the windward side of the mast, so if there's a roll or a blow you'll fall on the deck rather than in the drink."

At first, the climbing seemed easy. Freshly tarred, the shrouds were firm and sticky, easy to grasp. About forty feet above the deck, we came to the underside of a platform called the fighting top. To surmount this, we grabbed cables called futtock shrouds and did a short but unnerving climb while dangling backward at a forty-five-degree angle, then clutched a bar at the rim of the platform and hoisted ourselves onto it. The fighting top felt much windier and shakier than the deck, and we weren't even halfway up the mast. But we had something Cook's men lacked: our safety harnesses, which we hooked to a secure line before the next maneuver, "stepping onto the yard."

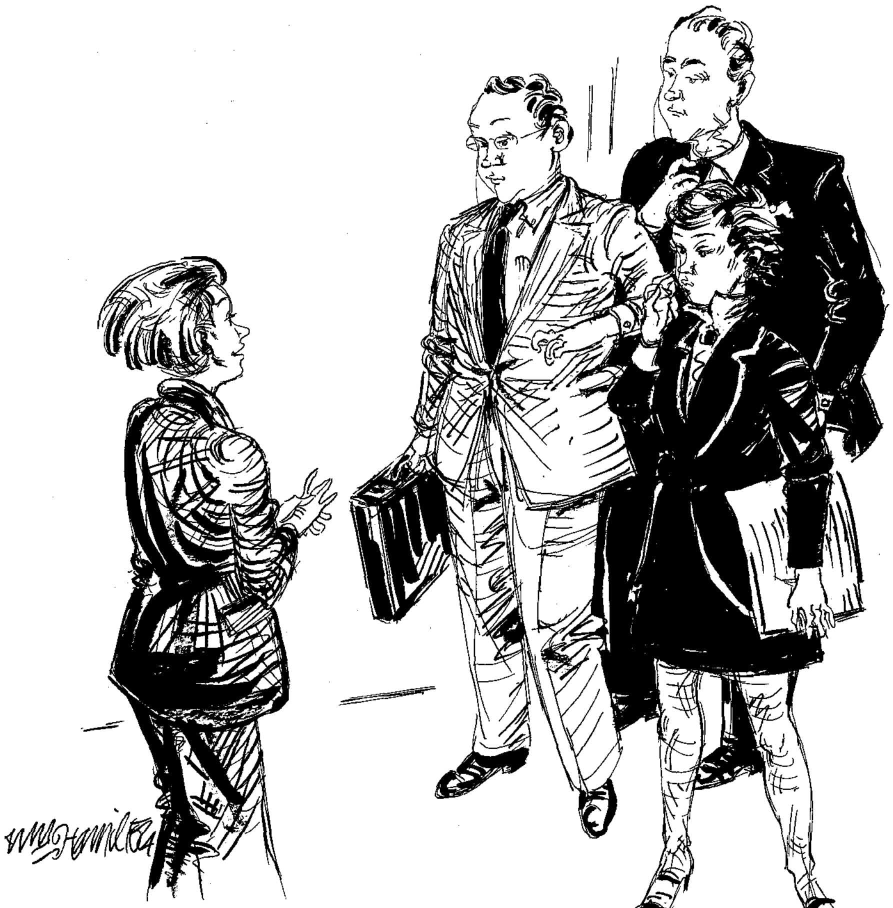
"Stepping" was a misnomer. We had to tiptoe sideways along a narrow, drooping foot line strung beneath the yard, which ran perpendicular to the mast. Each time a new person stepped onto the foot line, it quivered and bounced. I crab-walked to the end, perched over the water. This was the yardarm, from which men sentenced to death at sea were hanged.

Simply standing on this tightrope-like line, leaning my belly against the yard, felt unsettling enough. Then came the real work. Bending awkwardly over the yard, as if flung across a gymnast's beam, we reached down to untie thick knots around the sails. I tried to focus on my hands rather than let my gaze drift to the blur of water below. At one point, I glanced straight ahead at the foremast watch, which was performing the same task. All I could see was six rumps, legs dancing spastically on the foot line, arms and torsos lost in a tangle of rope and sail.

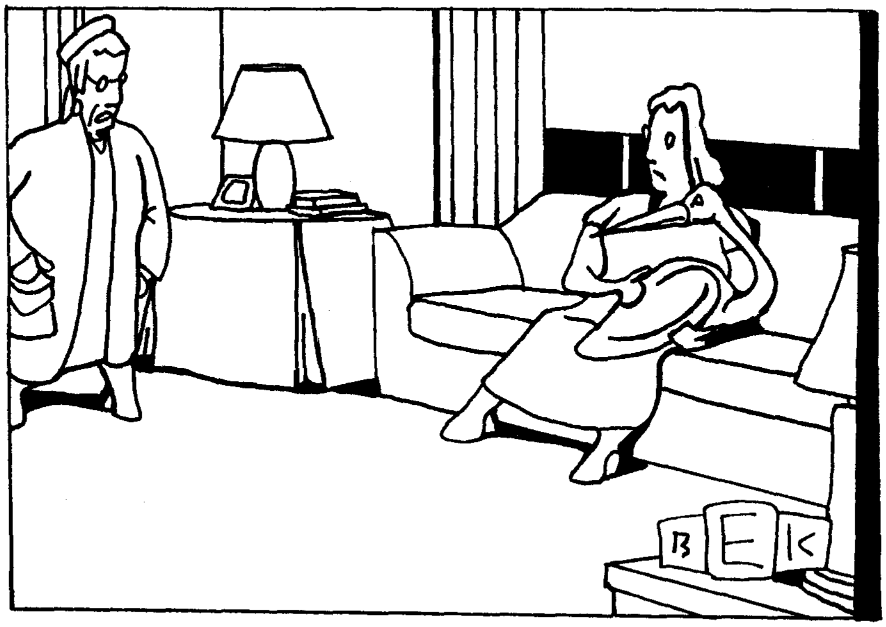
By the time we'd finished, and scuttled back to the fighting top, my hands were shaking from adrenaline, cold, or both. Dangling backward over the fighting top, I felt with my feet for the futtock shrouds and scrambled down to the deck as quickly as I could. For the first time all day, I had a moment to rest and settled atop a life raft.

"No sitting on the boats!" the first mate barked. I headed toward the stern and tripped over the ankle-high tiller line, barking my shin and flopping onto the quarterdeck. I'd just got upright when the helmsman said, "Mate, I wouldn't stand on that coiled line, unless you want to be hanging up in the rigging by your foot."

Finally finding a safe perch, I slumped on the deck, tired but exhilarated. A hard morning's work done, a fear partly overcome. (The topmost yard, perched more



"Now, are you here to see the top dog or the queen bee?"



"I don't believe in egrets."

• •

than a hundred feet above the deck, remained to be conquered.) I glanced at my watch. Just ten o'clock. "Mainmast to cleaning stations!" Todd yelled.

Dispatched below to scrub the galley with Michael, my Samsonesque hammock neighbor, I swept the floor, wiped tables, washed dishes. Leaning on my broom, I asked the cook, a New Zealander named Joanna, what was on the lunch menu.

"Food," she replied.

I sniffed and glanced at the stove.

"Gingerbread men?"

"I use a lot of ginger," she said. "Calms the stomach." And she avoided cooking spicy, strong-smelling foods. "In case they don't stay down," she added.

The first mate, Geoff, charged down the stairs. Trailing his finger under the table I'd just wiped, he snapped, "What's all this rubbish here?" I followed him with a cloth. "And what's this, a bloody dust ball?" I swept the floor again. Finishing the inspection, he frowned and said, "I rate this a pass. I expect better next time." As soon as he'd gone, Michael shook his head. "I thought a tugboat was bad," he muttered, "but this is a floating gulag."

Then Geoff's voice bellowed again from deep inside the ship. "Who is Hammock 15? Fifteen, report here immediately." I ran through the numbers I'd been assigned: muster order, peg number, hammock . . . fifteen. Perhaps, I thought wishfully, the first mate was ordering me back to bed.

Geoff hunched over the hammock-storage area, with the rest of mainmast gathered round. Before us lay my bedding, which I'd clumsily stowed hours before. Geoff prodded it with his foot. "We've just got a message," he said. "Your mother's not going to be here to make your bed today." While the rest looked on, I fumbled several times before stowing the hammock properly.

When Geoff departed, Todd told us, "Grab a cup of tea or ten minutes of shut-eye." Instead, most of us raced to the toilets, which we'd been trying to find a moment to use. I'd just reached the front of the line when a cry came from above. "All hands on deck! We've got wind! Hustle!" This time, we manned "sail-setting stations," a bewildering web of lines called clews, bunts, and reefs. "The best way to remember which is which," Todd said, "is by saying, 'Clews, bunts, reefs. Can't bloody remember.' " Then Geoff began shouting arcane orders. "Hold cro'jack! . . . Belay starboard side braces! . . . Haul away port bunt!"

Yards shifted, sails tightened and filled. The ship went silent except for the luffing of sails and the gentle slap of waves against wood. In the distance, Seattle's Space Needle rose above a jungle of office towers. Traffic crawled across a bridge. It was Monday morning, and we were free from all that! My spirits lifted.

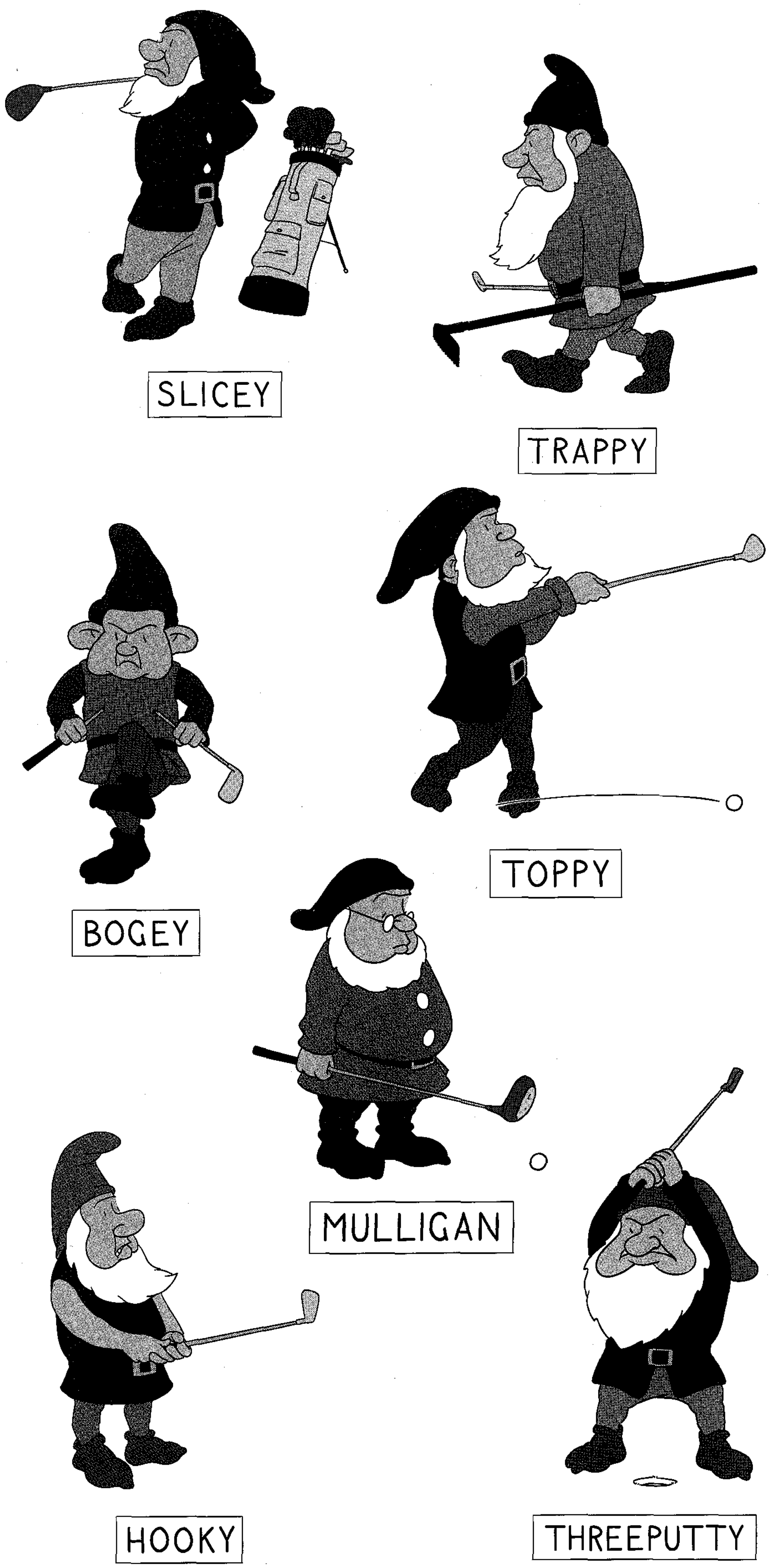
A mop and bucket thudded against my chest. "Time to swab the deck," Todd said.

The London *Gazette* for August 26, 1768, the day the Endeavour set sail from England, gives some flavor of the Hogarthian world the sailors left behind. A front-page story, headlined "A ROGUE DISPATCHED TO HIS MAKER," described the hanging of a highwayman as pickpockets worked the jeering crowd. Another item told of a hangman whipping a thief in the street for stealing two loaves of bread. Two small items of overseas news made the front page. A "Young Genius" by the name of Mozart had been appointed maestro at the age of twelve. And John Adams, known for his "encouragement of insurgency," was leaving London for Boston.

The Endeavour's departure merited only a brief mention. Cook was terse in his own journal as well: "At 2 pm got under sail and put to sea having on board 94 persons," he wrote. "Sounded and had 50 fathoms Grey sand with small stones and broken shells." He wrote just as dispassionately three weeks later, observing, "In heaving the Anchor out of the Boat Mr. Weir Masters mate was carried over board by the Buoy-rope and to the bottom with the anchor." This is all we learn about the drowning of Mr. Weir, a thirty-five-year-old Scotsman. Cook expended almost as much ink—and expressed more regret—when several dozen chickens washed overboard in a storm.

This seeming callousness reflected the grim realities of eighteenth-century Navy life. A drowned man could easily be replaced, but fresh poultry was a scarce commodity at sea. On the day of Weir's death, Cook "Impress'd into his Majesty's service"—i.e., legally kidnapped—a twenty-year-old sailor from a passing American sloop. (Americans were then still British subjects.) This man also died during the voyage, as did thirty-six of the Endeavour's original company of ninety-four men, and seven others who joined en route. The ship's casualty rate wasn't remarkable for

SKETCHBOOK BY ALEX GREGORY



the day; in fact, Cook would later be hailed for the exceptional care he showed for his crewmen's health.

A sailor's life was as anonymous as it was expendable. Most of what's known about the Endeavour's common sailors—or "the People," as Cook called them—derives from sparse details in the ship's muster book. As a group, they were young, many still in their teens and one aged just twelve. They came from East London, Ireland, the Orkneys, New York, Venice, "the Brazils." Some doubled as shipboard tradesmen: barber, tailor, butcher. Once at sea, they rarely came up in the ship's log as individuals, unless they had deserted, died, or been flogged.

We know much more about the officers, several of whom kept journals. The aptly named John Gore was a trigger-happy Virginian, a seaborne Natty Bumppo who proved skillful at shooting birds, kangaroos, and, occasionally, people. He had sailed the Pacific twice before, and would do so with Cook twice more. Another Pacific veteran was a waggish twenty-seven-year-old named Charles Clerke, who had written a paper for the Royal Society claiming that Patagonians in South America were so tall that Europeans reached only to their waists. "At drinking and whoring he is as good as the best of them," one colleague wrote. Clerke sailed three times under Cook, ultimately inheriting command from his superior, and then perishing on the homeward journey.

But it is Cook and the botanist Joseph Banks, a nobleman's son educated at Harrow, Eton, and Oxford, who give the Endeavour's story its most dramatic and unexpected dimension. The two men were fourteen years apart in age and came from opposite ends of society. Their characters could hardly have differed more: Cook was a family man and a career sailor, Banks a rakish dilettante who regarded the voyage as a daring version of the traditional Grand Tour of the Continent. "Every blockhead does that," he declared. "My Grand Tour shall be one round the whole globe." The two men's status on board seemed a recipe for strife. Cook had absolute command over the ship and its crew, while Banks, who had all but bankrolled the voyage, ruled a small fiefdom of artists, scientists, and servants, who were largely exempt from naval discipline.

Yet somehow the day laborer's son and the landed gentleman forged one of the great partnerships in the history of exploration, akin to that of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Like Lewis and Clark, Cook and Banks had complementary skills. While Cook steered his ship through reefs, storms, and other perils, and made charts so accurate that some of them remained in use until the nineteen-nineties, Banks learned Pacific languages, participated in island rituals, wore native dress, and took a Tahitian priest aboard as "a curiosity." He and his assistants collected so much exotic flora that they expanded the number of known plant species in the West by a quarter. In the process, they seeded the modern notion of "biodiversity" and paved the way for later discoveries by men such as Charles Darwin, who made his own youthful circumnavigation of the globe, aboard the Beagle, in the eighteen-thirties.

Also like Lewis and Clark, Cook and Banks kept voluminous journals, which tell the same story through very different eyes. Cook titled his journal "Remarkable Occurences On Board His Majestys Bark Endeavour," and left out many details of ship life that to him seemed routine. An unsentimental man accustomed to drawing charts, he surveyed even the most exotic scenes—ritual sex, cannibalism, human sacrifice—with cool objectivity and factual precision.

Banks is chalk to Cook's cheese: opinionated, anecdotal, romantic, self-revealing. He writes about his lovemaking in Tahiti, and his nausea and bowel pains at sea. He also conveys the awe and terror of launching into the deep in a way that Cook, the middle-aged salt, cannot. Several weeks out from England, after sailing past Spain, the Endeavour swung west across the Atlantic. Cook calmly noted the wind speed and weather. Banks, battling nerves as well as seasickness, confided in his journal, "Took our leave of Europe for heaven alone knows how long, perhaps for Ever."

On the evening of my second day aboard the replica, I pulled the "last dog" watch, from 1800 to 2000 hours. This was a pleasant time to be on deck, with the sun setting and my belly warmed by the corn chowder I'd bolted at dinner. It was refreshing to feel genuine appetite bred of hard labor. And for the first time in two days there seemed little to do. Only six sailors were needed to work the helm and keep watch from the bow, leaving the rest of us to idle by the rail. Even the roll of the ship felt soothing, like a cradle. As the light faded, I closed my eyes.

Todd nudged me awake, his dark, foxlike features curled in a mischievous grin. "I've got something to perk you up," he said.

"Coffee?"

"Better. Topgallant needs putting to bed." In other words, the sails draped from the topmost yard had to be furled. Todd handed me over to a young Australian deckhand named Jess, one of the women aboard, and I began climbing the ratlines beside two watchmates, Charlie and Chris. Charlie was a veteran fireman, who had told me the night before about rescuing a man from a burning building. Chris, my other hammock neighbor, was a neuroscientist, who studied conditioned response and the power of suggestion. This seemed reassuring: two men with a professional perspective on fear and how to confront it.

Then I noticed that Charlie had stopped midway up the mast, paralyzed by the ship's sudden sway. This wobbly rope was no fire ladder. A dizzying glimpse of deck and sea swam below; the topmost yard lurched high above.

Chris, climbing behind us, urged Charlie to just concentrate on the immediate task of putting one hand above the other. This seemed like good advice, but Chris himself was clinging to the shrouds so tightly that his hands had gone as white as his face. I reminded them of what Chris had told us the night before: "Irrational fears go away if you confront them." My voice came out strangled, high-pitched.

"It's a little different when those fears are entirely rational," Chris replied, peering down.

Jess, climbing high above, shot us a withering look. "C'mon, you wankers," she shouted. "You want to do this job in the dark?"

We resumed climbing to the "crosstrees," three ribs of wood perched beneath the top yard. On my previous climb, in full light and calm seas, the much lower and larger fighting top had felt relatively secure. Now, at dusk, in a brisk wind, this tiny way station felt horribly precarious. Height radically amplifies a ship's motion: a roll that tilts the deck a foot will move the top of the mast five times as much. "Funny," Chris said, glancing down again. "When you're on deck, the ship seems really wide."

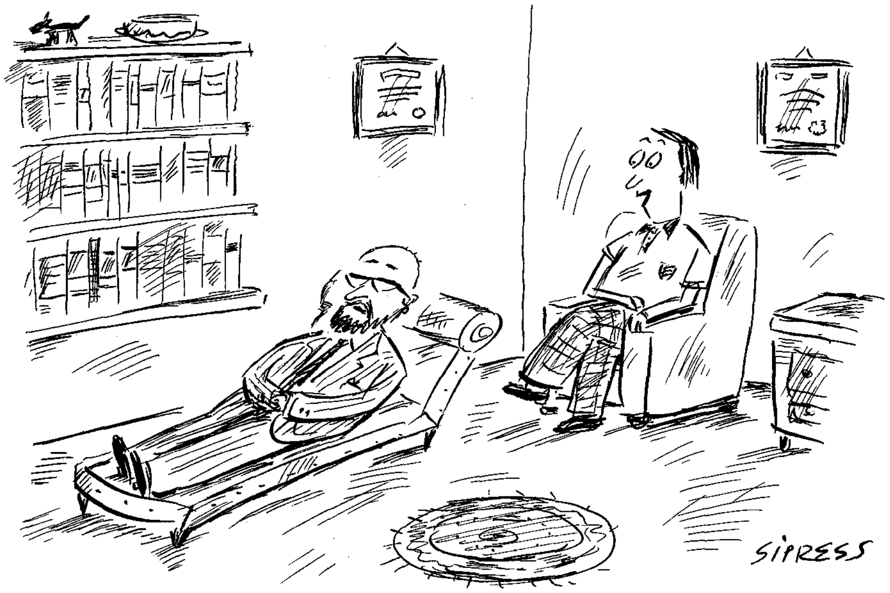
We crept along the foot line and belly-flopped over the yard. Furling a sail is much more awkward and tiring than letting it down. Following Jess's lead, we grabbed fistfuls of flapping fabric, bunched the sail against the yard, and reached down for more. I was just getting started when the ship pitched forward, teetering us over the bow, before lurching back.

As we gathered up the sail, we had to tie it to the yard. We had practiced this on deck, and it had seemed simple enough: loop a rope under the sail, cinch it tight, then throw the spare line over one shoulder before edging along the yard to tie up another clot of sail. Now, when we were a hundred feet up, with the ship pitching, the job felt about as easy as roping a steer. The line became tangled around my neck and under my arm, and each time I crept along the foot line the sail I'd just tied began to sag. "I feel like a stroke victim," Chris said. "My hands can't seem to follow simple mental commands."

He fled to the crosstrees. Jess skipped out along the foot line and deftly corrected our sloppy work. I was well past feeling any shame. "Could you carry me down while you're at it?" I asked, only half in jest.

"No worries, mate." She tied off the last bit of rope. "By the end of the week, you'll have done this so many times it'll seem dead easy."

When we reached the deck, my hands were black and bloody from the tarred shrouds. My legs shook. Mostly, though, what I felt was incredulity. Cook's men had performed this harrowing job without safety harnesses, not simply as a matter of course but in conditions that made



"This feels like a real breakthrough, Dr. Perlman."

our scamper up the mast seem like a child's pirate game.

"Sleet and Snow . . . froze to the Rigging as it fell and decorated the whole with icicles," Cook wrote of a gale off Antarctica. "Our ropes were like wires, Sails like board or plates of Metal. . . . It required our utmost effort to get a Topsail down and up; the cold so intense as hardly to be endured." Cook didn't bother to mention that he and much of his crew were also laboring against sickness, including severe joint pain from incipient scurvy. Many eighteenth-century sailors also suffered from hernias, or "bursted bellies," as they called them.

After just two exhausting days at sea, I struggled to wrap my mind around the length of the Endeavour's journey. A thousand and fifty-one days, each watch unfolding much like the one before: a metronomic routine of hauling ropes, furling and unfurling sails, and scrubbing decks. "The sea," Joseph Banks observed, "is certainly an excellent school for patience."

To guard against restiveness, Cook read his crew the Articles of War, which listed punishable offenses, including drunkenness, "profane Oaths," the "unnatural and detestable sin of buggery or sodomy with man or beast" (in Canada, Cook had twice lashed sailors for attempting this offense), and "stirring up disturbances on account of the Unwholsomness of Victual." It was this last crime that occasioned the first flogging on the Endeavour, just three weeks out to sea: twelve lashes each for two sailors who complained about their allowance of beef.

On our first-day tour of the replica, Todd had shown us a canvas bag with a heavily knotted rope inside: the cat-o'-nine-tails, so called because of the number of its cords and the catlike scratches it left on a man's back. This was also the origin of the phrases "letting the cat out of the bag" and "not enough room to swing a cat." The cat came out with depressing regularity during the Endeavour's eight-month passage to Tahiti. On one day alone, three men were lashed, the last for "not doing his duty in punishing the above two." Before the journey was over, Cook would flog twenty per cent of his crew, which was about average for eighteenth-century voyages to the Pacific.

If Cook didn't spare the lash, he also didn't stint sailors their most treasured salve: alcohol. The Endeavour was a seaborne liquor store, toting twelve hundred gallons of beer, sixteen hundred gallons of spirits (brandy, arrack, rum), and more than three thousand gallons of wine, taken on board at Madeira. The customary ration was a gallon of beer a day, or a pint of spirits, usually rum, diluted with water to make a twice-daily dose of "grog." Sailors also mixed sweetened beer with rum or brandy to make a debilitating cocktail known as "flip." Cook's notes on individual crewmen include frequent asides such as "more or less drunk every day."

During a plant-collecting trip in Tierra del Fuego, two of Banks's servants "stupefied themselves" with rum and died soon after, either from exposure or from alcohol poisoning. Later in the voyage, a man is mentioned in the ship's log as having "died at sea of an excess of rum." Some who fell from the ship and drowned undoubtedly did so while drunk.

There wasn't any risk of that happening on the replica. The ship was alcohol-free, a concession to modern sensitivities about sailing under the influence. "People get a little more upset these days if you lose someone overboard," Captain Blake dryly observed. In eight years at sea, the ship had had only one man fall overboard: a safety officer who slipped while stowing a sail. He was hauled out ten minutes later, frightened but unharmed. Another crewman had fallen from the rigging; though saved by his harness, he suffered bruises and shock. Rough seas also threw crew members around the mess deck, causing broken ribs and gashed heads.

Even in calm weather, minor injuries were common: sprains, twists, rope burns. On our second day out, the neuroscientist, Chris, slipped and tore a ligament in his knee. Another man badly wrenched his ankle. This meant more work for the rest of us. In theory, the watch system divided the ship's labor into four-hour shifts, with no more than twelve hours of work a day for any sailor. In practice, this was subject to change at any moment, if the wind died or gusted, if we had to tack, or if some problem arose that required more than twelve hands on deck. Meals and sleep were prone to constant interruption.

Cook had been exploring the Pacific for almost a decade by the time he reached the west coast of America, in March of 1778, en route to the Arctic during his third and final voyage. Sighting the coast of present-day Oregon, he wrote of the view, "There was nothing remarkable about it." The climate didn't impress him, either. "The land formed a point, which I called Cape Foul Weather from the very bad weather we soon after met with." Coasting north through squalls, hail, sleet, and snow, Cook searched for a port, or even a clear sight of land. Close to where we now sailed, he spotted an inlet "which flatered us with hopes of finding a harbour." It proved an illusion, and Cook, disappointed, left behind another uncomplimentary name: Cape Flattery.

Continuing north, he passed the Strait of Juan de Fuca, named for a navigator who claimed to have come this way in 1592 and returned with tales of beautiful islands "rich of gold, Silver, Pearle, and other things." Cook, once again, was foiled by darkness and weather. "We saw nothing like it, nor is there the least probability that iver any such thing exhisted," he wrote, before departing what is now the United States.

We were much more fortunate. At dawn on our third day out, the ship approached a wide passage between the Olympic Peninsula and Vancouver Island. "There it is, mates," Todd announced. "The Strait of Wanna Puka." The last time the replica had sailed past the strait, he told me, half the crew had spent the day hugging "chunder buckets"—plastic pails with smiley faces at the bottom beside the words "You will get better."

The wind picked up, and I struggled to keep my balance on deck. But the scenery was lovely, with not a sign of humanity, and the lonely San Juan Islands lay just ahead. By now, the first mate's commands had taken on the rhythm of a caller at a square dance.

"Hold your starboard reef!"

"Hold your starboard bunt!"

"Belay starboard!"

I still wasn't sure what much of this meant, but I knew what to do: tug and hold weight until someone tied off the line. Only a few people had to flex their minds; the rest of us were just muscle. Even scaling the mast had lost some of its terror. Or, rather, the terror made me feel safe: I was so focussed on keeping a tight grip and getting the job done that I felt preternaturally alert.

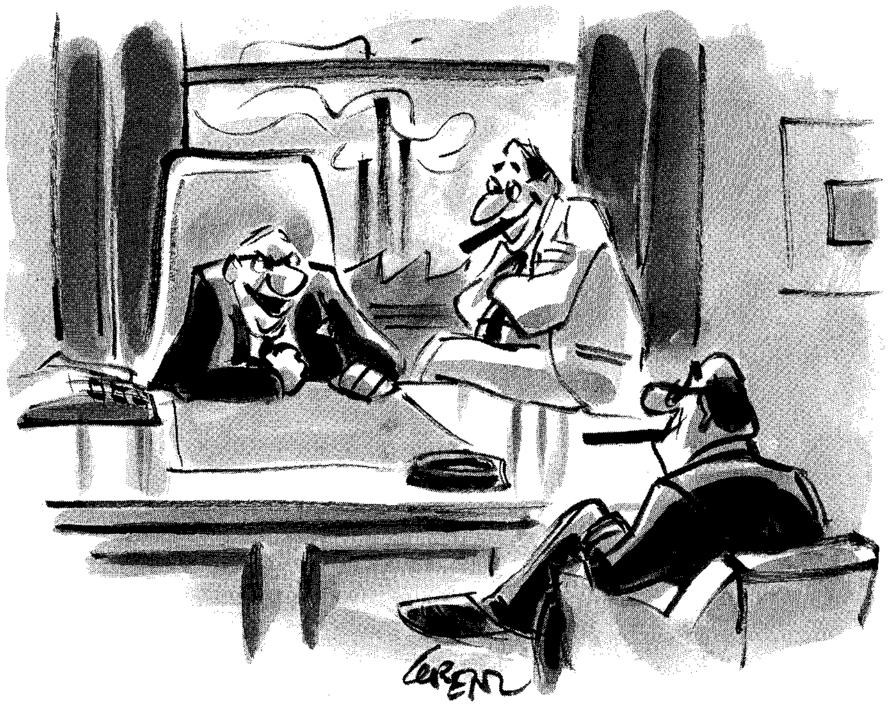
A deep apathy about personal hygiene had also set in. At one point, I caught my reflection while polishing brass: three days' scruff on my cheeks, lank hair, red eyes, tar-speckled chin. That morning, dashing from the galley to the deck, I'd pocketed some bread smeared with Vegemite, the Australian spread that resembles creosote. Discovering the crust hours later, I bolted it without shame. During a rare slack moment, I wrapped a rank shirt around my head and sprawled on the nearest patch of deck.

Eighteenth-century sailors were even more slovenly. Soap didn't become a Navy provision until 1796. Lice were endemic; maggots, cockroaches, and rats also swarmed the ships. For napkins, sailors used bits of frayed rope, which became so greasy that the men recycled them as candles. Makeshift urinals added to the squalor. Some sailors didn't bother to use them, pissing from the deck through grates to the hold below. On Cook's second voyage, a marine was punished for defecating between decks, and when a ship's cook died from disease, his mates attributed it to his filth: as one wrote, "he being so very indolent & dirtily inclined there was no possability of making him keep himself clean, or even to come on Deck to breath the fresh air." Not surprisingly, sailors also suffered from dysentery, a horrible thought given that the only toilets were the dreaded seats of ease.

Cook fought hard to change sailors' habits. He punished men for having dirty hands, and enforced regular cleaning of hammocks, bedding, and clothes, sometimes towing dirty laundry behind the ship. He also used sailcloth to channel fresh air into the lower deck, had the decks scrubbed with vinegar, and lit fires of brimstone to clear out the fug. But it was in the realm of diet that Cook made his greatest mark. The Endeavour was not only on a voyage of geographic and scientific discovery; it was also a laboratory for testing the latest theories and technology, rather like the space shuttle today. In particular, Cook's men became guinea pigs in the Navy's long fight against scurvy.

The human body can store only about six weeks' worth of vitamin C, and as the supply runs out the symptoms of scurvy appear: lassitude, loose teeth, rotted gums, putrid belching, joint pain, the reopening of old wounds and rebreaking of healed fractures, hemorrhaging from the mouth, eyes, nose, and lungs, and, ultimately, a hideous death. Some eighteenth-century ships lost a third of their men to scurvy. Also, because of the disease's progress, it often struck many crewmen at once, filling the ship with sick men. This made scurvy as great an impediment to long-distance exploration as sailors' inexact means of calculating longitude.

The Navy suspected that scurvy sprang from a lack of fresh food at sea. But



"Well, we've licked taxes—that just leaves death."

it had failed to adopt the findings of James Lind, a Scottish physician, who, fifteen years before the Endeavour's sail, had written a treatise on scurvy that recommended citrus fruit as a preventive measure. Instead, the Navy's Sick and Hurt Board loaded the Endeavour with experimental "antiscorbutics" such as sauerkraut, malt wort (a drink), and "portable soup," a decoction of "vegetables mixed with liver, kidney, heart and other offal boiled to a pulp." Hardened into slabs, it was dissolved into oatmeal or "pease," a pudding of boiled peas.

Cook enforced this diet with fanatical zeal—and with a keen grasp of sailors' psychology. "Such are the Tempers and disposissions of Seamen in general that whatever you give them out of the Common way," he wrote, "it will not go down with them and you will hear nothing but murmurings." At first, sailors wouldn't touch sauerkraut. Then the Captain made it known that the dish was being served each day to the officers and gentlemen. He left it to the People to decide if they wanted to eat sauerkraut or not. Before long, almost every man did. "The Moment they see their Superiors set a Value upon it, it becomes the finest stuff in the World," Cook wrote. He also forbade sailors one of their favorite dishes—biscuits smeared with fat skimmings, called "slush"—because he believed it obstructed digestion and trapped "putrid air" in the body.

Cook was so successful in quelling scurvy that he didn't lose a single man to the disease (though dozens died from dysentery and malaria contracted in the East Indies). For a paper he later wrote on the health of seamen, Cook won the Royal Society's highest prize, the Copley Medal, an honor he holds in common with Benjamin Franklin and Albert Einstein. This achievement crowned Cook's unlikely ascent from the bottom of British society to the pinnacle of its scientific and intellectual establishment.

But Cook's victory over scurvy had little to do with the reasons he or the Navy supposed. The antiscorbutics on board his ships were of limited value. Instead, it appears that Cook's equally dedicated pursuit of fresh food at every port protected his men. "It was the Custom of Our Crews to Eat almost Every Herb plant Root and kinds of Fruit they Could Possibly Light upon," a sailor wrote, adding that crewmen "knew it was A great Recommendation to be seen Coming on board from A pleasure Jaunt with A Handkerchif full of greens."

On our fourth night at sea, I was jolted awake for what I assumed was the 4 A.M. watch. Struggling from my hammock, I fell to the sharply tilted floor. I glanced at my watch; it was only two o'clock. In the galley I found six other crew members, anxiously clutching tables. A woman named Sharon was distracting herself by compiling nautical terms that had entered modern slang: "around the horn," "catch someone's drift," "clear the decks." The rest of us pitched in phrases we'd learned during the week, such as "three sheets to the wind" (if a ship's sheets, or ropes, are hanging loose, the sails flap and the ship is unsteady), "scuttlebutt" (a water cask around which sailors gossiped), and "taken aback" (when wind-filled sails drive a ship to stern).

"Pooped," someone chimed in.

"What's that?"

"It's in rough seas, when the water comes over the stern and onto the poop deck."

The galley went silent. Water sloshed in the bilge, dishes rattled in latched cupboards. "Batten down the hatches," Sharon said, adding the phrase to her list.

For once, I was grateful when my shift on deck began. In rough seas, the open air seemed far preferable to our stifling quarters. Then again, as soon as I climbed the companionway the wind bounced me from mast to rail and penetrated my long johns, jeans, and four layers of shirts and jackets. "Crisp morning," the Captain said, giving Todd the coördinates and ducking below.

As luck would have it, my turn at the helm had arrived. This job required two people. One, the "brains," shouted changes in direction, while the "muscle" turned the heavy, ten-spoked wheel. Working first as muscle, I struggled to keep track of where I was on the wheel while brains called out, "Two spokes to port," or "Four spokes to starboard," or "Midships," the wheel's original position.

DiGiSHOP
new
New
NEW
NEW
TO
O

Being the brains was far trickier. I had to keep an eye simultaneously on the moonlit, bobbing horizon and on a gyrating compass. When the ship strayed more than five degrees off course—which it did constantly in the gusts of up to thirty-five knots—I had to judge how much to adjust, at the same time recalling how many spokes we'd already moved to port or starboard.

A wooden tub weighing more than five hundred tons doesn't shift as nimbly as a fibreglass yacht. The ship took half a minute to respond each time I moved the rudder; when it did, I invariably found I'd overcorrected. Then I'd correct the correction, fishtailing too far the other way. I felt as though I were steering a poorly aligned truck on an icy road. And each time I finally got things under control the Captain popped his head up from below and ordered a new course, starting the mad skid all over again.

Midmorning, the wind settled down, and several of us were ordered below to clean the quarters of the officers and gentlemen. Compared with our cramped, lightless digs near the bow, the aft deck felt decadent. Sun filtered through a transom and latticed windows. The table in the officers' mess was laid with pewter, china, and cloth napkins. There was more than enough room to swing a cat. The cabins, though, were six-foot-square hutches, crowded with gimballed beds, sea chests, and chamber pots. Even Cook's cabin felt tiny, with barely enough room for a foldout desk and a chair with shortened legs. Banks, at six feet four, was two inches longer than his room; he usually left it to his books and dogs, preferring to sling a hammock in the adjoining great cabin.

This was where the captain and gentlemen dined and worked. Air and light poured through wide sashes opening out on both sides of the ship and to stern. A large table, with chairs lashed to its base, stood at the room's center, surrounded by cupboards, a fireplace, and a shelf of nautical and botanical books. Captain Blake sat at the table, writing in the

"There might have been some carelessness on my part, but it was mostly just good police work."

* * *

ship's log. His rendition of the previous twelve hours sounded disappointingly tame. The wind had reached Force 6 on the twelve-notch Beaufort scale, he wrote, "bringing with it a short sharp sea chop that had some effect on the crew." In fact, a number of my watchmates had spent the morning retching into buckets.

When we finished cleaning, the Captain invited us to join him at the table. This wouldn't have happened in Cook's day. Officers and gentlemen kept to the quarterdeck when above, an area off limits to sailors, and below they remained separated from the People by a party of marines, whose quarters formed a firewall against mutiny. The marines were a sort of seaborne middle class, dining and dwelling apart from both the officers and the common crew. The Endeavour was England in miniature: a hundred men on a hundred-foot ship, decorously maintaining at sea the same divisions that prevailed on land.

"You couldn't be that formal now, even if you wanted to," Captain Blake said. "Not with a crew of Australians. They'd tell you to get stuffed."

Blake, who was born in Nigeria, had gone to sea at fifteen and spent the next three decades working on everything from cargo boats to luxury cruise ships. Even so, this veteran mariner confessed that he'd been startled by the experience of piloting the replica Endeavour. "I'm not a romantic, but you do start to appreciate what they did, and how soft we've become by comparison."

In Cook's day, sailors still relied on much the same tools they had used for centuries. They calculated a ship's speed with an hourglass and a knotted rope draped in the water (hence the term "knots"). They dropped lead lines with tallow at the end to determine the water depth and test the seafloor. Calculating longitude required astronomical observations, lunar tables, and complex math. Once, stuck in dense Arctic fog, Cook had nothing to steer by except the braying of walruses, which warned him away from ice shelves. All these tasks—performed in an instant today by sonar, radar, and global-positioning systems—were not only tricky, time-consuming, and imprecise; they also left little margin for error on a ship that was unwieldy, even for its day. "A beast to maneuver" was how Blake described the vessel. If the replica found itself close to shore in shifty winds or water, Blake could start up his emergency engines and motor out of trouble. "Cook had to sail out of it or be crushed against rocks," he said.

But what awed Blake most was Cook's mission. For much of the voyage, he sailed blind—into uncharted waters, toward unknown shores, through hurricane belts with nothing but clouds to warn of the weather ahead. The only modern experience that seemed remotely analogous was hurtling into space; one NASA shuttle is named, appropriately, the Endeavour. But even this comparison fails to capture Cook's utter vulnerability. Astronauts have satellite images, contact with Mission Control, and high-tech gear to bail them out. Cook travelled far beyond the range of any help, without so much as a life raft.

"We throw around words like 'courage' and 'stress' very carelessly today," Blake said. "Anyone who does anything out of the ordinary is a 'hero,' a 'survivor.' " He shook his head. "I don't think many of us could endure a week of what Cook and his men confronted, physically and psychologically, day in and day out, for years at a time."

In one respect, though, Blake envied Cook. The replica had a strict itinerary. Cook kept to a schedule, too, but it was generally measured in seasons. Could he reach the Arctic before winter closed in? Would breadfruit and other foodstuffs still be in season when he landed in the tropics?

"We've lost that patience, that sense of chance," Blake said. "I think that's why a lot of people come out on this ship. They feel confined, coddled, time-sick."

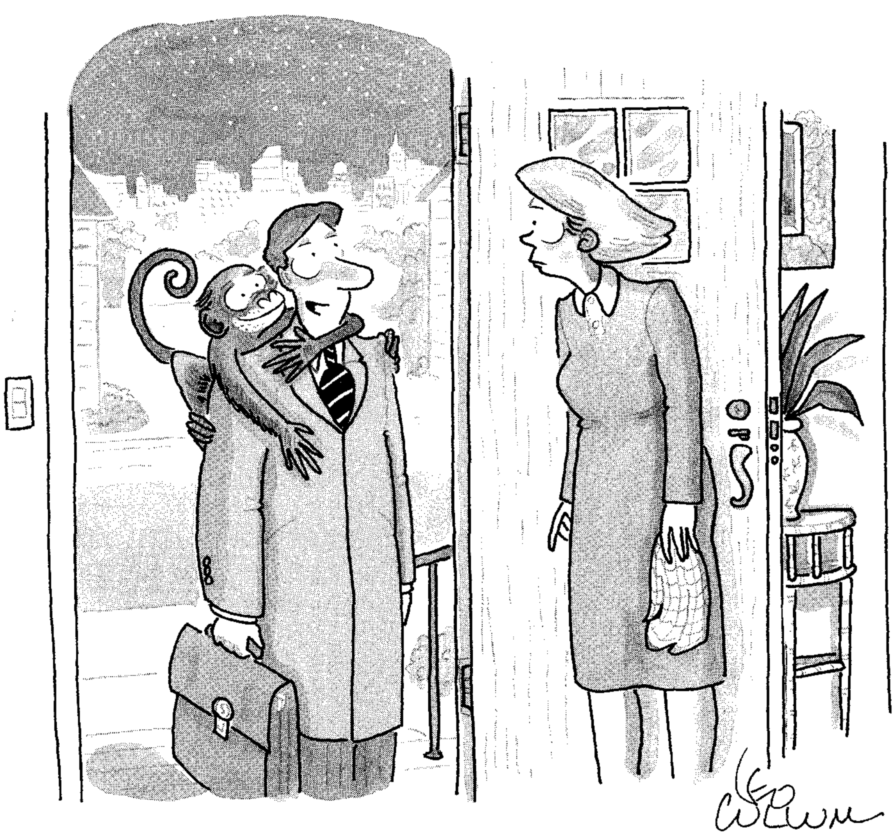
Many of the replica's professional sailors came from maritime backgrounds and hoped to spend their entire careers at sea. Like Cook's men, they played as hard as they worked. "There may not be any booze on this ship, but everyone makes up for it on shore," Blake said. "The world's a different place than it was in Cook's time, but sailors' characters haven't changed all that much."

The next day, Vancouver's skyline came into view, set against a spectacular backdrop of jagged, snowcapped mountains. Cook had missed this, too: the closest he came was Nootka Sound, off Vancouver Island. He was met by men in canoes wearing animal masks, shaking rattles, and "uttering something between a howl & a song" that seemed to betoken hostility. Cook calmly offered beads and medals. In exchange, the natives tossed dried herring into the English ship and sang a pleasant, rhythmic tune. Cook's men answered with French horns. Before long, the two parties engaged in a lively trade, and Cook spent a peaceful month at Nootka, gathering provisions and repairing his ship. But his sailors, who had previously enjoyed the beauty and liberality of Polynesian women, found Nootka a disappointment. "The women here are quite out of the question," a surgeon's mate wrote of the lice-ridden, ochre-painted natives. Some crewmen scrubbed the women on deck before bartering for their company.

Our own arrival in Canada was considerably less exotic. We went aloft one last time to furl the sails, and stayed on the yard to enjoy the view as the ship eased into harbor. A replica longboat pulled alongside, rowed by men in horned helmets, the kind mock Vikings drink from. "Ahoy!" they shouted, raising their oars. The dock was crowded with red-uniformed Mounties, schoolchildren waving Union Jacks, and city officials.

"Fire in the hole!" the replica's gunner shouted, lowering a blowtorch to one of the ship's cannons, which expelled a broadside of shredded newspaper in the direction of downtown. Then the gunner soberly approached the helm. "Minimal collateral damage, Captain," he said. "We can still use the pub."

And we did, toting our duffelbags through a seedy district to Fred's Uptown Tavern. I found myself walking bowlegged and leaning into an imagined swell. I didn't register much else; after two beers, the bar began to sway like the quarterdeck. I found a room on the top floor of a cheap hotel. Falling into the shower, I tried to scrub the tar from my hair and the grime that was embedded in every inch of exposed skin—a fraction of the filth the Endeavour's men must have acquired in three years at sea. As soon as I closed my eyes, the bed began to pitch and roll, a mattress pinned atop a fifteen-story mast. I'd been at sea only a week, in relatively calm seas. Cook and his men once sailed extreme latitudes for a hun-



"I didn't go to the office today. I went to the zoo."

MOUNTAIN

Nothing’s moving I don’t see anybody
And I know that it’s not a trick
There really is nothing moving there
And there aren’t any people. It is the very utmost top
Where, as is not unusual,
There is snow, lying like the hair on a white-haired person’s head
Combed sideways and backward and forward to cover as much of the top
As possible, for the snow is thinning, it’s September
Although a few months from now there will be a new crop
Probably, though this no one KNOWS (so neither do we)
But every other year it has happened by November
Except for one year that’s known about, 1923
When the top was more and more uncovered until December 15th
When finally it snowed and snowed.
I love seeing this mountain like a mouse
Attached to the tail of another mouse, and to another and to another
In total mountain silence
There is no way to get up there, and no means to stay.
It is uninhabitable. No roads and no possibility
Of roads. You don’t have a history
Do you, mountain top? This doesn’t make you either a mystery
Or a dull person and you’re certainly not a truck stop.
No industry can exploit you
No developer can divide you into estates or lots
No dazzling disquieting woman can tie your heart in knots.
I could never lead my life on one of those spots
You leave uncovered up there. No way to be there
But I’m moved.

—*Kenneth Koch*
(1925-2002)

dred and seventeen days without touching land. It’s a wonder they could still walk when they reached shore.

Cook never found *terra australis*, though he became the first navigator to enter the Antarctic Circle, sailing within a hundred miles of land before being halted by pack ice. He went on to circumnavigate the frigid continent, demolishing the ancient notion that a land of plenty girdled the bottom of the globe. Cook later breached the Arctic Circle, in search of another chimera: a navigable Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific that would enable British ships to reach the Orient without rounding the Horns. In this sense, one of Cook’s greatest legacies was negative discovery: finding what’s not there. He also charted dozens of lands entirely unknown to, or only tentatively explored by, Europeans, including Australia, New Zealand, Alaska, Hawaii, Tonga, and Bora-Bora. By the time he died, in 1779, while still on the job, Cook had explored more of the earth’s surface than anyone in history.

Cook didn’t just redraw the map of the world, creating a picture of the globe much like the one we know today; he also transformed the West’s image of nature and man. The art and writing of Cook and his men, and the artifacts they brought home, called “artificial curiosities,” mesmerized Europe with images of another world: erotic Tahitian dancers, Maori warriors, clay-painted Aborigines, Hawaiian surfers, tropical reefs, leaping kangaroos. Sailors adopted the Polynesian adornment called a tattoo, and words such as “taboo” entered the Western lexicon. Poets and philosophers seized on the South Seas as a liberating counterpoint to Europe: Coleridge, Melville, and Gauguin are among the many artists who were influenced by Cook’s discoveries.

The impact of Cook’s voyages was just as profound on the lands and peoples he encountered. His decade of discovery occurred on the cusp of the Industrial Revolution, opening vast new territories to the West’s burgeoning empires and economies, and all that came with them: whalers, missionaries, manufactured goods, literacy, rum, guns, smallpox. For good or ill, Cook pioneered the voyage we are still on. “It could be said of Cook, more than of any other person,” the Australian historian Bernard Smith writes, “that he helped to make the world one world.”

In the end, Cook fell victim to his own ceaseless adventuring. On his second voyage he became desperately ill—ironically, given his fight against scurvy, he may have suffered from a vitamin deficiency—and on his third voyage he showed signs of falling apart, psychologically as well as physically. The stoic, unflappable commander of the Endeavour became an erratic and brittle man, prone to fits of rage. Ten months after leaving the Pacific Northwest, he provoked a skirmish with islanders on the lava shoreline of Hawaii, and died alongside four of his marines. Islanders carved up his body, keeping some of his bones as relics, and returned several pieces to his men, who committed them to the deep.

After Cook’s first voyage, the Endeavour became a transport vessel and ferried troops to fight Americans during the Revolutionary War. Cook’s ship on his second and third voyages, the Resolution, was sold to the whaling trade. In a believe-it-or-not twist, marine archeologists have recently discovered that the two ships, which travelled some hundred and fifty thousand miles under Cook, ended their days within hailing distance of each other. The Resolution ran aground in Newport, Rhode Island, and now lies buried under landfill. Sunk in the harbor nearby is a convoy that was scuttled by the British in 1778, a year before Cook’s death, to keep a French fleet from attacking Newport. One of the ships in the convoy is the Endeavour. This summer, divers are trying to determine which of the sunken wrecks matches the plain, bulky build of the coal ship that carried Cook around the world. ♦

PORTFOLIO

HIS KIND OF TOWN

William Klein's Paris.

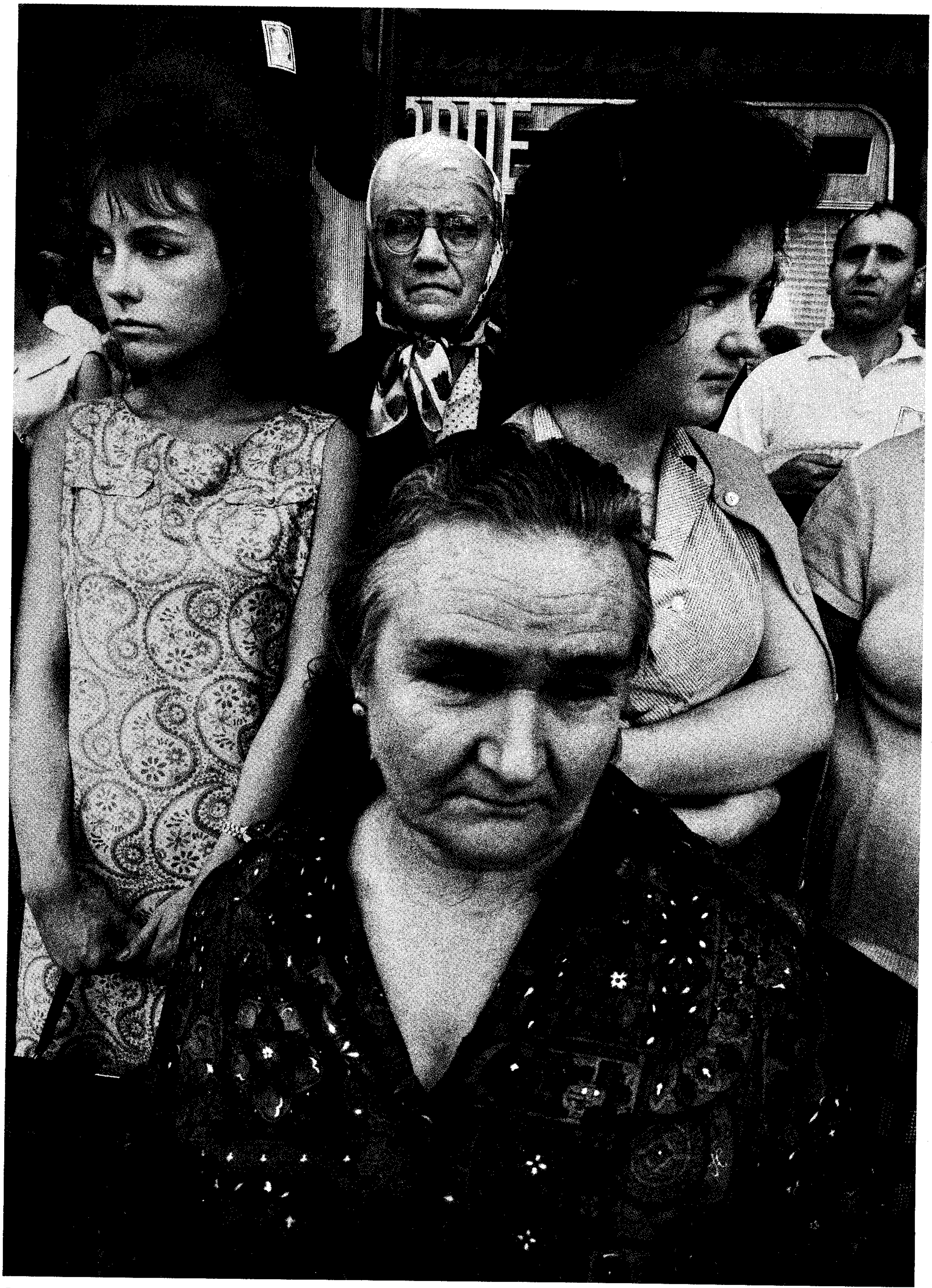
Some folks have all the luck. If you're a writer, though, or a movie director, or the sharpest kind of photographer, you can make the luck happen, and transform your art into news. As "Minority Report" came out, issues of incrimination—how and why you should detain a man because you don't like the look of his mind—were all over the press, and the happy coincidence turned Steven Spielberg into a seer. And so it is with William Klein. On April 16th, *le tout Paris*—or, at any rate, that portion of it that gets to muscle into private openings—thronged the Maison Européenne de la Photographie, in the Fourth Arrondissement. People stared at walls that clamored with images, and the images stared right back. The exhibit was called "Paris + Klein," a retrospective covering three floors and more than thirty years, and it was accompanied by a hefty, caustic book of the same name. Here is your city, Klein was saying: a place that all of you recognize, that some of you claim as your own, and that others don't want to know about. If you can't take the heat, get out of the gallery.

Klein's attitude has always been infectious, as in his pump-up-the-volume shots of New York in the fifties, but this new show was something else: a picaresque with the bite of a polemic. Then, five days after the opening night, its tune changed into a battle cry. In the first round of the French Presidential elections, on April 21st, the far right, in the unsavory person of Jean-Marie Le Pen, came in second, vaporizing the challenge of the Socialist Prime Minister, Lionel Jospin. The youth of Paris, aghast at the rise of political extremity—and ashamed, perhaps, that more had not been done at the ballot box to quell its growth—took to the streets. Heaven knows how many times, during the past two centuries, the capital has witnessed such venting of fear and complaint, but on this occasion an artist—and an American to boot—had got there first. Those who inspected "Paris + Klein" could beat a path to the Place de la Bastille, a few hundred yards away, where the ranks were massing, and see for themselves that Paris had become one big Klein.

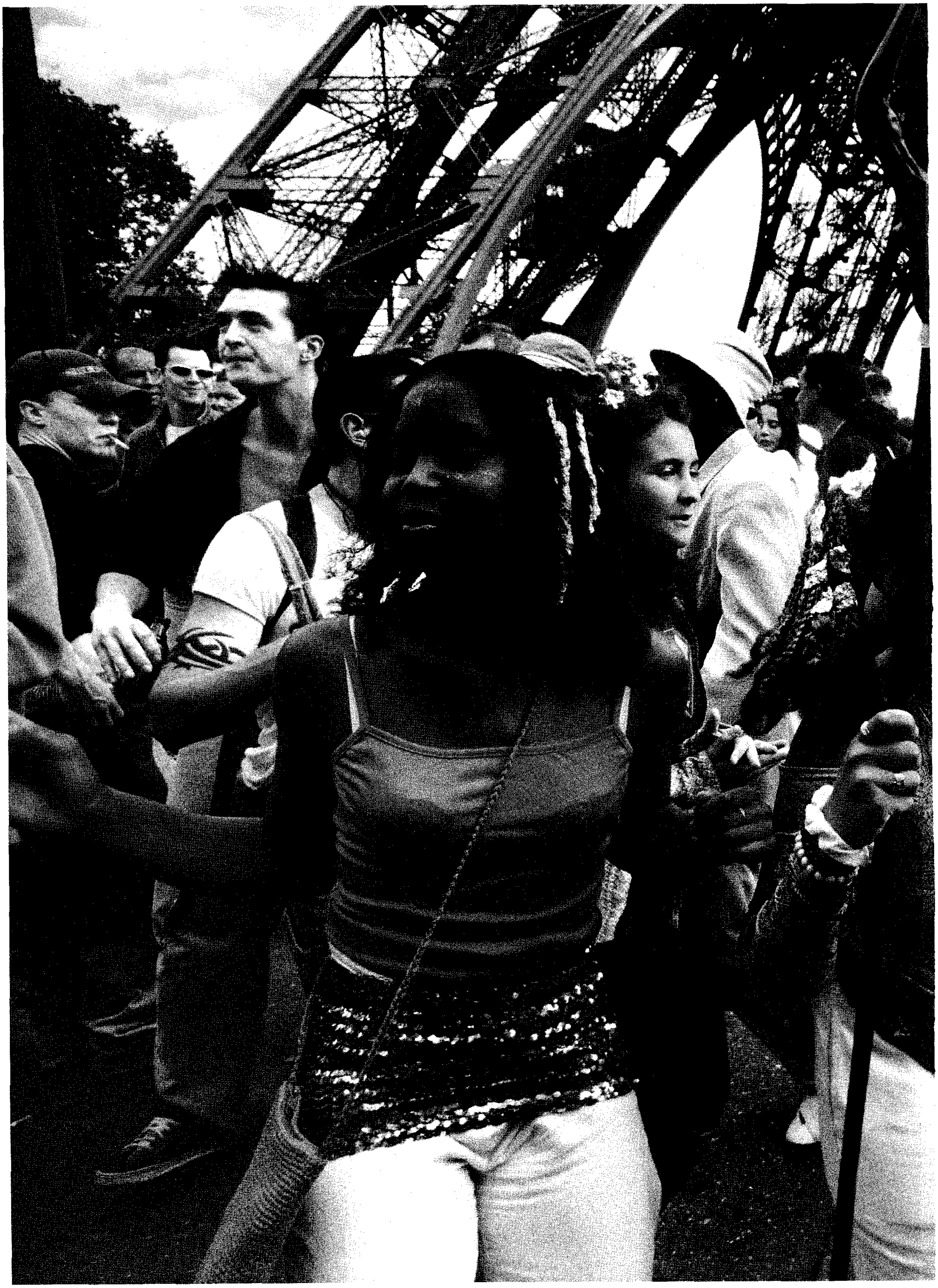
The photographs displayed on the following pages are a small selection of close encounters between the riot of urban living and the click of a Leica, no louder than a kiss on the cheek. Before the April elections, few Americans—even Francophiles on regular trips—would have had the chance to grasp the sprawl and rancor of racial politics in Paris. Photography, it must be said, has played its part in applying the blinkers; when a first-time tourist, fed on the genius of Doisneau and Cartier-Bresson, arrives in town, all that he or she will see—or want to see—is pairs of paramours, canoodling over a croissant. It takes a Klein to widen our eyes; if he remains unabashed about his game plan to get in your face, that is because the faces of Parisians are a more reliable guide to the place—to its citadels of power, its backwaters, its sites of historical interest—than any map of the Métro. Consider the gaggle of citizens shown here beneath the spread legs of the Eiffel Tower—young women, mostly, who leave their joyless menfolk stranded like wallflowers in the margins of the shot. The polite social event in question is the millennial Techno-Parade, an opportunity to jab your finger, or thrust your devilish trident, into the rump of your country's leading monument. As for the funkiness of the interracial wedding, just imagine the stormy grimace of M. Le Pen were he to open these pages and find his beloved white nation, earthed in peasant stock, being sold abroad in such a blaze of color.

There is more to the image, however, than a smack at prejudice; Klein's blood may be up, but his eye is composed. Who else would have waited for the kindly tilt of the bride's head, reminding us of a hundred Quattrocento Madonnas? And look where she is looking: straight at the gravely beseeching face of the boy at the foot of the frame, who comes across as the wisest figure of them all, one hand raised as if he, rather than any minister, were poised to deliver the homily. So it is with the older shots; Klein has lived in Paris since 1948, and he has been around for every major convulsion. The row of black-and-white mourners, for example, has gathered to mark the passing of Maurice Thorez, the leader of the French Communist Party, in 1964. (No one gets more from a funeral than Klein: he loves the mixed crowds, the out-of-towners merging with the natives in uneasy grief.) Then, unforgettably, we are at the baths, in the company of seven beauties—stalwarts of a club called Allegro Fortissimo, disporting themselves in a hot mist. Their expressions range from the defiant to the quizzical, as if they were daring us to fix them in time and space. Is this really the France of 1990, or is it a well-nourished nod to the France of Ingres, who painted his own tangle of bathers in 1862? Is it a true Turkish hammam, perhaps, or even a steamed-up memory of ancient Rome? Like all the photographs here, this one seems pinned to the particular, yet the array of poses, like the play of feelings, radiates outward and hints at other worlds. We'll always have Paris, of course, but the Paris of William Klein may not be the one that we pictured. More to the point, thanks to his knack for being there when history was in the making, Paris will always have Klein.

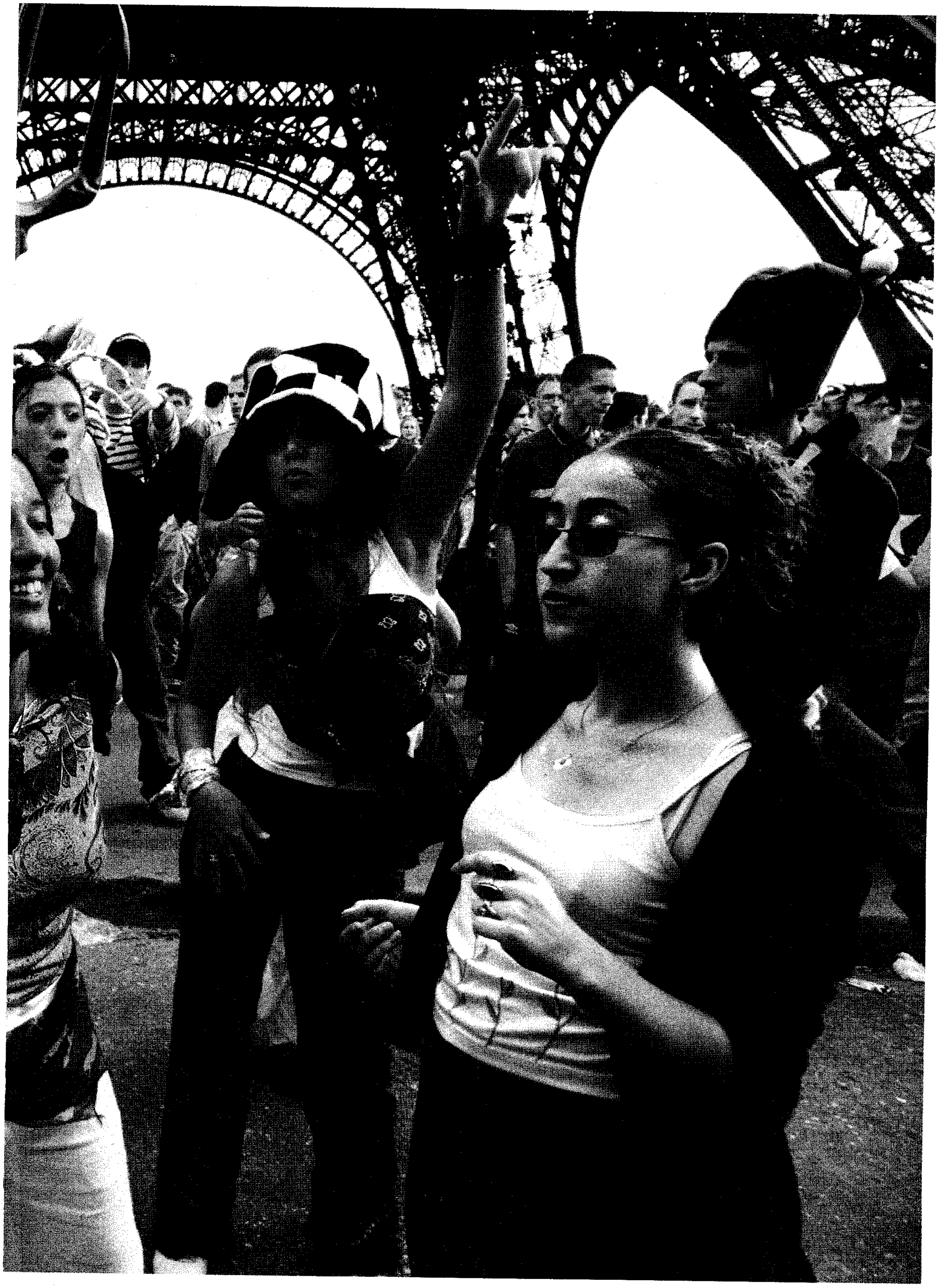
—*Anthony Lane*

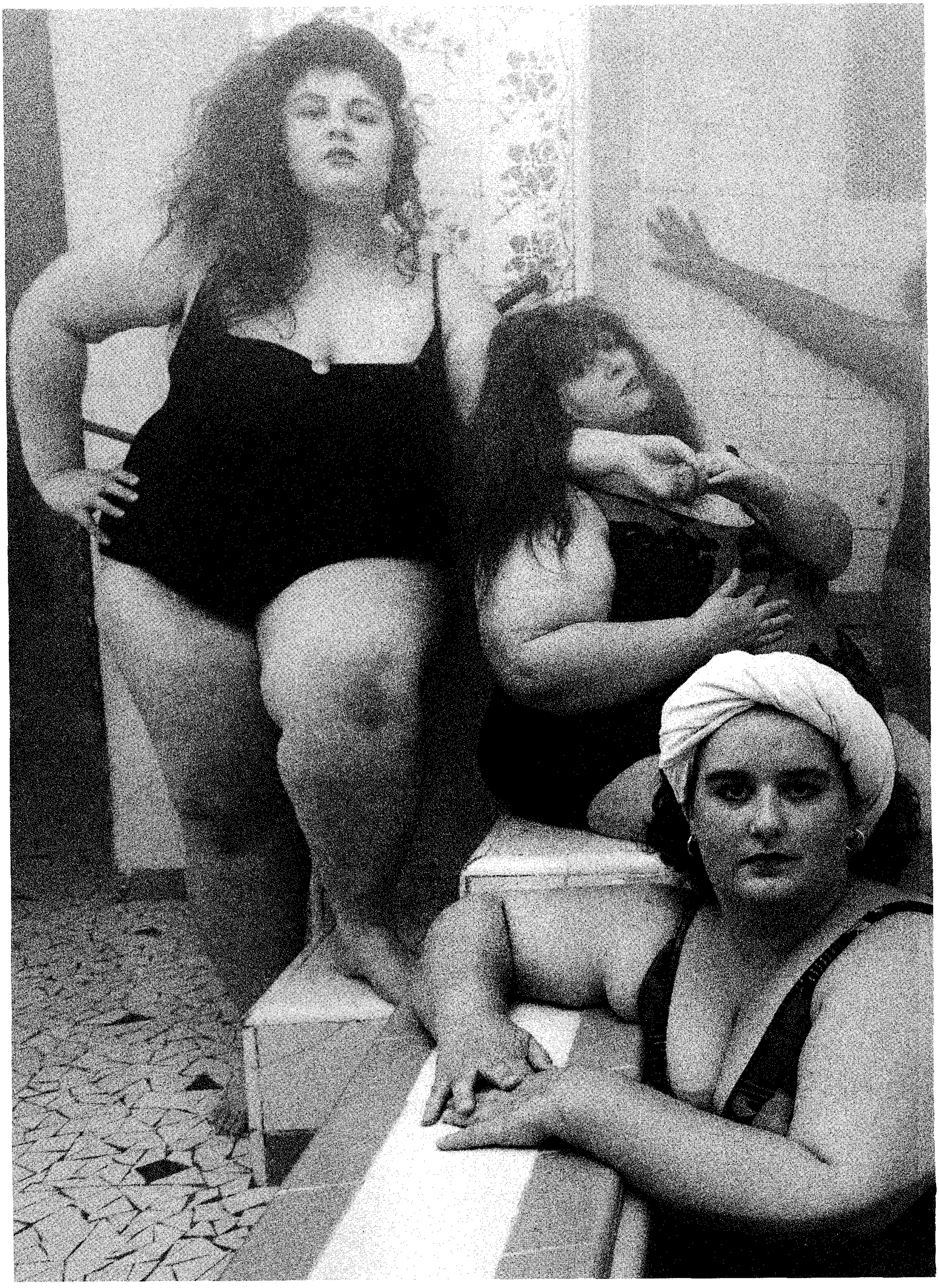


Mourners at the funeral of Maurice Thorez, 1964.

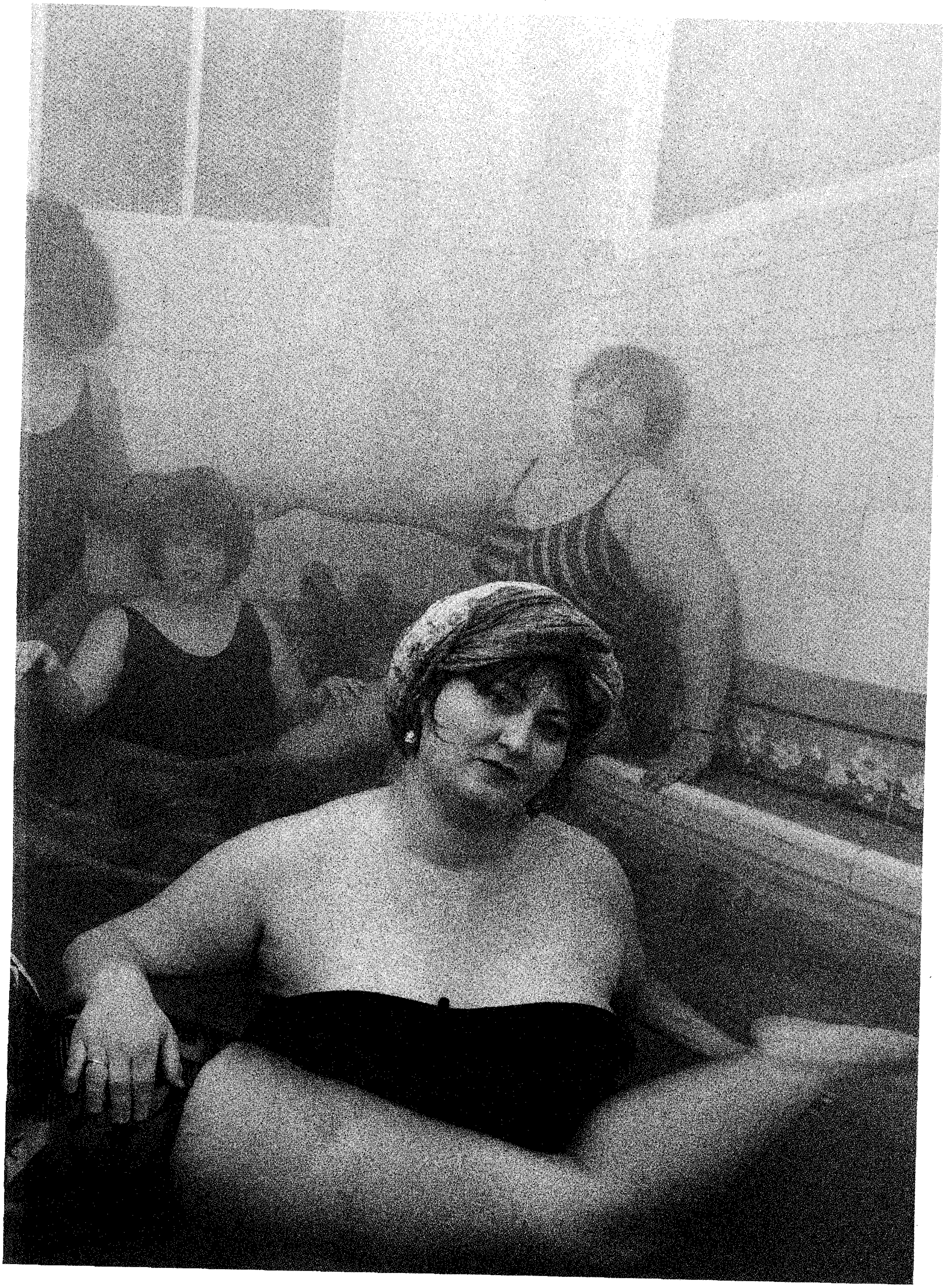


Techno-Parade at the Eiffel Tower, 2000.

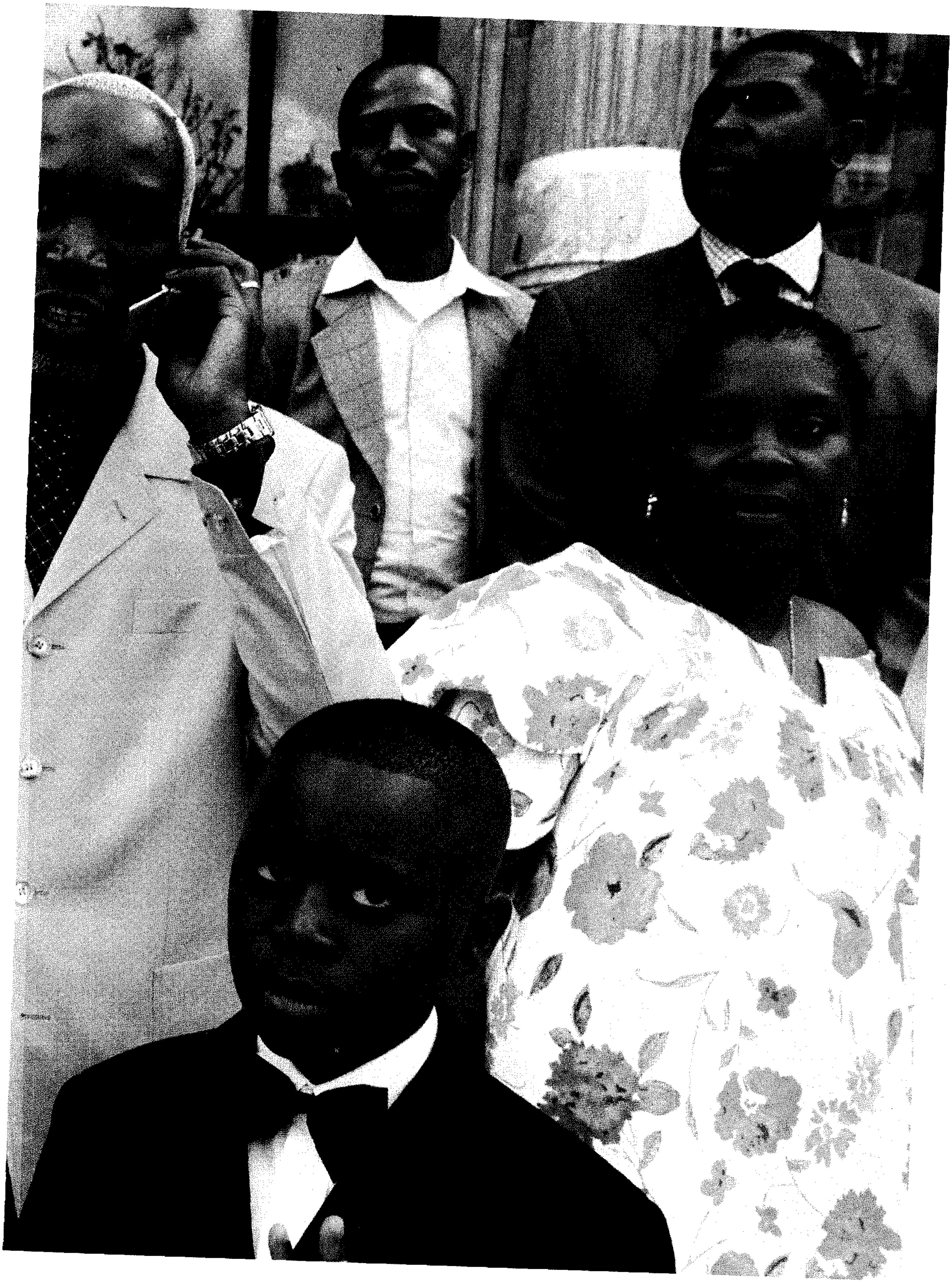




At a Turkish bath, 1990.



Wedding party, 2002.



FICTION

SACRED STATUES

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

They would manage, Nuala had always said when there had been family difficulties before. Each time it was she who saw the family through: her faith in Corry, her calmness in adversity, her stubborn optimism were the strengths she brought to the marriage.

“Would you try Mrs. Falloway?” she suggested when, more seriously than ever in the past, their indigence threatened to defeat them. It was a last resort, the best that desperation could do. “Wouldn't you, Corry?”

Corry said nothing and Nuala watched him feeling ashamed, as he had begun to these last few weeks. It wouldn't be asking much of Mrs. Falloway, she said. Tiding them over for a year while he learnt the way of it in the stoneyard wouldn't be much; and after that he'd be back on wages. The chance in the stoneyard was made for him; didn't O'Flynn say it himself?

“I couldn't go near Mrs. Falloway. I couldn't at all.”

“Only to put it to her, Corry. Only to say out what's the truth.”

“It came to nothing, what she was doing that time. Why'd she be interested in us now?”

“All she saw in you'll be lost if we don't get assistance, Corry. Why wouldn't she still take an interest?”

“It's all in the past, that.”

“I know, I know.”

“I'd be embarrassed going over there.”

“Don't I know that, too, Corry?”

“There's work going on the roads.”

“You're not a roadworker, Corry.”

“There's things we have to do.”

Deliberately Nuala let a silence gather, and Corry broke it, as she knew he would.

“I'd be a day going over there,” he said and might have added that there'd be the bus fare and something to pay for the loan of a bicycle in Carrick, but he didn't.

“A day won't hurt, Corry.”

They were a couple of the same age, thirty-one, who'd known one another since childhood: Corry tall and bony, Nuala plumper and smaller, with a round, uncomplicated face, her fair hair cut shorter than it had been when she'd first become a wife. The youngest of their children, a girl, took after her in appearance; the boys were both as lean and gangling as their father.

“You always did your best, Corry.” The statement hung there, concluding their conversation, necessary because it was true, its repetition softening the crisis in their lives.

Corry's workshop was a shed, all his saints in a row on a shelf he had put up. Beneath them were his Madonnas, his John the Baptist, and a single Crucifixion. His Stations were there, too, propped against the rough concrete wall. Limewood and ash the woods were, apple and holly and box, oak that had come from a creamery paddle.

When the children left the house in the mornings, to be picked up at Quirke's crossroads and driven on to school, when Corry was out looking for work on a farm, Nuala often took pride in her husband's gift; and in the quiet of his workshop she often wondered how it would have been between them if he did not possess it, how she would feel about him if he'd been the master in a school or a counter hand in one of the shops in Carrick, or permanently on a farm.

Corry's saints had become her friends, Nuala sometimes thought, statues brought to life for her, a source of sympathy, and consolation when that was necessary. “And Jesus Fell the Second Time” were the words beneath the Station that was her favorite. Neither saints nor Stations belonged in a concrete shed, any more than the figures of the Virgin did, or any of the other carvings. They belonged in the places they'd been created for, the inspiration of their making becoming there the inspiration of prayer. Nuala was certain that this was meant to be, that in receiving his gift Corry had been entrusted with seeing that this came about. “You were meant for other times, Corry,” a priest had remarked to him once, but not unkindly or dismissively, as if recognizing that even if the present times were different from those he spoke of, Corry would persevere. A waste of himself, it would be otherwise, a waste of the person he was.

Nuala closed the shed door behind her. She fed her hens and then walked through the vegetable patch she cultivated herself.

Mrs. Falloway would understand: she had before, she would again. The living that Corry's gift failed to make for him would come naturally when he had mastered the craft of cutting letters on headstones in O'Flynn's yard. The headstones were a different kind of thing from his sacred statues but they'd be enough to bring his skill to people's notice, to the notice of bishops and priests as well as anyone else's. Sooner or later everyone did business in a stoneyard; when he'd come to the house to make the offer O'Flynn had said that, too.

In the field beyond Nuala's vegetable garden the tethered goat jerked up its head and stared at her. She loosened the chain on the tether post and watched while the goat pawed at the new grass before eating it. The fresh, cool air was sharp on her face and for a moment, in spite of the trouble, she was happy. At least this place was theirs: the field, the garden, the small, remote house that she and Corry had come to when Mrs. Falloway lent them the asking price, so certain was she that Corry would one day be a credit to her. While still savoring this moment of elation, Nuala felt it

© DOROTHEA LANGE COLLECTION, OAKLAND MUSEUM OF CALIFORNIA, GIFT OF PAUL S. TAYLOR

slipping away. Naturally, it was possible that Corry would not succeed in the mission she had sent him on: optimist or not, she was still close to the reality of things. In the night she had struggled with that, wondering how she should prepare him, and herself, for the ill fortune of his coming back empty-handed. It was then that she had remembered the Rynnes. They'd come into her thoughts as she imagined an inspiration came to Corry; not that he ever talked like that, but still she felt she knew. She had lain awake going over what had occurred to her, rejecting it because it upset her, because it shocked her even to have thought of it. She prayed that Mrs. Falloway would be generous, as she had been before.

When Corry reached the crossroads he waited at the petrol pumps for the bus to Carrick. It was late but it didn't matter, since Mrs. Falloway didn't know he was coming. On the way down from the house he'd considered trying to telephone, to put it to her if she was still there what Nuala had put to him, to save himself the expense of the journey. But when first she'd brought the subject up Nuala had said that this wasn't something that could be talked about on the phone even if he managed to find out Mrs. Falloway's number, which he hadn't known in the past.

In Carrick, at Hosey's bicycle shop, he waited while the tires of an old Raleigh were pumped up for him. New batteries were put in the lamp in case he returned after dark, although he kept assuring young Hosey that it wouldn't be possible to be away for so long: the bus back was at three.

It was seven miles to Mountroche House, mostly on a flat bog road bounded by neither ditches nor fencing. Corry remembered it from the time he and Nuala had lived in Carrick, when he'd worked in the Riordans' joinery business and they'd had lodgings in an upstairs room at her mother's. It was then that he began to carve his statues, his instinctive artistry impressing the Riordan brothers, and Mrs. Falloway when the time came. It surprised Corry himself, for he hadn't known it was there.

Those times, the first few years of marriage, cheered him as he rode swiftly on. It could be that Nuala was right, that Mrs. Falloway would be pleased to see him, that she'd understand why they hadn't been able to pay anything back. Nuala had a way of making good things happen, Corry believed; she told you what they might be and then you tried for them.

The flatness of the bog, and the road that went with it, gave way eventually to hills; hedges and trees began. Mountroche House was at the end of an unkempt avenue that continued for another three-quarters of a mile. He had to wheel the bicycle for most of it.

The Rynnes lived in a gray, pebble-dashed bungalow at the crossroads, close to the petrol pumps they operated, across the main road from Quirke's Supervalu. They were well-to-do; besides the petrol business, there was Rynne's insurance agency, which he conducted from the bungalow. His wife attended to the custom at the pumps.

When Nuala rang the doorbell the Rynnes answered it together. They had a way of doing that when both of them were in; and they had a way of conducting their visitors no further than the hall until the purpose of the interruption was established. An insurance matter was usually enough to permit further access.

"I was passing by," Nuala said, "on my way to the Supervalu."

The Rynnes nodded. Their similar elongated features suggested that they might be brother and sister rather than man and wife. They both wore glasses, Rynne's dark-rimmed and serious, his wife's light and pale. They were a childless couple.

"Is it insurance, Nuala?" Rynne inquired.

She shook her head. She'd just looked in, she said, to see how they were getting on. "We often mention you," she said, taking a liberty with the facts.

"Arrah, we're not bad at all," Rynne said. "All right, would you say, Etty?"

"Oh, I would, I would."

The telephone rang and Rynne went to answer it. Nuala could hear him saying he was up to his eyes this morning. "Would tomorrow do?" he suggested. "Would I come up in the evening?"

"I'm sorry, Etty. You're busy."

"It's only I'm typing his proposals. God, it takes your time, and the pumps going too! Twenty-six blooming pages, every one of them!"

In spite of its plaintive note, it was cheerful talk, relegating to its place beneath the surface what had been disguised when Rynne said they were all right; neither Etty Rynne's failure to become pregnant nor the emotional toll it had taken of both husband and wife was ever mentioned by them, but the fact and its consequences were well known in the neighborhood. It was even said that dishearteningly fruitless inquiries had been made regarding the possibility of adoption.

"Goodbye so, Etty." Nuala smiled and nodded before she left, the sympathy of a mother in her eyes. She would have liked to commiserate, but spoken words would have been tactless.

"You're all well above, Nuala?"

"We are."

"Tell Corry I was asking for him."

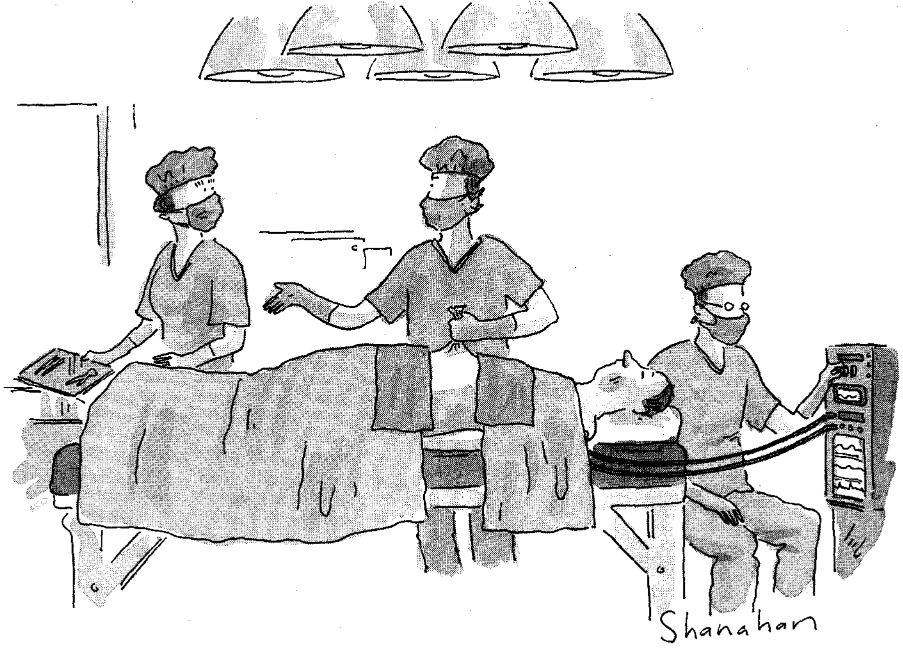
"I will of course."

Nuala wheeled her bicycle across the road and propped it against the side wall of Quirke's Supervalu. While she was shopping—searching for the cheap lines with a sell-by date due, bundling the few items she could afford into a wire basket—she thought about the Rynnes. She saw them almost as visibly as she had ten minutes ago seen the faraway, sorrowful look in Etty's pale-brown eyes; she heard the unvoiced disappointment that, in both husband and wife, dwindled into weariness. They had given up already, not knowing that they needn't yet; all that, again, passed through Nuala's reflections.

She went on thinking about the Rynnes as she rode away from the crossroads, up the long hill to her house. They were decent people, tied into themselves only because of their childlessness, because of what the longing had done to them. She remembered them as they'd been when first they'd married, the winter card parties they invited people to, Etty like a fashion plate for each occasion, the stories Rynne brought back from his business travels.

"Would it be wrong?" Nuala whispered to herself, since there was no one there to hear. "Would it be against God?"

Unhooking her shopping bags from the handlebars when she reached the house, she asked herself the same ques-



"Scrunchy."

tions again, her voice loud now in the stillness. If Corry did well with Mrs. Falloway, there wouldn't be a need to wonder if it would be wrong. There wouldn't even be a need—when years had gone by and they looked back to the bad time there'd been—to mention to Corry what had come into her mind. If Mrs. Falloway came up trumps you'd make yourself forget it, which was something that could be done if you tried.

It was a white house, for the most part, though gray and green in places where the color wash was affected. Roches had lived at Mountroche for generations, until the family came to an end in the nineteen-fifties; Mrs. Falloway had bought it cheaply after it had been empty for seventeen years.

Corry heard the bell jangling in the depths, but no one answered the summons. On the bus and as he rode across the bog he had worried in case Mrs. Falloway had gone, in case years ago she had returned to England; when he jerked the bellpull for the third time he worried again. Then there was a sound somewhere above where he stood. A window opened and Mrs. Falloway's voice called down.

"Mrs. Falloway?" He stepped backward onto the gravel in order to look up. "Mrs. Falloway?"

"Yes, it's me. Hullo."

"Hullo, Mrs. Falloway."

He wouldn't have recognized her and wondered if she recognized him after so long. He said who he was.

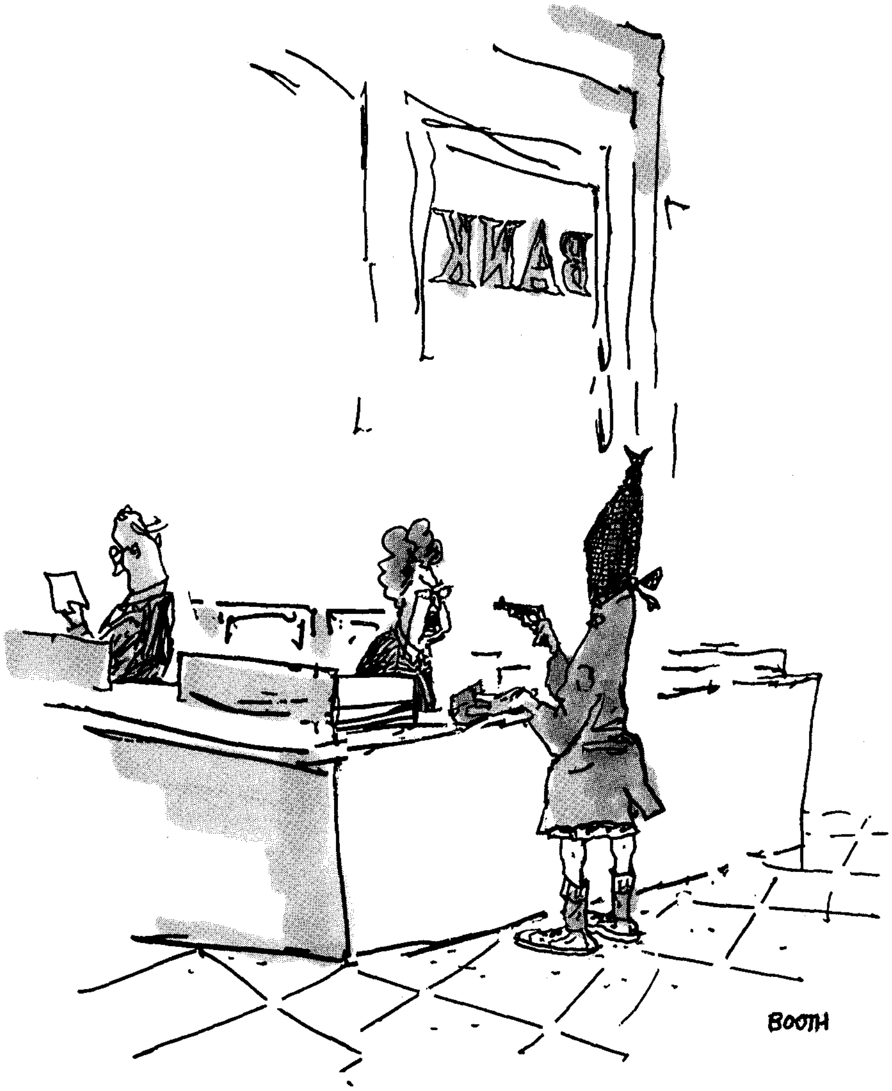
"Oh, of course," Mrs. Falloway said. "Wait a minute for me."

When she opened her hall door she was welcoming. She smiled and held a hand out. "Come in, come in."

They passed through a shabby hall and sat in a drawing room that smelt of must. The cold ashes of a fire were partly covered with dead hydrangeas, deposited there from a vase. The room seemed choked with what littered its surfaces: newspapers and magazines, drawings, books face downward as if to mark a place, empty fruit punnets, bric-a-brac in various stages of repair, a summer hat, a pile of clothes beside a workbasket.

"You've come on a bicycle, Corry?" Mrs. Falloway said.

"Only from Carrick. I got the bus to Carrick."



"Your mother was in here looking for you."

• •

"My dear, you must be exhausted. Let me give you tea at the very least."

Mrs. Falloway was gone for nearly twenty minutes, causing Corry some agitation when he thought of the three-o'-clock bus. He and Nuala had sat waiting in this room when they'd come to the house the first time, after Corry got the letter. They'd sat together on the sofa that was a receptacle for oddments now; the room had been tidier then, Mrs. Falloway had been brisker. She'd talked all the time, full of her plans, a table laid in the big bow window to which she brought corned beef and salad, and toast that was moist with the butter she'd spread, and Kia-Ora orange, and tea and fruitcake.

"Not much, I'm afraid," she said now, returning with a plate of biscuits, and cups and saucers and a teapot. The biscuits were decorated with a pink mush of marshmallow and raspberry jam.

Corry was glad of the tea, which was strong and hot. The biscuit he took had gone soft, but even so he liked it. Once in a while Nuala bought the same kind for the children.

"What a lovely surprise!" Mrs. Falloway said.

"I wondered were you still here."

"I'm here forever now, I think."

A dismal look had crept into her face, as if she knew why he had come. If she'd thought about it, she would have guessed long ago about the plight they were in. He wasn't here to say it was her fault; he hoped she didn't think that, because of course it wasn't. All the blame was his.

"I'm sorry we didn't manage to pay anything back," he said.

"You weren't expected to, Corry."

She was a tall woman, seeming fragile now. When she was younger her appearance had been almost intimidating: determination had influenced the set of her features and seemed to be there again in her wide mouth and saucer eyes, in her large hands as they gestured for attention. Swiftly her smile had become stern or insistent; now it was vaguely beseeching; her piled-up hair, which Corry remembered as black with a few strands of gray, had no black left in it. There was a tattered look about her that went with the room they were in.

"You have children now, Corry?"

"We have three. Two boys and a girl."

"You're finding work?"

He shook his head. "It never got going," he said. "All that."

"I'm sorry, Corry."

Soon after Mrs. Falloway bought Mountroche House and came to live there she had attended the funeral of the elderly widow who'd been the occupant of the Mountroche gate lodge. Being, as she put it, a black Protestant from England, who had never, until then, entered an Irish Catholic church, she had not before been exposed to such a profusion of plaster statues as at that funeral Mass. *I hope you do not consider it interference from an outsider*, she wrote in her first letter to Bishop Walshe, *but it is impossible not to be aware of the opportunity there is for young craftsmen and artists.* With time on her hands, she roved Bishop Walshe's diocese in her Morris Minor, taking photographs of grottoes that featured solitary Virgin Marys or Pietàs, or towering Crucifixions. How refreshing it would be, she said enthusiastically to Bishop Walshe when eventually she visited him, to see the art of the great high crosses of Ireland brought into the modern Church, to see Nativities and Annunciations in stained glass, to have old lecterns and altar furniture replaced with contemporary forms. She left behind in the Bishop's hall a selection of postcards she had obtained from Italy, reproductions of the bas-reliefs of Mino da Fiesole and details from the pulpit in Siena Cathedral. When she had compiled a list of craftsmen, she wrote to all of them and visited those who lived within a reasonable distance of Mountroche House. To numerous priests and bishops she explained that what was necessary was to bring wealth and talent together; but for the most part she met with opposition and indifference. Several bishops wrote back crossly, requesting her not to approach them again.

Breaking in half another biscuit, Corry remembered the letter he had received himself. "Will you look at this!" he had exclaimed the morning it arrived. Since he had begun to carve figures in his spare time at the joinery he had been aware of a vocation, of wishing to make a living in this particular way, and Mrs. Falloway's letter reflected entirely what he felt: that the church art with which he was familiar was of poor quality. Who on earth is she? he wondered in bewilderment when he'd read the letter through several times. Less than a week later Mrs. Falloway came to introduce herself.

"I've always been awfully sorry," she repeated now. "Sorrier than I can say."

"Ah, well."

When it was all over, all her efforts made, her project abandoned, Mrs. Falloway had written in defeat to a friend of her distant school days. *Well, yes, I am giving up the struggle. There is a long story to tell, which must wait until next you come for a few summer weeks. Enough to say, that everything has changed in holy Ireland.* Mrs. Falloway spoke of that to Corry now, of her feelings at the time, which she had not expressed to him before. The Church had had enough on its hands, was how she put it; the appearance of things seemed trivial compared with the falling away of congregations and the tide of secular attack. Without knowing it, she had chosen a bad time.

"It was guilt when I gave you that poor little house, Corry. I'd misled you with my certainties that weren't certainties at all. A galumphing Englishwoman!"

"Ah no, no."

"Ah yes, I'm afraid. I should have restrained you, not urged you to give up your employment in the joinery."

"I wanted to."

"You're hard up now?"

"We are a bit, to tell the truth."

"Is that why you've come over?"

"Well, it is."

She shook her head. There was another pause and then she said, "I'm hard up myself, as things are."

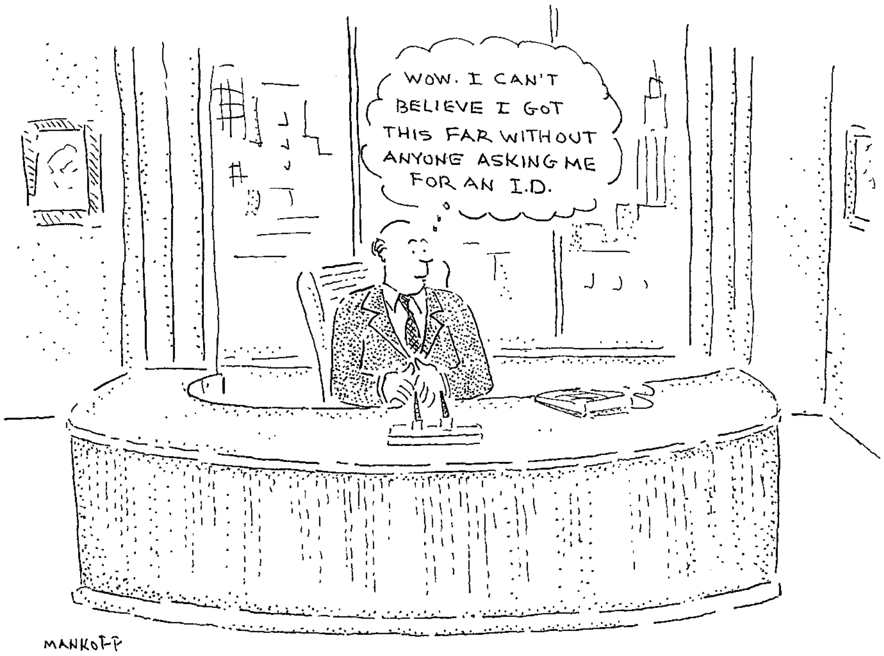
"I'm sorry about that."

"Are you in a bad way, Corry?"

"O'Flynn'll give me a place in the stoneyard at Guileen. He's keen because I'd learn the stone quickly, the knowledge I have with the wood. It's not like he'd be taking on a full apprentice. It's not like the delay there'd be until some young fellow'd get the hang of it."

"You'd be lettering gravestones?"

"I would. He'd put me on wages after a twelvemonth. The only thing is, I'd be the twelvemonth without a penny. I do a


WOW. I CAN'T BELIEVE I GOT THIS FAR WITHOUT ANYONE ASKING ME FOR AN I.D.
MANKOFF

few days on a farm here and there if there's anything going, but I'd have to give that up."

"The stoneyard seems the answer then."

"I'd be in touch with anyone who'd maybe be interested in the statues. I'd have them by me in the yard. A priest or a bishop still looking for something would maybe hear tell I could do a Stations. O' Flynn said that to Nuala."

They went on talking. Mrs. Falloway poured out more tea. She pressed Corry to have another biscuit.

"I'd have the wages steady behind me," Corry said, "once we managed the year. I'd ride over to Guileen every morning on the bike we have, no problem at all."

"I haven't money, Corry."

There was a quietness in the room then, neither of them saying anything, but Corry didn't go at once. After a few moments they talked about the time in the past. Mrs. Falloway offered to cook something, but Corry said no. He stood up as he did so, explaining about the three-o'clock bus.

At the hall door Mrs. Falloway again said she was sorry, and Corry shook his head.

"Nuala's tried for work herself only there's nothing doing. There's another baby coming," Corry said, feeling he should pass that on also.

When Nuala heard, she said it had been a forlorn hope anyway, and when Corry described the state of Mountroche House she felt sorry for Mrs. Falloway, whose belief in Corry had always seemed to Nuala to be a confirmation of the sacred nature of his gift, as if Mrs. Falloway had been sent into their lives to offer that encouragement. Even though her project had failed, it was hardly by chance that she had come to live only fourteen miles from Carrick at a time when Corry was employed in the Riordans' joinery; and hardly by chance that she'd become determined in her intentions when she saw the first of his saints. He'd made the little figure of St. Brigid for Father Ryan to set in the niche in St. Brigid's parish hall even though Father Ryan couldn't pay him anything for it. Whenever Nuala was in Carrick she called in at the parish hall to look again at it, remembering her amazement—similar to Mrs. Falloway's—when she'd first seen it. "He has a right way with a chisel," O'Flynn said when he'd made his offer of employment in the stoneyard. "I don't know did I ever see better." For Nuala it was all of a piece—the first of the saints, and Mrs. Falloway coming to live nearby, and O'Flynn's offer when they'd nearly given up hope. She could feel it in her bones that that was how it was.

"Rest yourself," she urged Corry in the kitchen, "while I'll get the tea."

"They all right?"

The children were out playing in the back field, she said; they'd been no trouble since they'd come in. She spread out rashers of streaky bacon on the pan that was warming on the stove. She'd gone down to the Supervalu, she said, and Corry told her how he'd nearly missed the bus back.

"He was drawing away. I had to stop him."

"I shouldn't have sent you over on that awful old trek, Corry."

"Ah no, no. To tell you the truth, it was good to see her. Except she was a bit shook."

He talked about the journey on the bus, the people on it when he was coming back. Nuala didn't mention the Rynnes.

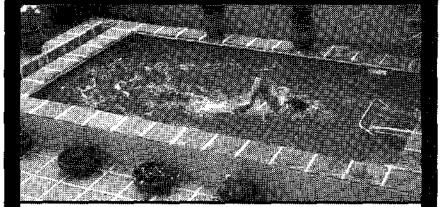
"Glory be to God!" Etty Rynne exclaimed. She felt shaky so she sat down, on a chair by the hall stand. "I don't think I understood you," she said, although she knew she had. She listened, not wanting to, when Nuala went into it. "It'd be April," Nuala said and repeated the sum of money she had mentioned already. Late April, she thought, maybe just into May. She'd never been early, she said.

"Himself would say it was against the law, Nuala. I'd wonder was it myself."

The daylight in the hall had blurs of blue and pink in it from the colored panes on either side of the front door. It was a dim, soft light because of that, and while she tried to gather her thoughts together Etty Rynne found herself thinking that its cloudiness was suitable for the conversation that was being conducted—neither of them able to see the other's face clearly, her own incomprehension.

"It would be confidential between us," Nuala said, "that there was money."

Swim at Home™...



When exercise is a pleasure, fitness is easy...

Swim against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for exercise, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. Just 8' x 15', an **Endless Pool™** is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or out.

For Our Free Video Call:
(800) 233-0741, Ext. 2150

ENDLESS POOLS
www.endlesspools.com/2150
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Aston, PA 19014

COPPER CANYON
Costa Rica, Peru and More
Join us on our deluxe escorted and custom adventures. Free newsletter:
1-800-926-1140
CST2027100-40
www.calnative.com
The California Native, 6701 W. 87 Pl, Los Angeles, CA 90045

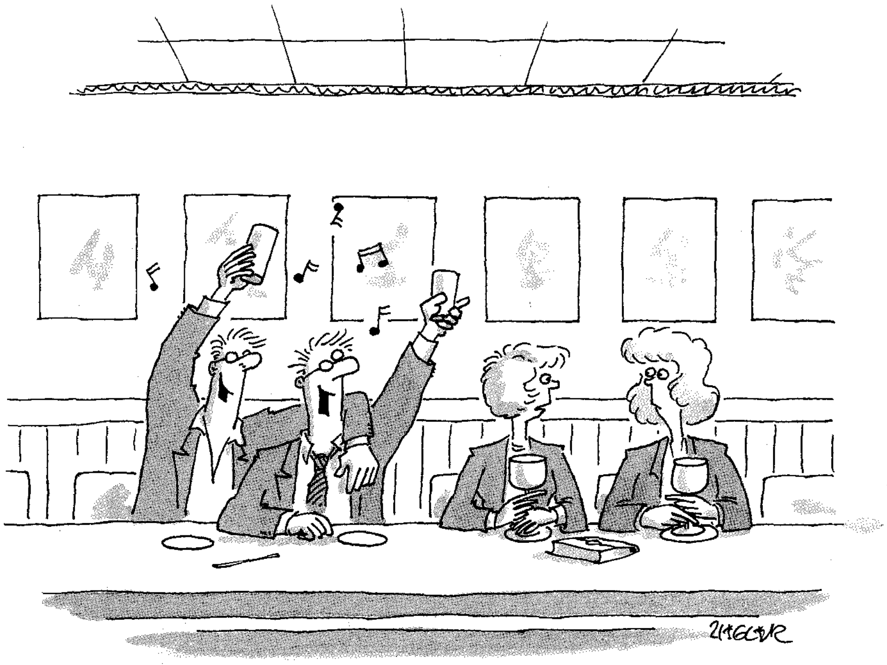
Undiscovered Italy
Villa Rentals
from the Alps to the vineyards,
from the hill towns to the sea
THE PARKER COMPANY FREE CATALOG
www.theparkercompany.com 800-280-2811

100's of day trips in Italy
For a vacation experience you'll always savor, visit us on the Web. On-line booking.
ACTIVIDAYZ
www.actividayz.com
www.actividayz.com

SMALL SPACE = BIG BUSINESS
Write your own success story by advertising in THE NEW YORKER.
•
For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS, please call toll-free 877.843.6967. (877.THE.NYORKER)

paris infatuation
www.parisnotes.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com



"I don't mind the drunk and loud and obnoxious. It's the inevitable Motown medley that makes me cringe."

Not meaning to, and in a whisper, Etty Rynne repeated that. A secret was what was meant: a secret kept forever between the four of them, a secret that was begun already because Nuala had waited for the car to drive off, maybe watching from the Supervalu's windows. She'd have seen him walking out of the bungalow; when the car had gone she'd have crossed the road.

"Listen to me, Etty."

Corry's statues came into what Nuala said, the wooden figures he made, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, St. Brigid in the St. Brigid's Hall in Carrick. And Nuala trying for work in the Supervalu and anywhere she could think of came into it. With the baby due she'd be tied down, but she'd have managed somehow if there was work, only there wasn't. How Corry had drawn a blank with a woman whose name was unfamiliar came into it. And O'Flynn who had the stoneyard at Guileen did.

"O'Flynn has his insurances with us." For a moment in her mind's eye Etty Rynne saw the bulky gray-haired stonemason, who always dropped the premiums in himself in case they went astray, who afterward drew his Peugeot pickup in at the pumps for a fill-up. It was a relief when all that flickered in Etty Rynne's memory, after the shock that had left her weak in the legs and wanting to gasp and not being able to.

"It's a long time since you put the room ready, Etty."

"Did I show it to you?"

"You did one time."

She used to show it to people, the small room at the back of the bungalow that she'd painted a bright buttercup shade, the door and windowsills in white gloss.

"It's still the same," she said.

"That's what I was thinking."

She'd made the curtains herself, blue that matched the carpet, dolls playing ring-a-roses on them. They'd never bought furniture for the little room. Tempting Providence it would be, he said.

"There'd be no deception," Nuala said. "No lie, nothing like that. Only the money side kept out of it."

Etty nodded. Like a dream, it was disordered and peculiar: the ring at the door and Nuala smiling there, and standing in the hall with Nuala and having to sit down, her face going red and then the blood draining out of it when Nuala asked if she had savings in the bank or in a credit society, and mentioning the sum that would be enough.

"I couldn't take your baby off of you, Nuala."

"I wouldn't be deprived. I'd have another one, maybe two or three. A bit of time gone by and people would understand."

"Oh God, I doubt they would."

"It isn't against the law, Etty. No way."

"I couldn't. I never could." Pregnancy made you fanciful sometimes and she wondered if it was that that had got at Nuala. She didn't say it in case it made things worse. Slowly she shook her head. "God, I couldn't," she said again.

"Nowadays if a man and woman can't have a baby there's things can be done."

"I know, I know."

"Nowadays—"

"I couldn't do what you're saying, Nuala."

"Is it the money?"

"It's everything, Nuala. It's what people'd say. He'd blow his head off if he knew what you're after suggesting. It would bring down the business, he'd say. Nobody'd come near us."

"People—"

"They'd never come round to it, Nuala."

A silence came, and the silence was worse than the talk. Then Nuala said, "Would we sit down to a cup of coffee?"

"God, I'm sorry. Of course we will."

She could feel sweat on the sides of her body and on her neck and her forehead. The palms of her hands were cold. She stood up and it was better than before.

"I didn't mean to upset you, Etty."

"Come into the kitchen."

Filling the kettle, spooning Nescafé into two cups, pouring in milk, Etty Rynne felt her jittery unease beginning to recede, leaving her with stark astonishment. She knew Nuala well. She'd known her since they were six, when first they'd been at school together. There had never been any sign whatsoever of stuff like this: Nuala was what she looked like, down-to-earth and sensible, both feet on the ground.

"The pregnancy? Would it be that, Nuala?"

"It's no different from the others. It's just that I thought of the way things are with you. And with Corry, talking about going to work on the roads."

Two troubles, Etty Rynne heard

then, and something good drawn out of them when you'd put them together. That's all it was, Nuala said; no more than that.

"What you said will never go outside these four walls," Etty Rynne promised. "Nor mentioned within them, either." It was a woman's thing, whatever it was. Wild horses wouldn't drag the conversation they'd had out of her. "Didn't you mean well? Don't I know you did?"

The coffee calmed their two different moods. They walked through the narrow hall together and a cold breeze blew in when the front door was opened. A car drew up at the petrol pumps and Etty Rynne hurried to attend to it. She waved when Nuala rode away from the crossroads on the bicycle she shared with her husband.

"It's how it is," Corry said when he rejected O'Flynn's offer of a place in the stoneyard, and he said it again when he agreed to work on the roads.

Stubbornly, Nuala considered that it needn't be how it was. It was ridiculous that there should live within a mile of one another a barren wife and a statue-maker robbed by adverse circumstances of his purpose in God's world. It was stupid and silly and perverse, when all that had to be done was to take savings out of a bank. The buttercup-yellow room so lovingly prepared would never now be occupied. In the tarmac surfaces he laid on roads Corry would see the visions he had betrayed.

Nuala nursed her anger, keeping it to herself. She went about her tasks, collecting eggs from where her hens had laid, preparing food, kneading dough for the bread she made every second day; and all the time her anger nagged. It surely was not too terrible a sin, too redolent of insidious presumption, that people should impose an order of their own on what they were given? Had she been clumsy in her manner of putting it to Etty Rynne? Or wrong not to have revealed her intentions to Corry, in the hope that, with thought, he would have accepted the sense of them? But doubt spread then; Corry never would have. No matter how it had been put, Etty Rynne would have been terrified.

Corry bought new boots before he went to work on the roads. They were doing a job on the quarry boreen, he said, resurfacing it because of the complaints there'd been from the lorry drivers. A protective cape was supplied to him in case there'd be rain.

On the night before his new work began Nuala watched him applying waterproof stuff to the boots and rubbing it in. They were useless without it, he'd been told. He took it all in his stride.

"Things happen differently," he said, as if something in Nuala's demeanor allowed him to sense her melancholy. "We're never in charge."

She didn't argue; there was no point in argument. She might have confessed instead that she had frightened Etty Rynne; she might have tried to explain that her wild talk had been an effort to make something good out of what there was, as so often she had seen the spread of angels' wings emerging from roughly sawn wood. But all that was too difficult, so Nuala said nothing.

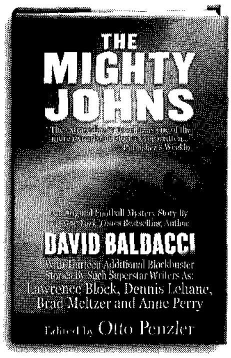
Her anger was still merciless when that day ended; and through the dark of the night she felt herself oppressed by it and bleakly prayed, waiting for a response that did not come. She reached out in the morning dusk to hold for a moment her husband's hand. Had he woken she would have told him all she had kept to herself, unable now to be silent.

But it was Corry's day that was beginning, and it was he who needed sympathy and support. Making breakfast for him and for her children, Nuala gave him both as best she could, banishing from her mood all outward traces of what she knew would always now be private. When the house was empty again but for herself, she washed up the morning's dishes and tidied the kitchen as she liked to have it. She damped the fire down in the stove. Outside, she fed her hens.

In Corry's workshop she remained longer than she usually did on her morning visit to the saints who had become her friends: St. Lawrence with his gridiron, St. Gabriel the messenger, St. Clare of Assisi, St. Thomas the Apostle and blind St. Lucy, St. Catherine, St. Agnes. Corry had made them live for her and she felt the first faint slipping away of her anger as they returned her gaze with undisturbed tranquillity. Touched by it, lost in its peace, she sensed their resignation, too. The world, not she, had failed. ♦

THE MOST EXCITING FICTION IN YEARS

A killer line-up of authors illuminates a wide range of crimes in one novella and thirteen original short stories.


THE
MIGHTY
JOHNS
An Original Football Mystery Story By
New York Times Bestselling Author
DAVID BALDACCI
With Thirteen Additional Blockbuster
Stories By Such Superstar Writers As:
Lawrence Block, Dennis Lehane,
Brad Meltzer and Anne Perry
Edited by Otto Penzler

"'The Mighty Johns' is not only David Baldacci's finest masterwork.... This novella is a **powerfully stunning,** continually surprising thrill show... **I could not put it down."**
—Larry King

"'*The Mighty Johns*' is **a stunner...**it twists and turns like an out of control roller coaster ride..."
—Cindy Adams, *New York Post*

"The extraordinary novella by **thriller king David Baldacci...** is alone worth the book's cover price. 'The Mighty Johns' is **one of the more remarkable stories** ever written on a sports theme... a superb offering from Anne Perry...bestselling authors Brad Meltzer and Tim Green also take the field..."—*Publisher's Weekly (starred review)*

AVAILABLE WHERE BOOKS AND AUDIOS ARE SOLD

NEW MILLENNIUM PRESS & AUDIO

THE PAVILION

AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital

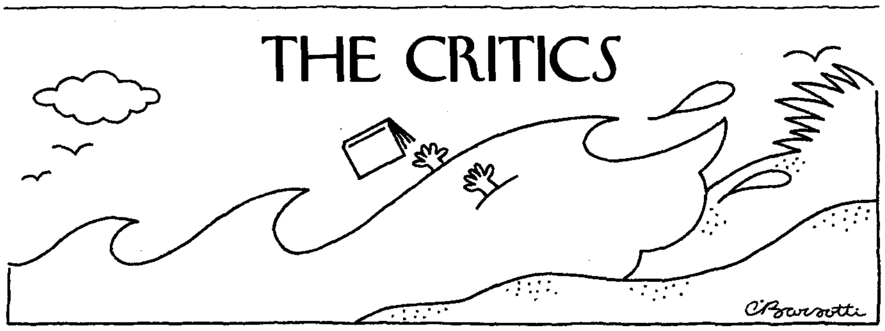
paris obsession

www.parisnotes.com

coaching for writers

1-877-863-7043
www.coachingforwriters.com

THE CRITICS



COMIX 101

BALLBUSTER

Bernard Krigstein's life between the panels.

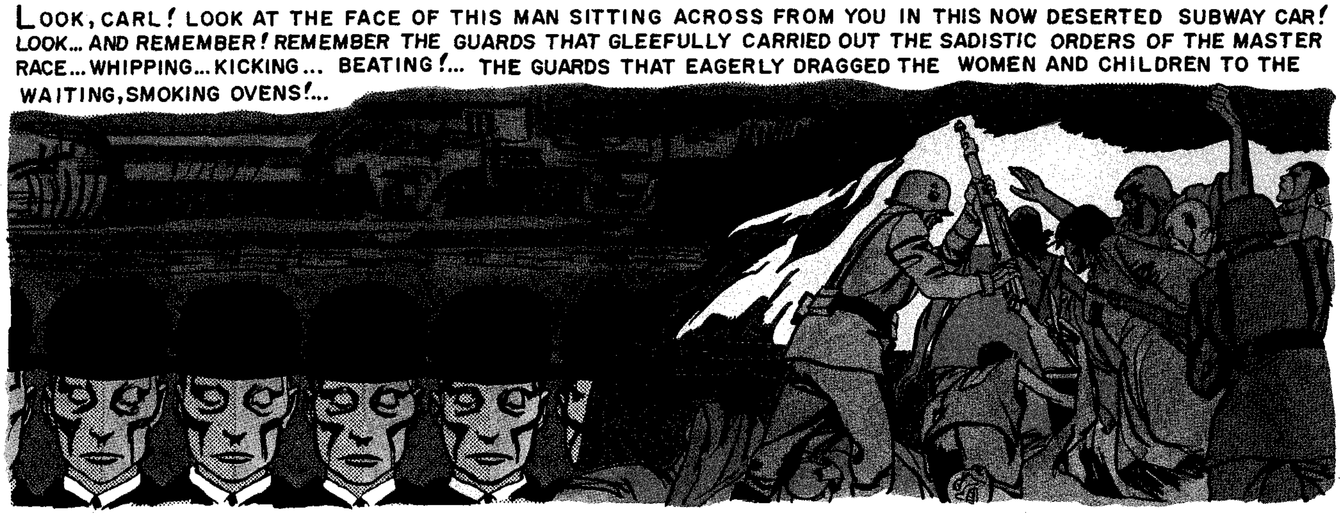
BY ART SPIEGELMAN

The current "Spider-Man" movie will sell more Spider-Man toothbrushes, action figures, and frosted Spidey-berry-filled Pop-Tarts in its wake than actual *Spider-man* comic books: comics are simply not the popular form of popular culture that they were in their mid-twentieth-century heyday, though what the bastard form has lost in popularity it has been gaining in legitimacy. Barely an eyebrow now raises when cartoonists receive serious academic and critical attention, museum exhibitions, MacArthur grants, and Guggenheim fellowships.

Anyone interested in crossing the ever-narrowing divide between High and Low culture ought to contemplate the work and troubled career of Bernard Krigstein (1919-90), a postwar comic-book illustrator who had the privilege and the misfortune of being an Artist with a capital "A" working in an Art Form that considered itself only a Business. Krigstein was never associated with a specific character (the most sure ticket to comics success), and he never wrote his own stories (a handicap in a narrative medium). He wasn't beloved by publishers, editors, or readers. What reputation he has rests on a handful of short stories he illustrated in 1954 and 1955 for EC comics (the folks who brought you *Tales from the Crypt* and *Mad*), but one of those stories, "Master Race," was an accomplishment of the highest order—a masterpiece.

All eight pages of "Master Race" are exquisitely reproduced in Greg Sadowski's new coffee-table biography, "B. Krigstein" (Fantagraphics; $49.95), as are a few other key stories and some sample pages, but the entire project is as quixotic as the career it describes. Ominously subtitled "Volume One (1919-1955)," the book offers a profusion of the artist's juvenilia, paintings (including student copies of Renaissance works in the Met), minor illustrations, sheaves of wartime sketches, and letters to his wife, Natalie (who wrote the foreword), and even a reproduction of his college transcripts. This detailed sifting of the remains wouldn't seem like folly if the subject were, say, Jackson Pollock or some other fabled hero anointed by the Gods of Art History. The book is probably the one Bernard Krigstein would have wished for himself, but it is not the book he needs: a well-selected anthology culled from the couple of hundred comic-book stories he illustrated, mostly in the nineteen-forties and fifties. As it stands, the current book is best read as a poignant bildungsroman about a disappeared type: the mid-century lower-middle-class New York Jewish intellectual, drunk on art and culture, struggling to survive morally and aesthetically in the commercial wilderness.

"The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier and Clay," Michael Chabon's 2000 novel, reminds us that the early comic-book industry was a specifically Jewish milieu, virtually an extension of the rag trade. It was invented by a Jewish printing salesman and popularized with stories created by two Jewish kids from Cleveland about an immigrant from the planet Krypton. Many of the first generation of creators—like Will Eisner, Bob Kane (Kahn), Stan Lee (Lieber), and Jack Kirby (Kurtzberg)—were first- and second-generation New York Jews. And, while many of them were intelligent,


LOOK, CARL! LOOK AT THE FACE OF THIS MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU IN THIS NOW DESERTED SUBWAY CAR! LOOK... AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT GLEEFULLY CARRIED OUT THE SADISTIC ORDERS OF THE MASTER RACE... WHIPPING... KICKING... BEATING!... THE GUARDS THAT EAGERLY DRAGGED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE WAITING, SMOKING OVENS!...

Panels from Krigstein's "Master Race," a story about a former death-camp commandant who meets his nemesis in the subway.

very few were educated, and only Krigstein was a true intellectual. He would have had more in common with the staff of *Partisan Review* or *Commentary* than he did with his colleagues on *Nyoka the Jungle Girl*, *Space Patrol*, and *Strange Tales of the Unusual.*

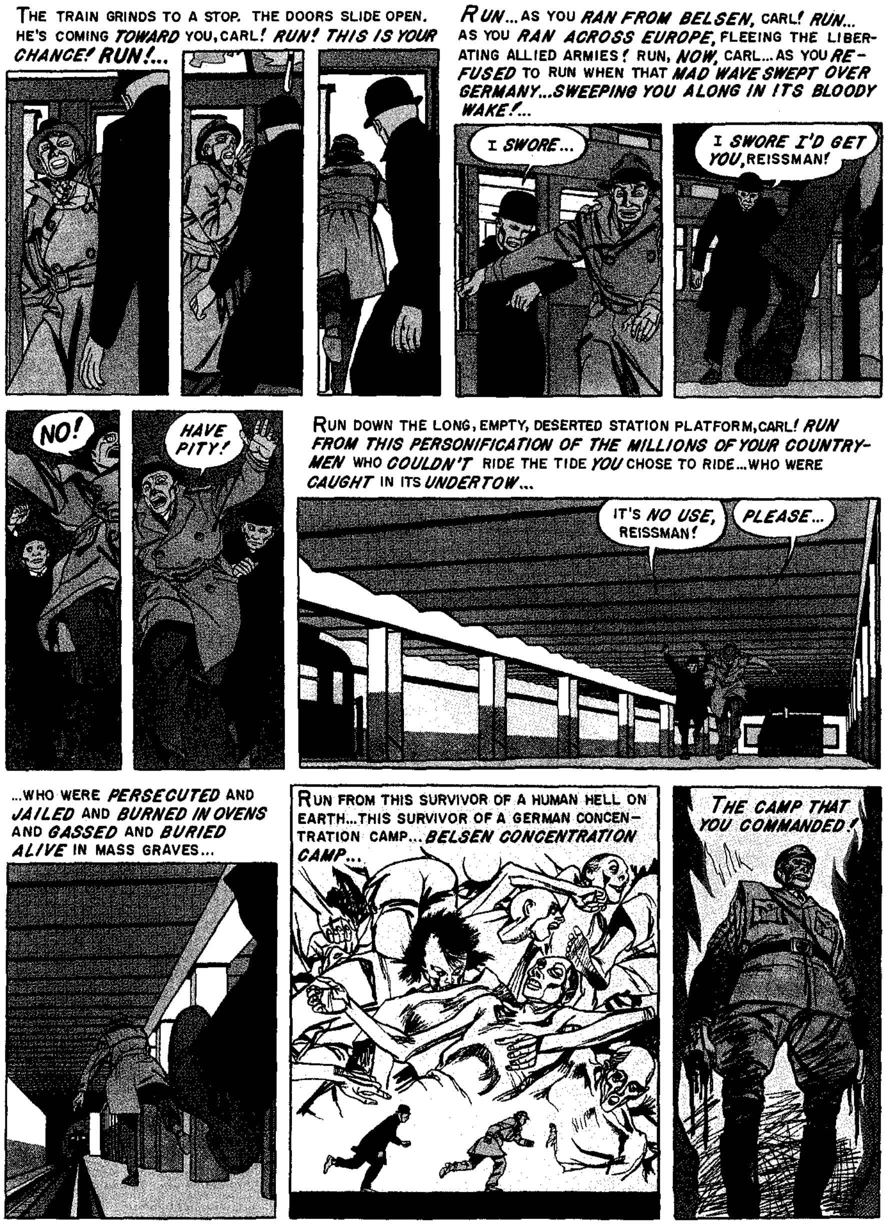
Krigstein first heard what he later called "the sound of art" in junior high school. He opened a book on art appreciation and got bitten by one of Cézanne's apples. At Brooklyn College, his future wife persuaded him to switch his major from accounting and commit himself to becoming a "fine" artist. Economic need made Krigstein, like many other aspiring painters, stumble into comic-book work. Unlike the others, he began to sense the form's potential and, without condescension, put all his skill and insight into testing its limits. His paintings looked back to representational values that were at least fifty years out of date; his comics were visionary and looked ahead at least that far.

After he abandoned the field, in the nineteen-sixties (and was abandoned by it), he said, "I found that comics was *drawing* and . . . shed all criticism of the form as I worked in it." Usually hampered by banal scripts, Krigstein reflected:

> My futile idea was that action in comics, as in any art, doesn't end with one person pounding another person in the jaw. There's also the action of emotion, psychology, character and idea. I yearned to have stories which dealt with more reality and people's feelings and thoughts . . . a kind of literary form, let's say even a Chekhovian form, where one could delve into real people and real feelings.

Manny Stallman, a more typical comic-book artist, once turned to Krigstein's brother in disbelief and said, "Bernie's actually taking this stuff seriously!"

Commercial art, for all its constraints, seemed like the only haven for figurative artists at mid-century, and Krigstein took a craftsman's pride in his accurate perspectives and his researched images based on observation. Without looking cramped, his well-balanced panels began to teem with crowds of individually articulated figures. He disdained shortcuts and easy solutions, and replaced the cartoonist's vocabulary of sweat marks and action lines with a painter's language of composition and form. It's as if the other cartoonists were expressively drawing Yiddish while Krigstein eloquently drew Hebrew.


THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. HE'S COMING *TOWARD* YOU, CARL! *RUN! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! RUN!...*
RUN... AS YOU *RAN FROM BELSEN,* CARL! *RUN*... AS YOU *RAN ACROSS EUROPE,* FLEEING THE LIBERATING ALLIED ARMIES! RUN, *NOW,* CARL... AS YOU *REFUSED* TO RUN WHEN THAT *MAD WAVE SWEPT OVER GERMANY...SWEEPING YOU ALONG IN ITS BLOODY WAKE!...*
I *SWORE*...
I *SWORE I'D GET YOU,* REISSMAN!
NO!
HAVE PITY!
RUN DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY, DESERTED STATION PLATFORM, CARL! *RUN FROM THIS PERSONIFICATION OF THE MILLIONS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN* WHO *COULDN'T* RIDE THE TIDE *YOU* CHOSE TO RIDE... WHO WERE *CAUGHT* IN ITS *UNDERTOW*...
IT'S *NO USE,* REISSMAN!
PLEASE...
...WHO WERE *PERSECUTED* AND *JAILED* AND *BURNED IN OVENS* AND *GASSED* AND *BURIED ALIVE* IN MASS GRAVES...
RUN FROM THIS SURVIVOR OF A HUMAN HELL ON EARTH... THIS SURVIVOR OF A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP... *BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP*...
THE CAMP THAT YOU COMMANDED!

Combative by nature, he fought the indifference and deadlines of the assembly-line shops for the right to ink his own panels. Astoundingly, at the zenith of the McCarthy era he led a battle to unionize freelance comic-book artists so they would all receive standardized rates, health benefits, and a modicum of respect. After his organizing efforts crumbled, in 1953, Krigstein had the good fortune to hook up with EC comics. The scripts were notches above the rest, and the outfit sought the best illustrators, encouraging them to develop individual approaches.

Nearing the height of his powers, Krigstein adjusted his style for each of the EC stories he was assigned: stately calligraphic panels influenced by Eastern art for adapting a Ray Bradbury fable set in ancient China; a scratchy German Expressionist approach for a story about an evil hypnotist seen from the murderer's point of view; crisp fifties modernism for the tale of a murderously curdled suburban marriage. All displayed Krigstein's cool intelligence and mastery. All were elegant—even beautiful—though somehow uningratiating. Highly respected by his EC peers, Krigstein was not a favorite with EC readers, who preferred Wally Wood's obsessively detailed rocket ships and Graham Ingels' fetid corpses.

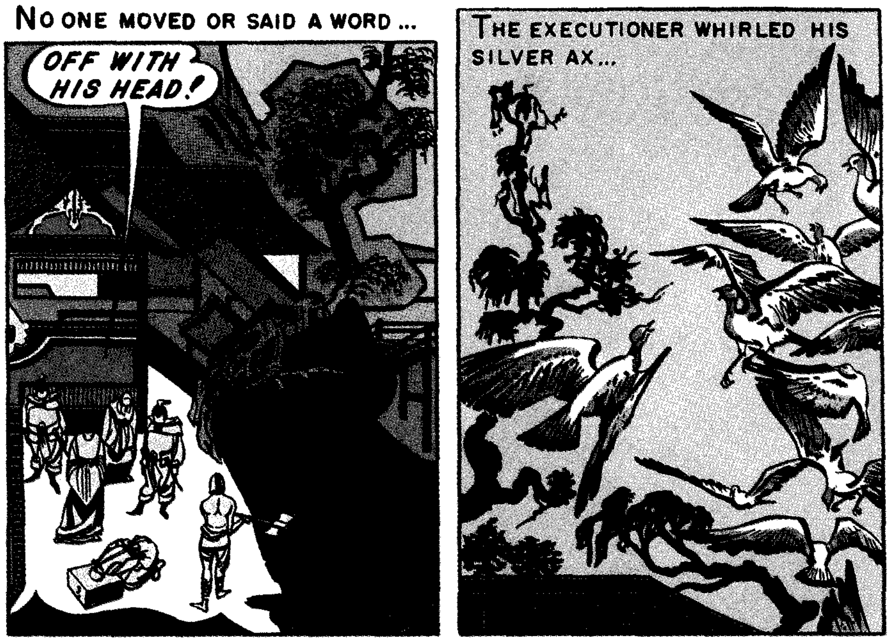
Krigstein began to vibrate with the inner language of comics, to understand that its essence lay in the "breakdowns," the box-to-box exposition that breaks moments of time down into spatial units. "It's what happens *between* these panels that's so fascinating," he said in a 1962 interview. "Look at all that dramatic action that one never gets a chance to see. It's between these panels that the fascinating stuff takes place. And unless the artist would be permitted to delve into that, the form must remain infantile."

Krigstein became ravenous for more panels than the rigidly formatted short scripts permitted; he took to subdividing the pre-lettered art boards to allow more and more—albeit smaller and narrower—boxes on his pages. Then Al Feldstein, EC's primary editor and scriptwriter, assigned him a six-page story, "Master Race." A memory-haunted concentration-camp refugee, Carl Reissman, enters a subway car and recognizes the cadaverous stranger who sits across from him. A flashback details the horrors of the Third Reich and finally reveals that Reissman had been a *perpetrator*—the commandant of a death camp. The stranger chases him down an empty platform, where Reissman slips and is crushed by an onrushing train. Whether the mysterious stranger was a former victim who once swore revenge or a projection of Reissman's guilt is left unresolved.

Feldstein thought of this as one more "snap-ending" story patterned after O. Henry, much like the three others he cranked out each week. It just so happened that this one was about the Nazi death camps and postwar guilt at a time when the culture was unwilling to reckon with the catastrophe in *any* medium. Krigstein seized on the script as a chance to demonstrate his own and the medium's possibilities. He begged for twelve pages and was begrudgingly granted eight.

Krigstein's formal qualities as a storyteller—not the story's subject matter—make "Master Race" a tour de force. He encapsulates the decade of Nazi terror powerfully but with restraint, never slipping into the Grand Guignol that made EC notorious. The two tiers of wordless staccato panels that climax the story have become justly famous among the comics literate. They have often been described as "cinematic," a phrase thoroughly inadequate to the achievement: Krigstein condenses and distends time itself. The short chase that ends Reissman's life takes up about the same number of panels given over to the entire Hitler decade; Reissman's life floats in space like the suspended matter in a lava lamp. The cumulative effect carries an impact—simultaneously visceral and intellectual—that is unique to comics.

Hardly anyone noticed the story, published in *Tales Designed to Carry an IMPACT, #1*. It was barely distributed, lost in the aftermath of the devastating 1954 Senate investigation into the relationship between reading comic books and juvenile delinquency. As EC and the rest of the comics industry evaporated around him, Krigstein briefly went to work in his father's dress factory. After several months of filial squabbles, he turned to freelance magazine, book, and record-jacket illustration, where his integrity and his contentiousness eventually limited his success. He vainly tried to interest book publishers in a massive comics adaptation of "War and Peace," but by 1962 had settled into a twenty-year career teaching illustration at New York's High School of Art and Design, to subsidize his devotion to painting.


NO ONE MOVED OR SAID A WORD ...
OFF WITH HIS HEAD!
THE EXECUTIONER WHIRLED HIS SILVER AX...

Two of Krigstein's panels for Ray Bradbury's "The Flying Machine," set in China.

I was a cartooning major at Art and Design in 1963. Only vaguely aware of Krigstein's comics, I gave him a wide berth. He was a small, barrel-chested man with a reputation among my illustration-major friends as a tough teacher, humorless and completely dismissive of comics. I was delighted to learn from Sadowski's book that the initials Krigstein used when signing his early superhero pages, "B. B. Krig," stood for the nickname he had earned in the Army: Ballbuster.

I met him only once, in the early seventies. John Benson, the editor of an EC fanzine called *Squa Tront*, wanted to expand and publish a panel-by-panel analysis of "Master Race" that I had written in 1967 as a college term paper. We went to visit Krigstein at his painting studio, on East Twenty-third Street, so I could read it to him and get his responses. Krigstein at first demurred that those days were long behind him and he didn't remember much about the work. As I began reading, he entered into the analysis avidly, acknowledging a reference to Futurism in one panel, to Mondrian in another, denying a reference to George Grosz in yet another. He basked when I pointed to a visual onomatopoeia that conjured up a subway's rumble. It was as if messages he'd sent off in bottles decades earlier had finally been found.

At the end of the paper, I had compared his approach to that of some important contemporaries whom I also admired, including Harvey Kurtzman and Will Eisner. When I read that paragraph, Krigstein darkened. "Eisner!" he shouted. "Eisner is the *enemy!* When you are with me, *I* am the only artist!" He yanked me further into his studio and pointed at the walls. "Look!" he roared. "You see these paintings?" I saw several large, molten, and lumpy Post-Impressionist landscapes in acidic colors. "*These are my panels now!*" His voice betrayed all the anguish of a brokenhearted lover. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Class Action, *by Clara Bingham and Laura Leedy Gansler (Doubleday; $27.50).* When, in the nineteen-seventies, women started working at Eveleth, an iron mine in Minnesota's Mesabi Range, they were seen by both miners and management as unwelcome interlopers, and were greeted with open sexual antagonism. Pornographic graffiti, incessant propositioning, sexual insults, groping, stalking: Eveleth brought new meaning to the words "hostile working environment." Yet the company did little to stop the abuse, and the union's sense of working-class solidarity did not extend to women's rights. This riveting, assiduously well-reported account follows the tortuous class-action lawsuit that finally improved working conditions at Eveleth and redefined sexual-harassment law. Although the women who sued Eveleth were ultimately vindicated when the company settled, they endured an agonizing decade of depositions, accusations, and trials. "I felt like a house had been dropped on my head," one woman said. "Class Action" is a useful reminder of the emotional and psychological cost of waging even the most successful—and justified—lawsuits.

The Blue Bear, *by Lynn Schooler (Ecco; $25.95).* Schooler, who has worked for many years as a guide in the unpredictable waters of the Alaska Panhandle, has distilled a life of unusual intensity into his first book. The story centers on the renowned nature photographer Michio Hoshino, a client who became a friend, and the two men's ongoing search for the elusive glacier bear, a blue variant of the North American black bear. (Hoshino was killed by a grizzly in Russia, in 1996.) In telling that story, the author wanders, like a good conversationalist, into absorbing asides—about harrowing episodes in his own past, about the natural history of Alaska, about hardy fellow-eccentrics he has known. As a writer, Schooler is an amateur in the original sense of the word; his writing reveals an abundance of wilderness savvy, and a mind scrupulous about getting the world down as accurately as possible.

The City of Your Final Destination, *by Peter Cameron (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $24).* In Cameron's fourth novel, Omar Razaghi, a graduate student in Kansas by way of Iran and Canada, travels to Uruguay to research a biography of Jules Gund, a critically ignored expatriate writer who published only a single novel before his death. In an attempt to obtain permission to proceed with his work, Omar finds himself entangled in, and even falling a bit in love with, the family Jules left behind: his homosexual brother, Adam; Jules's wife, Caroline; and his mistress, Arden. "I think words are very bad at describing relationships," one character says, and this soothing and deceptively simple novel eschews elaborate descriptions for a narrative composed chiefly of dialogue. The characters discover themselves not through the books they have read (as Omar first believes) or the places they have been (as the title would suggest) but through Cameron's precisely rendered conversations.

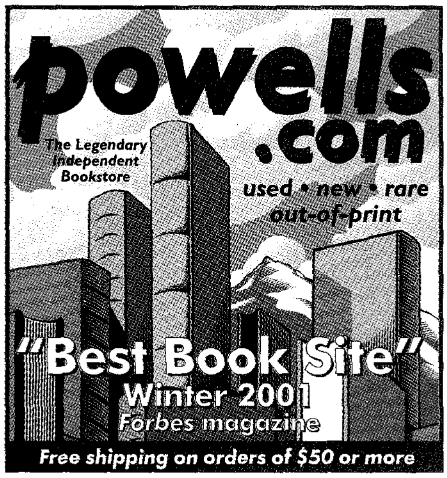
Malaise, *by Nancy Lemann (Scribner; $24).* Lemann's heroine, Fleming Ford, a native of Fort Defiance, Alabama, is the girl you knew in college who was just that much more thrilling than anyone else. What happened to her? She married her high-school sweetheart; she's living in Esperanza, California, while he's off drilling for water in the Mojave Desert; and her heart is being torn to shreds by a decrepit gentleman of the old school, Harry Lieberman, for whom she feels "a vast Cartesian adoration." Lieberman, a billionaire mogul, is susceptible to Fleming's attractions because he has recently lost his beloved wife, Adelaide—also, as it happens, a daughter of Fort Defiance. Lemann's fourth novel is full of her customary antic charm, but here she has come up with something more: a beautifully nuanced anti-"Lolita," in which the object of desire, wandering around L.A. in a brocade dressing gown and alligator slippers, is the now vanished twentieth century.

Columbia Psychiatry
Department of Psychiatry
Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons

- Comprehensive diagnostic evaluation and treatment for complex psychiatric or substance abuse problems
- Private inpatient or outpatient care at one of the world's premier medical centers
- Individual attention from a team of renowned experts

212-305-6001 www.nyppsychiatry.org

NewYork-Presbyterian
The University Hospitals of Columbia and Cornell



A CROSSWORD TO DIE FOR
The New Mystery Novel by
Nero Blanc
In Bookstores Everywhere
6 Crosswords Included!
crosswordmysteries.com
Published by Berkley Prime Crime

How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Just cross the Street!
New York's best location offers residential comfort with hotel style: business and fitness centers, spacious kitchen-equipped suites, concierge – all just steps from the world's greatest music, art, theater and shopping.
BUCKINGHAM HOTEL
101 West 57th St. at 6th Avenue NYC 10019 (888) 511-1900 BuckinghamHotel.com

Italy Beckons You
Save Up to $500
Call Now for Your
2002 Tour Guide
800 411 3728 The Italy Experts
www.stayandvisit.com

BOOKS

THE LOYAL OPPOSITION

Garry Wills defends his faith.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

It is hard to imagine a more timely book than Garry Wills's "Why I Am a Catholic" (Houghton Mifflin; $26). In the aftermath of recent events, many American Catholics may well be wondering why they are Catholic. That Wills has so promptly suggested an answer is not altogether accidental; after the pedophilia scandal broke, Houghton Mifflin pushed up the publication date by three months. Still, the book is prophetic. Wills cannot have known, when he began it, that a month before its publication America's bishops would be convening in a hotel ballroom in Dallas to hear people weeping as they told how, when they were children, they had been molested by their priests. But he knew very well the allied, and graver, scandal: the Church's habit of concealing evidence of any error within its walls. Indeed, that habit was the subject of a book, "Papal Sin," that Wills brought out two years ago. In "Papal Sin," he discussed many tortured issues in modern Church history: anti-Semitism, the bans on contraception and abortion and homosexual acts, the controversy over whether priests might marry and women be ordained, and pedophilia, too, for there had been numerous cases before the current avalanche. In every instance, he showed how the Pope and his cardinals and bishops were blocked from adopting progressive, or even humane, policies by the need to demonstrate that the Church had never been wrong. Paul VI, in the sixties, couldn't say that birth control was O.K., because what would that mean about Pius XI's having said, some decades earlier, that it wasn't? In the thirties, Pius XI, though he wanted to issue an encyclical saying that it was wrong to persecute the Jews, didn't do so, because hadn't Pius IX—and, indeed, Aquinas—said that the Jews were Christ killers? It wasn't until the advent of the fearless John XXIII, twenty years later, that this charge was finally retracted.

Wills makes the assertion that papal fallibility is not grounds for leaving the Church, because the Pope is not the Church.

"Papal Sin" was a scorching book, the more so because it came from a loyal Catholic. Wills goes to Mass; he reads his Bible; he says the Rosary every day. Thus his portrait of the Pope and the Church hierarchy as imprisoned in "structures of deceit" was the cause of considerable unhappiness in conservative Catholic circles. Many people, he reports, wrote to him to say, essentially, "If you hate the Pope so much, why don't you just get out of the Church? And in what sense are you a Catholic anyway, if you have such awful things to say about the Holy Father?" It was to answer those letters—and also letters from people who agreed with his analysis, and asked him, in bewilderment, what reason they had for remaining in the Church—that he wrote "Why I Am a Catholic." In it, he goes much further than he went in "Papal Sin." There he told us that the Popes lied. Here he says that we almost don't have to worry about this—or, in any case, that it is not grounds for leaving the Church—because the Pope is not the Church. The faithful are the Church. "I am not a Catholic because of the pope," Wills writes. "I am a Catholic because of the creed"—that is, the Apostles' Creed, the binding formulation of the Christian faith. "I believe in that, and it does not mention the pope."

Wills's account of the development of the papacy does not claim to be based on original research. (He quotes liberally from standard histories.) Nor are Catholic scholars likely to agree with all his interpretations. But, in his account, what we are ordinarily told about the founding of the papacy is a fairy tale. Peter was not the founder of the Roman Church, and he was never a bishop in Rome. When the Church finally appointed Roman bishops, they did not have much authority. The power base of the Church, for its first seven or eight centuries, was in the East. Rome was the only one of its centers that was in the West. That is, Rome was marginal, and its views were regarded somewhat the way Guam's vote is at the average Presidential convention.

If the papacy had humble beginnings, so did its supposedly changeless teachings. There was no rule of priestly celibacy at the start. (Peter had a wife.) There was no doctrine of the Trinity or the Incarnation; both were innovations of the fourth and fifth centuries. No Roman Pope established the Apostles' Creed or the form of the Eucharistic celebration. These were worked out by local churches, mostly in the East. The early Church councils were held in the East, and no Pope attended them. Occasionally, the Roman Pontiff would try to make a recommendation. Near the end of the second century, for example, Victor I attempted to get the Church to agree on a single date for Easter. When some of the Eastern bishops refused, he threatened to excommunicate them. They ignored him, and that was the end of that.

The early Popes were not much more powerful at home. For protection, they had to run back and forth between the Eastern and Western rulers fighting for control of the Italian peninsula, and these men interfered with their business. Indeed, they frequently deposed them. At other times, the Popes deposed each other. In 897, at the so-called Cadaver Synod, Stephen VI had the body of his predecessor, Formosus, exhumed and tried for usurpation. Formosus was convicted, but Stephen's victory was brief. He was strangled soon afterward. In the century following his death, six more Popes were murdered. If that figure sounds high, keep in mind that there were many candidates. Ordinarily, there were two claimants to the papal throne. Once, in the eleventh century, there were three, at which point Henry III, the Holy Roman Emperor, threw them all out and installed his own man.

In the Middle Ages, the Roman Church came into its power, and it brought forth a glorious bloom of art and learning (the cathedrals, the universities, Scholastic philosophy). It also showed a new aggressiveness—this was the time of the Crusades—and in consequence faced a vigorous reform movement, for the Church's grandeur was paid for, mostly, by simony, the sale of religious offices and indulgences. Pope Nicholas III is in Dante's Hell for simony; the rest of the medieval Pontiffs, and many of their successors, belong there with him. As for the Renaissance, this was the Vatican's great hour upon the stage. Nevertheless, there were still years with no Pope or two Popes. Or, if there was just one, he often couldn't enter Rome, for fear of war, riots, plague, or assassination. At the same time, the Renaissance papacy's self-glorification, and the corrupt practices required to finance it, set a new fire under the reform movements, notably Martin Luther's, in the course of which the Catholic Church lost most of northern Europe.

In the eighteenth century, the democratic revolutions began, with the papacy hastening to the side of any remaining autocrat. The Popes thus lost the respect not only of the people who would rule the Western world thereafter—the educated laity, the middle class—but even of the autocrats. In the words of Cardinal Richelieu, the policy of Europe's kings was to "kiss the pope's feet—and bind his hands." That process was completed under Napoleon, who, when he could not get the Pope to coöperate with him, simply invaded the Papal States. Those territories were eventually returned to the Vatican, but in order to defend them from democratic insurgents the Pope repeatedly had to bring in French and Austrian troops. The presence of these hated foreign cops hastened Italy's own revolution, the Risorgimento. "The cardinals choosing a pope in 1831 had to conclude their squabbles hastily, because the streets were full of rioters and a bomb had gone off in the conclave," Wills writes. The Risorgimento was completed in 1870. The Vatican did not recognize the new government until 1929, when it needed to make a friendly gesture toward Mussolini.

That last fact more or less encapsulates what Wills has to say about the modern Vatican. His argument regarding prior centuries has to do with chaos and impotence: How can we credit as absolute the teachings of Popes who were maybe one of two or three competing Popes? Which one is absolute? But his concern with the post-Enlightenment Popes is different, and more serious. Of these men he asks not just that they run the Church without getting strangled but that they comply with the values of the Enlightenment, whereas the whole effort of the Vatican from the eighteenth century onward has been to oppose those values: democracy, reason, freedom, evidence. In the late nineteenth century, Leo III mounted an assault on what he called "Americanism," which meant, in his words, "license mistaken for liberty; an appetite for discussion and criticism; a readiness, ultimately, to think whatever one wants and to publish it." Leo's war on Americanism was followed by Pius X's campaign against "Modernism." For most of the first half of the twentieth century, all priests were required to take a loyalty oath forswearing, among

RALPH GIBSON FROM "QUADRANTS" (1975), COURTESY HOWARD GREENBERG GALLERY

other dangerous activities, historical thinking. "I accept without equivocation," the oath went, "the doctrinal content of the faith as passed down in unbroken sequence from the apostles through the orthodox fathers, always with the same meaning and the very same interpretation of that meaning. I therefore reject outright the heretical notion that dogma evolves, in the sense that it changes to a new meaning different from what the church held from the outset." In other words, history never happened, or not to the Pope.

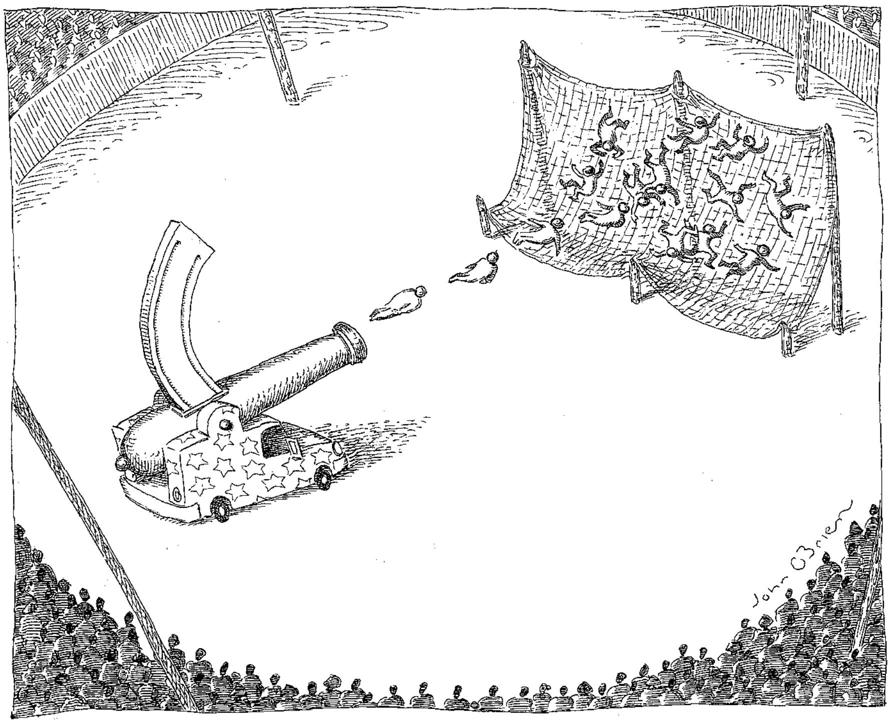
At this point in the narrative, one can almost hear Wills's voice break. He doesn't care about the papal sex scandals. Nor does he waste much space on the Church's persecution of heretics. (He doesn't like heretics. He thinks they're snobs, setting themselves apart from the faithful.) What concerns him is the intellectual life of the Church, which in his view most of the modern Popes have systematically undermined. Catholic historians were forced to lie; Catholic scholarship was laughed at; Catholic professors were regarded as second best. Wills is a Catholic historian, scholar, and professor (at Northwestern). The Vatican has hit him where he lives, and this book is his reply.

Of course, there were the reforms of the Second Vatican Council, under John XXIII, and they were tremendous. Among other things, the council established that the Church consisted not of the governed and their governors but of all believers, the "people of God." (When Wills says that he, as much as the Pope, is the Church, he is quoting Vatican II.) The council also decreed that the Mass should be said in the vernacular tongue, so that the people of God could understand what was going on; that the Church had no right to enforce a state religion; that followers of other religions—even Jews—were also God's children; and that all human beings had a right to follow the dictates of their conscience. "God alone is the judge and searcher of hearts," the council wrote. "For that reason he forbids us to make judgments about the internal guilt of anyone." These teachings, utterly contrary to what had gone before, caused "a convulsive alteration of the whole religious landscape," Wills writes. But, having initiated them, John XXIII died, in 1963—it was perhaps the most untimely death of the twentieth century. Many churchmen breathed a huge sigh of relief—Cardinal Ottaviani, the leader of the Vatican conservatives, said that now he could go to his grave a Catholic—and John's successors, Paul VI and John Paul II, did what they could to repair the damage. Wills is especially critical of John Paul. Our Pope, he says, is a poet, a charmer, a holy man, who drags his weary bones across the globe to preach love. But his major effort has been to pump up the Church's charisma (he has added more people to the calendar of saints than all previous Popes combined) while subtracting from its integrity. He has made opposition to contraception, married priests, and the ordination of women a prerequisite for becoming a bishop. In Wills's words, he has "created an intellectual desert and called it peace."

"While they're filming, just let everything get away."

In the meantime, however, there has been a reversal: Catholics have begun openly defying Church policy. The occasion of the break, unsurprisingly, was birth control. According to a 1995 survey, seventy-five per cent of fertile, sexually active Catholic women were using contraceptives, and in general their bishops were not telling them not to. According to other surveys, Catholic and non-Catholic American women have abortions in equal numbers. There have been subtler changes as well. Priests and nuns being investigated for erroneous teaching by the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith are instructed to remain silent about their subjection to this review process. Many have not been silent; they have publicized their ordeal and fought it, and they have not been thrown out, nor are they likely to be, for the Church desperately needs them. (American seminaries and convents are emptying out day by day.) Furthermore, the Catholic laity are supporting them. In the face of the crisis created by the Church's renunciation of truth, Wills says, "people did not lose their faith in the church. They just lost blind trust in the papacy." And, according to him, it's about time: "There is nothing in Catholicism that says we have to suspend our common sense or honesty when faced with papal assertions like that of Paul VI that women cannot be ordained because they do not look like Jesus, or that priests cannot be married though Saint Paul told the Corinthians that he had every right to be married, like Peter. Such 'teachings' are dishonest, naïve, or stupid on their face." By staying and protesting, he thinks, believers will save the Church (and the papacy, which, for all its sins, he says, is still needed, as a symbol of unity). If, on the other hand, intelligent Catholics walk out, there will be no Church left, or none worth caring about.

If I were to guess, I would say that this history of the papacy's unreliability was the substance of the book that Wills originally planned, and that, for whatever reasons, he later decided



• •

to produce something slightly different, more autobiographical. In any case, it is the historical section, which occupies about two-thirds of the book, that seems to be in a language natural to him. To it, he has added two "personal" sections. The first, "Born Catholic," which opens the book, is the story of Wills's youth in the Church. Born in 1934, he grew up plain middle class (his father sold gas appliances), mostly in Michigan, and his Catholic Church was the smiling, confident institution of the fifties, when Bishop Sheen, on TV, answered any questions we might have and the seminaries were bursting with young men eager to be priests. As one might guess from the passion of his argument, Wills was one of them. After high school, he entered a Jesuit novitiate house; then, discouraged by the intellectual torpor of the place, he left. He married; he became part of a smart group (John Leonard, Joan Didion, Arlene Croce, Renata Adler) writing for William Buckley's *National Review*. With the coming of the civil-rights movement and the anti-war movement, he switched from conservatism to liberalism. The autobiographical material, forty-odd pages, breaks off around there. Modestly, Wills does not tell us that he went on to write books about almost everyone under the sun—Lincoln, Jefferson, Madison, Kennedy, Nixon, Reagan, John Wayne, Shakespeare, Chesterton, St. Augustine—and in his spare time produced, and still produces, long, learned articles for *The New York Review of Books*.

The curious thing about this personal account is how impersonal it is. Now and then we get a whiff of atmosphere, as when Wills, quoting from an earlier book of his, "Bare Ruined Choirs," describes going to Mass before school as a child: "We came, in winter, out of the dark into vestibule semidark, where peeled-off galoshes spread a slush across the floor. We took off gloves and scarves, hands still too cold to dip them into the holy water font. Already the children's tin lunch boxes, left to steam on the bare radiator, emanated smells of painted metal, of heated bananas, of bologna and mayonnaise." But the present book's memoir is very short on intimacy: no semidark, no bananas. Wills never really tells us why he wanted to become a priest—he never mentions a "calling"—nor, when he leaves the novitiate, does he give a persuasive account of the reasons for his departure. I have never known anyone who made that decision without anguish. Don't look for it here.

The other personal testimony, entitled "The Creed," comes at the end of the book. Here Wills lays out the hundred-odd words of the Apostles' Creed and in five chapters patiently analyzes them. Is God really a father, and Christ a son? What is the Holy Spirit? In this section, Wills sometimes rises to a kind of oracular plane. ("The Christian doctrine of the Trinity means that it is not good for God to be alone. He is a society, a dialogue, a set of interrelationships that impel him out from himself toward himself. He is pure act, and the divinity is a raging field of energy, of self-emptying to fulfill the self.") Most of this analysis—written, I believe, in emulation of Wills's hero St. Augustine, though without Augustine's introspective force—seems aimed less at the general reader than at worried Catholics, to help them, in these dark days, find their way back to basic Christian teachings.

Wills is an interesting specimen: liberal in his political views (which he applies to the Church) and conservative in his faith. Admittedly, he thinks that the Virgin Mary probably wasn't a virgin. ("The New Testament is a book of theology, not of obstetrics or gynecology.") He also refers to the Holy Spirit as "she," which may get him a letter from the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. But these are small matters. He takes the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Resurrection—even the Judgment—quite seriously, and this gives his thought a nice, sharp edge. He is not one of your vague sixties-type Catholics, with the guitars and the hugs, nor is he a rationalist, impatient with the hocus-pocus, the miracles. "I find the story of Christianity convincing," he writes, "precisely because it begins with a great blinding light, from which men stumble only gradually, their eyes still dazzled, toward more coherent attempts to understand what happened to them." So do many Catholics—otherwise they'd join a religion that allows birth control—and it is a great satisfaction to have the Church's history analyzed by a mind so critical but still so in love. ♦

THE
NEW YORKER'S
FESTIVAL
WIRE

Get Inside
THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL
SEPTEMBER 27-29

Sign up for Festival Wire today and receive the latest updates on the nation's premier literary and arts festival, delivered directly to your e-mail address!

You will also receive:

- Discounts and promotions for
  Theatre and other cultural events
  Restaurants
  Shopping
- The complete Festival schedule on August 19th, one week prior to its public release (tickets on sale August 29th)
- E-mail alerts tailored to your interests

Join The New Yorker's Festival Wire.
It's free and without obligation.
Cancel at any time.

Sign up for Festival Wire today.
Visit www.newyorker.com.

© 2002 by the Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

THE THEATRE

PLAY AT THE PLATE

Losing it in the locker room.

BY JOHN LAHR

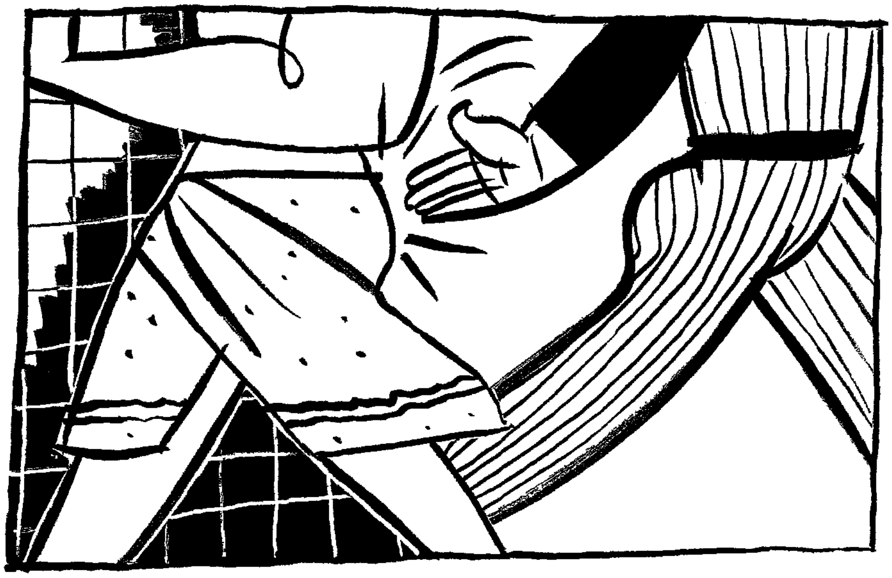
If there's anything that confounds the British more than American optimism, it's baseball, which brings together on one bright pastoral greensward those twin nineteenth-century American deliriums: industrialization and individualism. Baseball turns into fun the oppressions of industry—management, productivity, accounting, specialization, even stealing—and yet the pageant of winners and losers in this proto-corporate world also allows for goodness to be measured, made immutable, and, thanks to the eternal vigilance of statistics, kept alive. Baseball is a game—some would say a ritual—of hope. Part of that hope lies in the clarity of the sport—a kind of mathematical absoluteness that spills over into moral absoluteness, and explains why the fantasy of all-American wholesomeness goes with the game like sauerkraut with hot dogs.

These thoughts came to mind two weeks ago as I listened to pundits on the BBC's "Newsnight Review" try to shout one another down over the American playwright Richard Greenberg's exhilarating "Take Me Out," which premièred at London's Donmar Warehouse, co-produced by New York's Public Theatre (where it will appear in September). I hope that Greenberg, who spun his tall tale well, and his American director, Joe Mantello, who has mounted it with crisp, good-humored flair, didn't hear the dismissive showboating claptrap that the critic Germaine Greer was peddling as expertise. Among Greer's hectoring assertions were the claims that numbers don't matter in baseball; that no player would be called up from the minors to help a defending team win a championship; and that Mr. Greenberg was misguided in depicting the team's catcher—who is, after all, the anchor of the game—as a malaprop-prone ignoramus with as much brainpower as a radish. Paging Yogi Berra.

The play's mischievous title—at once a paean and a plea—hints at Greenberg's equally mischievous ambition: to marry "the old ballgame" with what you could call "the new ballgame": gay politics. "Take Me Out" is about a baseball colossus, a young African-American built to mythic size by both his extraordinary exploits on the field and his extraordinarily cheerful interracial upbringing: "Even in baseball—one of the few realms of American life in which people of color are routinely adulated by people of pallor—he was something special: a black man who had obviously never suffered," the white shortstop, Kippy Sunderstrom (the appealing Neal Huff), explains. The player in question, the aptly named Darren Lemming (Daniel Sunjata), is a center fielder for the champion New York Empires. Lemmings, we know, are small rodents famous for their sometimes suicidal habits of migration; Darren's particular way of going south is to announce to the press one day—for no good reason other than that it suits his sense of invulnerability to do so—that he's gay. The news creates an almost seismic disturbance. "This seems to be a bigger event in *your* life than it is in mine," Lemming says to Kippy, his liberal Stanford-educated best friend.

As Greenberg has wisely conceived Lemming, he is far from sexually rampant; he exists within the brilliant corona of his own glamour, which requires distance from others and encases him in a kind of asexual solitude. His coming-out is only an incidental act of bravery, which neither defines him nor exercises a hidden political agenda. "I don't *have* a secret," he says. "I *am* a secret." Superbly played by the handsome and self-contained Sunjata—so easy in his muscular body, so nonchalant in his sense of entitlement—Darren is turned on only by his own prowess. He is the apple of his eye, and he just about admits it. "If I'm gonna have sex—and I *am*, because I'm young and rich and famous and talented and handsome, so it's a *law*—I'd rather do it with a guy," he says. "But when all is said and done, Kippy? I'd rather just play ball."

In a series of tight, tart illustrative scenes, cross-cut with ballplaying tableaux vivants and with Kippy delivering expository asides, like the narrator in "Casey at the Bat," Greenberg demonstrates how Lemming's sexual "mess," as Kippy calls it, seeps into his apparently straight teammates, not always to happy effect. A lot of the disturbance takes place in the showers, where the cast members lather their pecs and their penises and turn Scott Pask's clever set into a kind of well-hung homoerotic heaven. "You're not *getting* me, man," says a vacant teammate, Toddy Koovitz (Dominic Fumusa), apparently annoyed at having to wear a towel over his privates. "Why do I have to go around this room, which is, has been, which is this sancchewy, rackled with self-consciousness about my body?" When Darren responds to Toddy's misspoken sexual paranoia, his sang-froid broadcasts his superiority. "Well, 'cause if you have some hope of reëntering decent society, they make ya," he says. "They *insist* on it."



Sexual politics on the baseball diamond in Richard Greenberg's "Take Me Out."

TOM BACHTELL

On the surface, the team seems to take its star's homosexuality in stride, but the victory hugs, the fanny pats, the shower-room larks are now no longer a carefree macho gambol. "What do we do with our stray homosexual impulses? We tamp them down, we frustrate them," Kippy says, trying in vain to be clubhouse psychologist to this crew of inarticulate and disgruntled players. Then, in a John Rocker moment, the Empires' lanky, monosyllabic, newly called-up closer, Shane Mungitt (the excellent Frederick Weller), emboldened by a string of big wins, finds his tongue in front of reporters. "I don't mind the colored people—the gooks an' the spics an' the coons an' like that," he says as the curtain falls on Act I. "But *every night* t' have t' take a shower with a *faggot!*"

In the prevailing politically correct climate, Lemming finds himself suddenly turned from an object of envy to an object of pity. His sense of grandiosity is more offended than his sense of justice. "I liked you before—*loved* you in a manly sort of way," Kippy tells him. "But now you're . . . more human." "Isn't that a *demotion*?" Lemming replies. Mungitt is suspended, then reinstated after apologizing, and at one point Lemming finds himself alone in the shower room with the pitcher, who, it seems, has "a cleanliness thing." "Cleanliness is next to godliness," Lemming jokes—a great line that is lost on his oafish teammate. Mungitt's failure to engage goads Lemming even further. "All these showers ya take. You just tryin' to scrub away the skin?" he asks. "You tryin' to get through all these layers 'f tissue an' organs 'n' stuff to get to where the real dirt lies?" Finally, in a moment that plays only partly as a joke, Lemming lunges at Mungitt and mortifies him with a kiss. "Our little secret," Lemming shouts after him. "You dumb cracker fuck." "Fuck" is the word that Mungitt later reportedly mumbles to himself on the mound as he beans—and kills—an African-American star from another team, thereby transferring his murderous feelings for Lemming into the opposing player: an act, if you'll forgive the pun, of projectile identification.

What Greenberg's story suggests is that by coming out you risk letting in the unknown, both good and bad. Lemming's whim leads to his unwitting collusion in a murder, to the cooling of his friendship with Kippy, and to Mungitt's banishment from baseball. Against all these negatives, Greenberg counterposes the blessing of connection—between Lemming and his timid, closeted accountant, Mason Marzac (the scene-stealing Denis O'Hare), who is unexpectedly liberated by Lemming's revelations. Neither man starts out with a community; Lemming feels above everyone, while Marzac, as he admits, feels beneath everyone. In the course of befriending Lemming, Marzac falls in love with baseball, too. To Marzac, the home-run trot—the player rounding the bases and pausing for celebration—becomes profoundly poetic. "That's what we do in our ceremonies, isn't it?" he says. "Honor ourselves as we pass through time?"

At the finale, a Cinderella moment in the empty stadium after the World Series has ended, Lemming turns to Marzac just before he exits. "What a fuck of a season, huh?" he says. Marzac, in his Empires baseball cap and his giant "We're No. 1" foam glove, echoes his friend's sentiment. "It was . . . tragic," he says, then adds, "What will we do till spring?" Whether on the stage or in the stadium, Greenberg seems to be saying, play mediates tragedy because it kills time and answers woe with wonder. In this realm, as "Take Me Out" marvellously demonstrates, the spirit can be lost and sometimes found. ♦

MUSICAL EVENTS

SISTERHOOD

Making opera out of "Little Women."

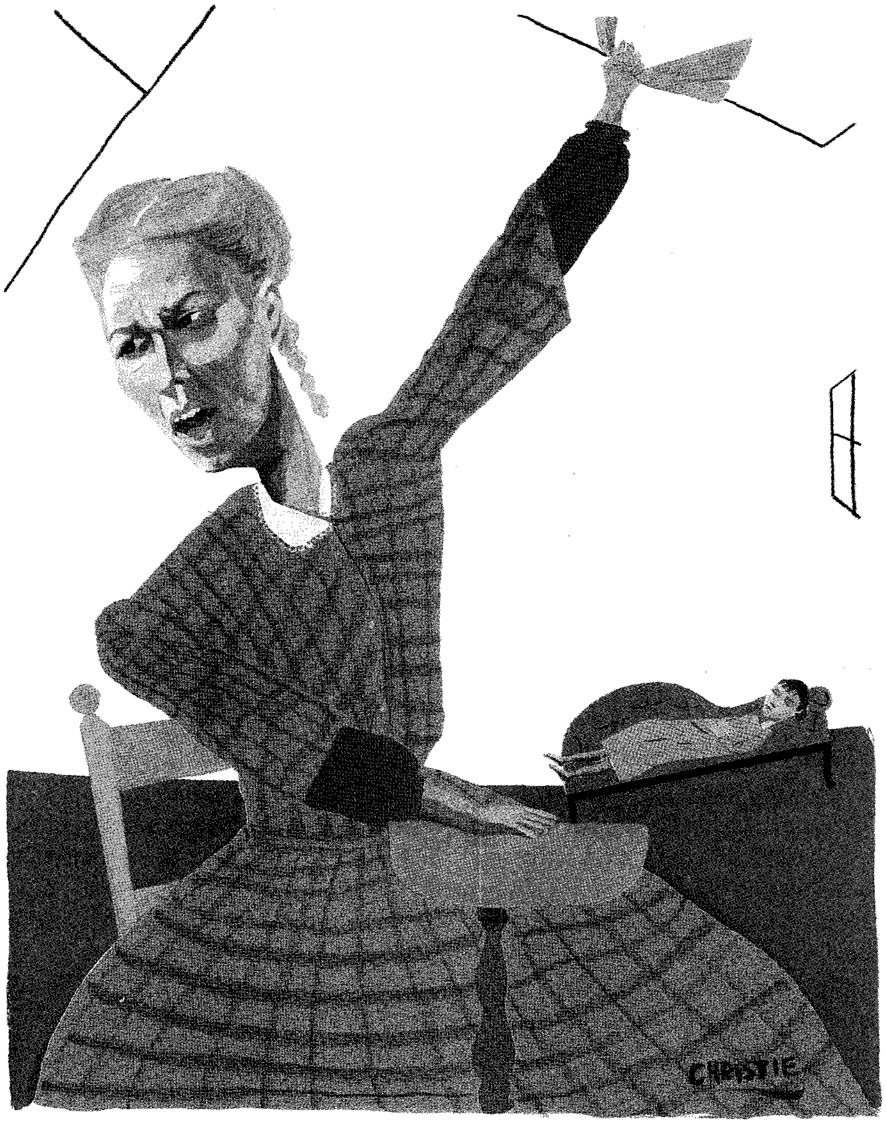
BY ALEX ROSS

Mark Adamo's "Little Women," an adaptation of the eternally adaptable Louisa May Alcott classic, opened at Glimmerglass Opera, in Cooperstown, New York, over the July 4th weekend. In many respects, it fulfills a stereotype of American opera which has become all too familiar: here is yet another unadventurous musicalization of a famous novel, movie, or play, obeying to the letter what might be called the Aunt Jemima instant-opera recipe, according to which three dollops of tonality and two pinches of dissonance are folded into a bowl of finely ground literature. Adamo's "Little Women" might have been written almost anytime in the previous century, and it aches with nostalgia for an ideal nineteenth century that never was. But, on its own terms, it is a beautifully crafted work, and, as a first opera, it shows remarkable confidence. Adamo is a spirited, fast-witted composer, and if he can stop himself from writing more Merchant and Ivory sing-alongs he ought to have a major career.

Adamo's "Little Women" is not exactly new, and that is what is newsworthy: it has shown staying power. Since its world première, at the Houston Grand Opera, in 1998, it has received more than a dozen stagings throughout the country, including productions by Opera Omaha and Opera in the Ozarks. It has even turned up on PBS, which tends to like its tenors in threes. Decades have passed since an American work has been allowed to reach out to audiences in this way. I say "allowed" because there are other pieces that have never been given a chance. John Adams's "Nixon in China" and "The Death of Klinghoffer," which have gripped audiences elsewhere in the world, vanished from American stages shortly after their premières. (Incidentally, Adams, who said two years ago that he was ready to give up on opera altogether, has decided to return to the fray, with a work about the atom bomb and the Cold War. Godspeed.)

Why "Little Women"? Autobiographical young-adult narratives are historically not the kind that have set fire to the opera stage. "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Tristan and Isolde," "Peter Grimes": these are vibrant, violent stories, seething with lunacy and lust. It is curious, given the proven taste of the operagoing public, that American composers so often gravitate in the opposite direction, toward literary classics in which atmosphere dominates over action. Even "A Streetcar Named Desire"—set to music by André Previn a few years ago—pales in sheer incident next to red-meat bel canto; Verdi would have found the play insufferably slow. We are drawn to the idea of putting "Streetcar," "The Great Gatsby," or "Little Women" in an opera house because we think we want to experience a favorite text suffused with music—but that is not what opera is. Opera is anti-poetical, anti-novelistic, anti-intellectual. The greatest librettos are those that make us laugh out loud when we see them written down.

Nonetheless, Adamo, who served as his own librettist on "Little Women," does a brilliant job of molding Alcott's tale into operatic form. He treats "Little Women" as a story of adult addiction to nostalgia and regret; the heroine, Jo,



In Adamo's "Little Women," Jo must learn to shake her addiction to a "perfect" past.

can't surrender either the fact of her childhood or its idyllic aura. "The conflict of 'Little Women,' " Adamo writes in a program note, "is Jo versus the passage of time." Whether or not that's true, the composer is certain of himself, and therefore leagues ahead of better-known rivals who have tackled famous subjects without quite knowing what to do with them. Adamo does not seem like a musical tourist in a literary place; he lives here. He zips from one scene to another with cinematic speed but is not afraid to linger over baldly melodramatic touches, such as the telegram that announces the terminal illness of Jo's sister Beth. We get strong snapshots of the sisters, Beth, Meg, and Amy, as well as of Jo's two suitors, Laurie and Friedrich.

Yet Jo herself emerges as a puzzlingly unattractive character. Her resistance to her sisters' marriages, to male advances, to all forms of change escalates into a strange mental obsession—"Perfect as it was" is her mantra. Adamo compares her to the Marschallin in "Rosenkavalier," suggesting that Jo, too, wants to stop all the clocks in the middle of the night. But it is easier to empathize with a thirty-something woman in that dilemma than with a teen-age girl. Clearly, Jo is channelling the adult sensibility of the composer, and at times the exercise becomes too self-conscious. At one point, Jo asks the music-loving Friedrich whether opera houses might somehow display the words to operas on banners. The joke gets laughs but punctures the illusion of the piece.

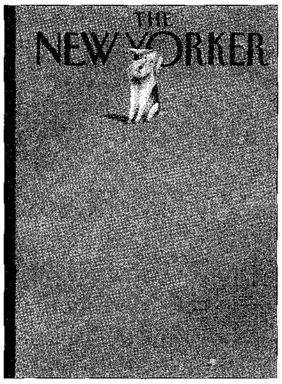
Adamo so far lacks a really distinctive personality as a composer, but he has a distinctive way of jumping from one compositional mode to another. Like Britten, he can turn on a stylistic dime, running the gamut from open-throated Broadway song to serpentine twelve-tonish writing. It is a wonderful gift, this versatility, but does he always need to use it? After a while, the stylistic plan of the piece starts to feel ruthlessly schematic. Plain major-key music represents Jo's dream world; chromaticism, whole-tone harmonies, and cluster chords represent reality and change. The melodic passages have excellent hooks—the "Perfect as it was" aria is insidiously hummable in a Richard Rodgers way—but after a minute or two they seem to run up against an invisible boundary, beyond which the quasi-modernistic devices take over. Thus the best material seems to appear in quotation marks, as if the composer were apologizing for writing something so naïve. "Don't worry," he seems to say. "I can do serious modern music, too." In an odd way, he may not be taking his melodies seriously enough.

I wish Adamo had dug deeper into the luminous F major of "Perfect as it was." The result might have come perilously close to musical theatre, but at this point we are more in need of good musical theatre than of another dexterous synthesis of twentieth-century techniques. Thirty years after the minimalist revolution, it would still be a radical gesture for a composer to cut loose the comfortable accessories of dissonance and to let tonality saturate a work. In composing, it doesn't matter what materials you choose but, rather, what pictures and patterns you make from them. Adamo has an active enough mind to make fascinating music from the simplest possible material. This is the direction in which the best parts of "Little Women" are pointing.

The Glimmerglass production, which runs until August 25th and will be mounted at the New York City Opera next spring, has potent charm. Rhoda Levine, the director, and Peter Harrison, the designer, have given an "Appalachian Spring" austerity to the family tableaux. All the singers move naturally on the stage. At the second performance, Jennifer Dudley sang Jo in a warm, bright mezzo-soprano and with an excellent quality of girlish pluck. Sandra Piques Eddy, as Meg, showed a richly colored, flowingly expressive mezzo—she sounds like an important voice in the making. Joshua Hopkins sang Friedrich in a honey-toned, unforced baritone. Chad Freeburg, Christina Bouras, Caroline Worra, David Giuliano, and Josepha Gayer thrived in the other family roles. John DeMain drew a rough-edged but enthusiastic performance from the Glimmerglass Opera Orchestra. The crowd exploded into applause at the end, and also after several of the arias. I suspect that in five or ten years' time Mark Adamo will be greeted with ovations on the stage of the Met. ♦

R. GREGORY CHRISTIE

ADVERTISEMENT
"PUPPY LOVE"
by Mark Ulriksen



Published 7/30/01
New Limited-Edition Cover Print
Only 500 prints, signed by the artist and numbered, will be available in this series.
FRAMED: $395 MAT ONLY: $280
Plus shipping & handling.
Tax charged where applicable.
ORDER ONLINE AT
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM
(Special offers and discounts available when you shop online.)
OR PHONE
1-800-897-8666

VERMONT OUTDOOR Furniture
FREE CATALOG
Quality, Comfort, Style & Value
Classic white cedar furniture
Benches, tables, chairs, porch swings, Adirondack chairs and more shipped direct from our shop in Barre with a 100% guarantee.
800-588-8834 • www.vermontoutdoorfurnitur.com

Italian Connection
Unique walking & culinary tours in Italy from the folks that live there.
1-800-462-7911
www.italian-connection.com

Stone Soup
The Literary Magazine by Children
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$33/yr (6 issues) · 800-447-4569
stories · poems · art · ages 8-13
www.stonesoup.com

PRESENTATIONS
USING NEW YORKER CARTOONS
cartoonbank.com
OR CALL 1-800-897-TOON

DANCING

A TALE OF THREE CITIES

The Kirov does "Jewels."

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

The Kirov Ballet, of St. Petersburg, is now at the Metropolitan Opera House, courtesy of the Lincoln Center Festival, and the company has brought us a nice bouquet of Russian classics—"Swan Lake" and "Don Quixote," together with a very sumptuous, very long new production of "La Bayadère" that supposedly reproduces the 1900 version. The thing to see this season, however, is not a Russian ballet but an American one, George Balanchine's "Jewels," from 1967.

Russia's dancers look different from ours. For one thing, their teachers spend as much time on port de bras—the carriage of the arms, shoulders, and head—as they do on steps, with the result that there is almost as much action in a Russian dancer's upper body as in the lower. Russian ballet also has a great deliberateness. When the dancers are about to go into a pirouette, they do a big, squatty preparation. When they hit a pose, they often hold it, so that you'll have time to admire it. (They don't mind taking bows in the middle of a number.) Finally, Russian dancers see acting as part of their job. In St. Petersburg, when people describe a dancer's performance as "artistic," what they are saying is that it was dramatic. Anyone who has seen Mikhail Baryshnikov onstage will know what this means, and, of course, it is consistent with the fact that most Russian ballets have been story ballets.

None of these traits would be so clear to us if Balanchine, when he left the Soviet Union and came to the United States—where he basically created our national ballet style—had not set himself against them. Actually, he had no quarrel with port de bras; he taught it. But, at least in his later years, he didn't spend a lot of time on arms. He was too busy with legs, which he was training to maximum speed and virtuosity (forget Russian deliberateness) and to a kind of musical responsiveness that would be the vehicle of meaning (forget Russian acting). "Don't worry about your soul," he said. "I want to see your foot." It's not that he didn't care about the soul. He just thought that the soul was in the feet. He was a mid-century American abstractionist.

Compared with Balanchine's style, which we are now so used to, the Russian way of dancing looks old-fashioned, but beautifully so, when it is done right. Those arms are gorgeous, and the deliberateness, too, can be a lot of fun. (When Russian dancers break a number for ovations, they get them.) But going from pose to pose detracts from musical responsiveness—and also from through-line, the sense of a single unfolding. It can make the dancers look stagy, and stodgy. As for the acting, it is sometimes wonderful, as with Baryshnikov, and at other times it's the corniest thing you ever saw.

In ballet, as in all arts, national styles are now being eroded by globalization. Russian dancers lived poor for a long time. Now they want DVDs and outfits from Dolce & Gabbana, and they can make a lot more money in the West than in Russia. Hence their steady migration to America in the last decade. This is terrible. A hundred years ago, Russian artistic culture was one of the glories of the world. Stalin destroyed it, but the Russians will surely find their way back to it, and then move forward again. When this happens, the dancers should be there, for ballet was a central part of Russian culture. For those who remain, a very important figure has been Valery Gergiev, the current, charismatic director of the Kirov. He makes his artists proud to be members of his theatre, performing Russian works. Gergiev's prestige has also earned the Kirov companies extensive tours in the West, where the performers can pick up hard currency. Last fall, Michael Kaiser, the president of the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C., closed a deal to present the Kirov Ballet every year for the next ten years. It was during the first of these visits, in February, that I saw the American première of the Kirov's "Jewels."

The piece is hard for the company. Since it is by Balanchine, the dancers have to produce a lot more speed and musicality than they are accustomed to. Furthermore, its three sections—"Emeralds," "Rubies," and "Diamonds"—are in different styles, representing three fixed points in Balanchine's life and art. "Emeralds" is French. Its music, by Fauré, is French, as was one of its original lead ballerinas, Violette Verdy. Its style is the neoromanticism (enchanted ballrooms, fated encounters) that was popular in Paris when Balanchine was working there, in the twenties and thirties. "Rubies" is about something that came later: Balanchine's discovery of America, and his alliance with Stravinsky, the composer of the score, in the United States. At its première, it starred two of Balanchine's most "American" dancers, the radiantly normal Patricia McBride and the Actors Studio-esque Edward Villella. At times, "Rubies" looks like "West Side Story," only better. As for "Diamonds," it is Russian, set to Tchaikovsky and choreographed in the style of St. Petersburg's Imperial Ballet, at whose school Balanchine was trained. In other words, "Diamonds" represents Balanchine's beginnings. But it is also his end, and his middle. It is classicism, and it was set on Suzanne Farrell, whom Balanchine was in love with when he made "Jewels," and whom he considered the beginning and end of classical ballet. To use an exalted metaphor, "Emeralds," so atmospheric, is the Holy Spirit; "Rubies," so earthly, is the Son; "Diamonds" is God, and, accordingly, some people have regarded it as rather pompous.

What are the Kirov dancers to do with all this, the summary of Balanchine's work and life and loves? They do their best, and it is very good. The only section where they seemed

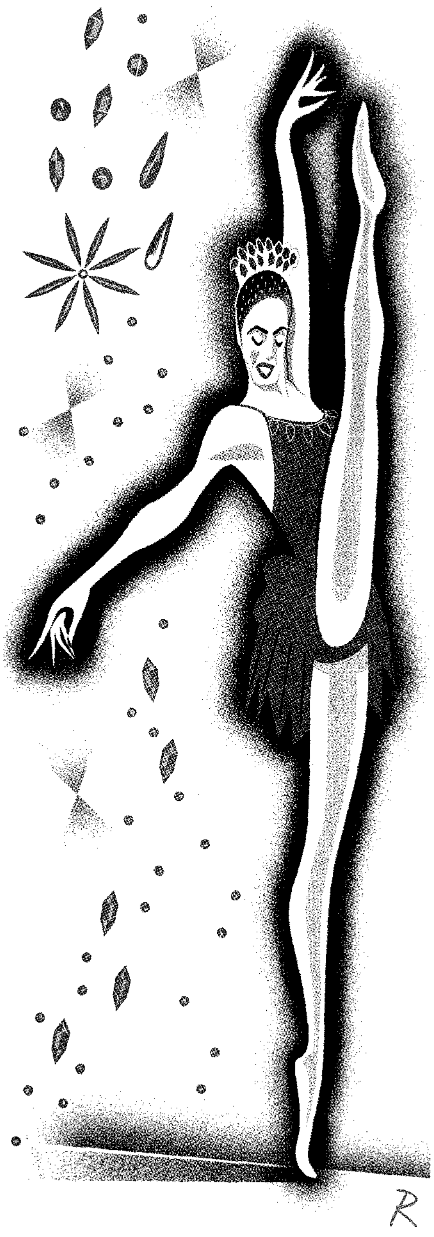
The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 18 & 25, Apr. 22 & 29, June 17 & 24, Aug. 19 & 26, Oct. 14 & 21, Dec. 23 & 30) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592), which is a subsidiary of Advance Publications, Inc. Vol. LXXVIII, No. 20, July 22, 2002. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and *at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of* postage in cash. Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

a little lost was "Emeralds." It should have been a good fit. Their repertory includes romantic ballets—for example, Fokine's "Chopiniana"—that they could associate it with. Also, as I said, they are port-de-bras champions, and a great deal of "Emeralds" is about arms. Finally, the ballet was led—and will be led in New York—by the superbly musical Zhanna Ayupova. (As a bonus, we got a thrilling newcomer, Anton Korsakov, as a demi-soloist.) Yet this "Emeralds" never quite got to where it is supposed to be. Actually, this has often been the case—even at New York City Ballet, even under Balanchine—since the original cast departed. But a further problem is that the Kirov has deleted the section that Balanchine added to the end of the ballet in 1976. In this second-thought finale, the men lift the women off into the wings and then return and kneel on the diagonal of the stage, raising their arms to whatever power it is that makes happiness vanish. Before, "Emeralds" concluded triumphally; now it remembered something, and finished on a darker note. When Kirov representatives were asked why the final section was dropped, they said that the company was restoring the ballet to its original form. (They are on an authenticity kick. See their "Bayadère," and also their bewigged 1999 production of "The Sleeping Beauty," said to be faithful to the 1890 original.) Another possibility, suggested by Alexandra Tomalonis, the editor of *Dance View*, is that the company may have a lingering Soviet resistance to sad endings. The conclusion of the Kirov's "Swan Lake" is still the revised, no-tragedies-under-Communism version, in which the swan queen and her prince, instead of committing suicide, live happily ever after.

"Rubies" was terrific, however. To the Kirov dancers, I think, this jazzy dance looked like the DVD, the Dolce & Gabbana, and they gave it everything they had. Sometimes that was too much, as in Irina Golub's Soviet-acting-strikes-again treatment of the lead female role. I thought that if she didn't stop grinning at me, as if to say, "Ain't we got fun," I would run up onstage and strangle her. Still, it was amazing to see how easily she met the technical challenges. ("Rubies" is a killer.) The glorious Diana Vishneva, in the first cast, did even better, and without the mugging. I have never seen Russian dancers move so fast.

ROBERT RISKO

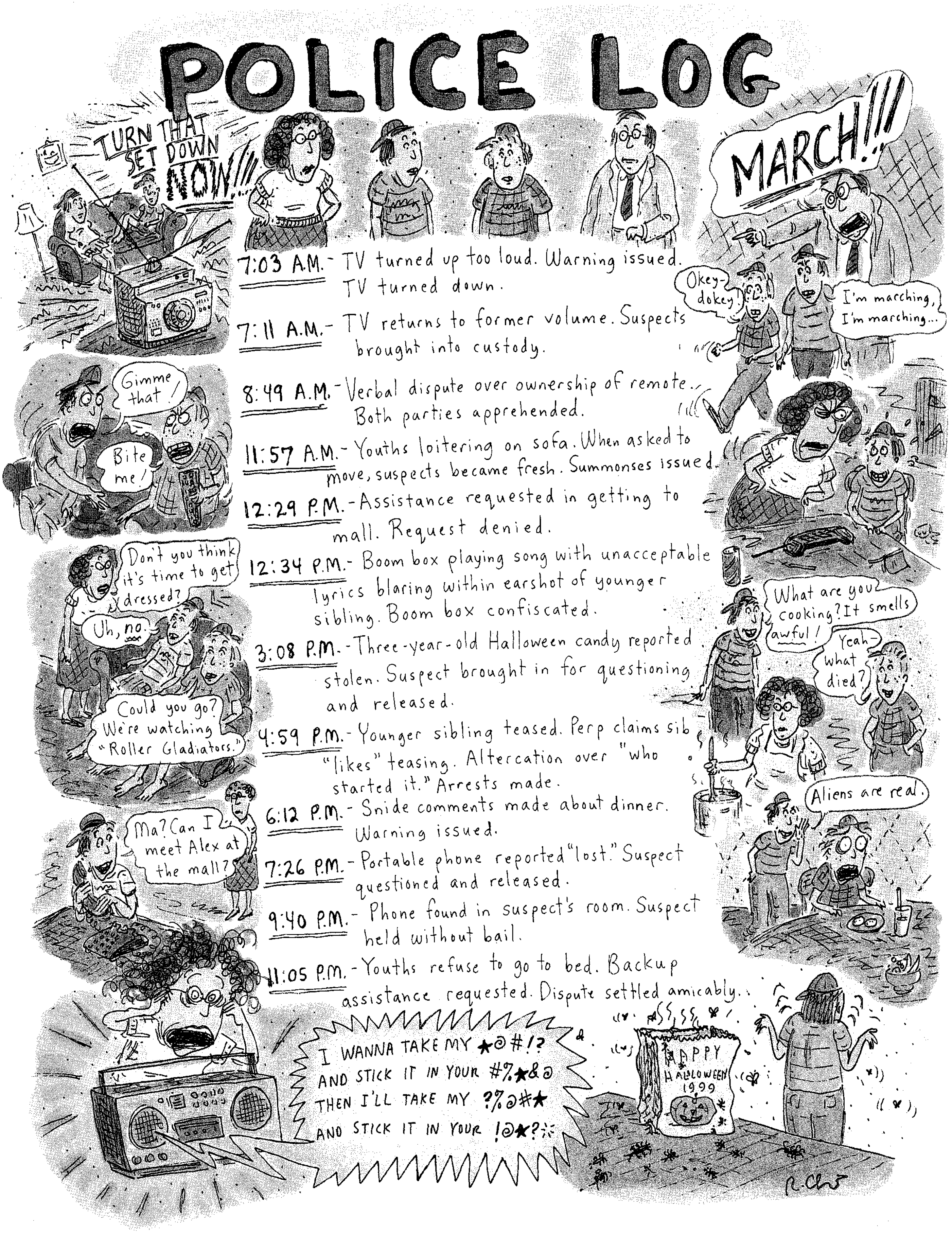


Diana Vishneva dancing in the "Rubies" section of "Jewels."

In "Diamonds," there was no question of the dancers' getting Balanchine's point. His point was about the tradition in which they were schooled. In Washington—it will be the same in New York—the piece was led, on succeeding nights, by two very different dancers, Svetlana Zakharova and Daria Pavlenko. Zakharova is the Kirov's anointed young ballerina—its first-cast lead not just in "Diamonds" but also in "Swan Lake" and "La Bayadère." She has a face like Vivien Leigh's and legs like four-dollar roses. Because she is so tall, she has trouble moving fast, but when she is lifted and those legs unfold in the air it's like seeing some fabulous, magic bird take to the skies. At the same time, Zakharova is overcareful; she's going to get it right, or die trying. Pavlenko is more headlong. She didn't always get "Diamonds" right—she fell off point, she had trouble with her fouettés—but she recovered like a pro. With her, we got Soviet acting again. It has been said that "Diamonds" is Balanchine's version of "Swan Lake." Pavlenko agrees, and she did it as the swan queen—rapt, tragic. Maybe I should have been bothered by this; I don't think it's what Balanchine intended. It was quite a show nevertheless.

Many people are concerned, these days, about the authenticity of different companies' versions of the Balanchine ballets. That's good. Let them worry. But the way to be true to Balanchine is not so much to be authentic as to be artistic. The company must like the ballet, for a personal reason (not just because it's by the famous Balanchine), and work on it according to that idea. This is what the Kirov has done with "Jewels." "Swan Lake," Hollywood—the dancers brought in their own ideas, and good for them. Those things are there, though Balanchine would have called them by different names. Whatever the dancers think, the ballet will be an excellent school for them; it will help get the Soviet lead out of their pants. (It will teach them to be witty without being broad, to be sexy without being dirty, to be soulful without writing it on the blackboard.) What I admired so much about the Kirov's "Jewels," though, was how the dancers didn't just bring themselves into line with it but brought it into line with them. Performing artists cannot do what is not, somehow, natural to them. When Pushkin, in "Eugene Onegin," absorbed Byron, and when Dostoyevsky devoured Dickens, they didn't give us Byron and Dickens. They gave us themselves, warmed by those fires. Likewise the Kirov dancers with Balanchine. They will learn from him, but they have their own virtues, which they are lending to him, and so, if all goes well, they will enter the twentieth century—forget the twenty-first—with the help of their great St. Petersburg colleague. ♦

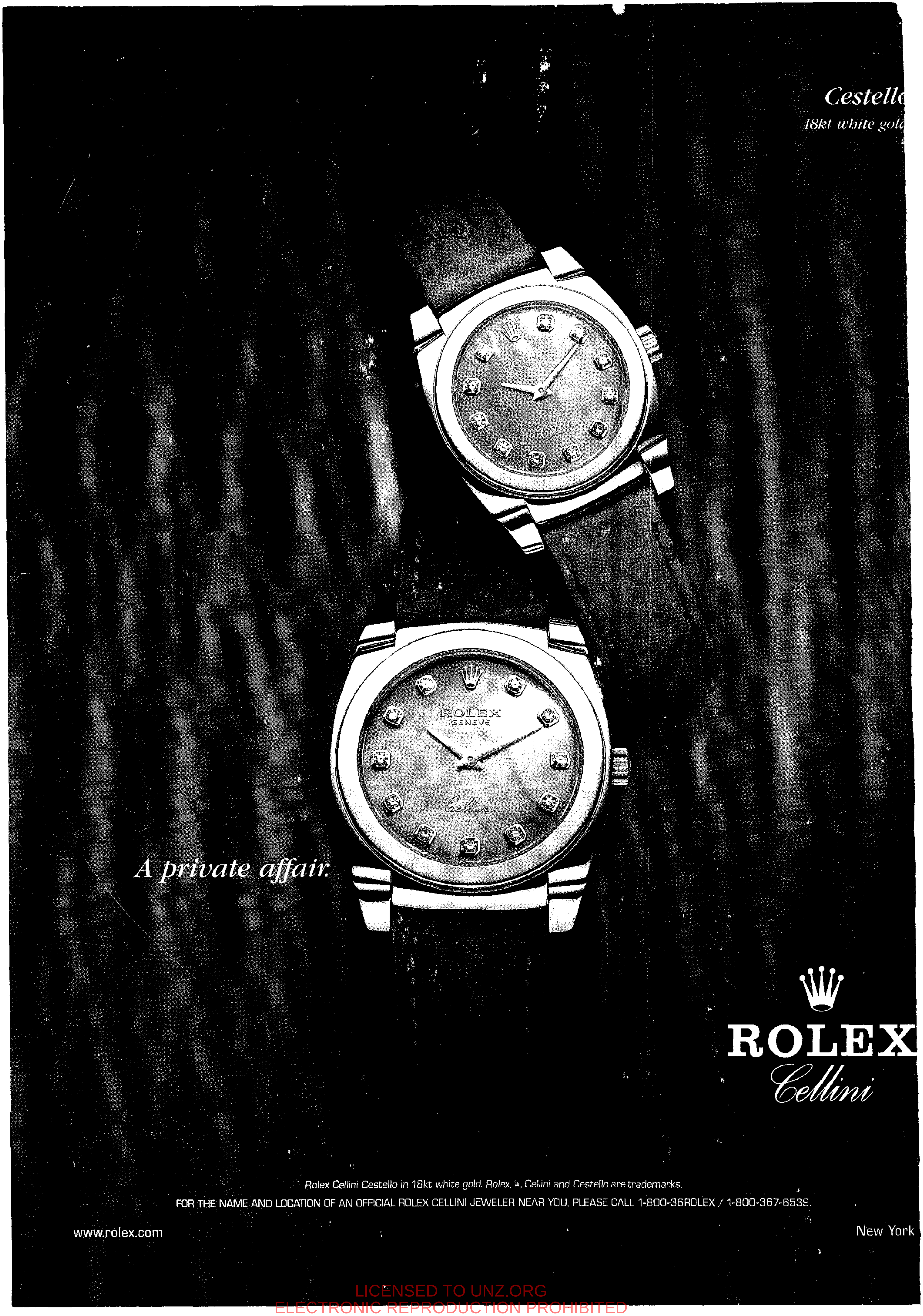
THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST


POLICE LOG
TURN THAT SET DOWN NOW!!!
MARCH!!!
7:03 A.M. - TV turned up too loud. Warning issued. TV turned down.
7:11 A.M. - TV returns to former volume. Suspects brought into custody.
Okey-dokey!
I'm marching, I'm marching...
Gimme that!
Bite me!
8:49 A.M. - Verbal dispute over ownership of remote. Both parties apprehended.
11:57 A.M. - Youths loitering on sofa. When asked to move, suspects became fresh. Summonses issued.
12:29 P.M. - Assistance requested in getting to mall. Request denied.
Don't you think it's time to get dressed?
Uh, no.
12:34 P.M. - Boom box playing song with unacceptable lyrics blaring within earshot of younger sibling. Boom box confiscated.
What are you cooking? It smells awful!
Yeah - what died?
3:08 P.M. - Three-year-old Halloween candy reported stolen. Suspect brought in for questioning and released.
Could you go? We're watching "Roller Gladiators."
4:59 P.M. - Younger sibling teased. Perp claims sib "likes" teasing. Altercation over "who started it." Arrests made.
Ma? Can I meet Alex at the mall?
6:12 P.M. - Snide comments made about dinner. Warning issued.
Aliens are real.
7:26 P.M. - Portable phone reported "lost." Suspect questioned and released.
9:40 P.M. - Phone found in suspect's room. Suspect held without bail.
11:05 P.M. - Youths refuse to go to bed. Backup assistance requested. Dispute settled amicably.
I WANNA TAKE MY ★@#!? AND STICK IT IN YOUR #%★&@ THEN I'LL TAKE MY ?%@#★ AND STICK IT IN YOUR !@★?⁂
HAPPY HALLOWEEN 1999

GET THE FEELING. TOYOTA.
toyota.com
AGUA

THE RESTYLED 2003 TOYOTA AVALON. WITH A CAR THIS LUXURIOUS, ONLY ONE QUESTION REMAINS – SPARKLING OR STILL?

©2002 TOYOTA MOTOR SALES, U.S.A., INC. BUCKLE UP! DO IT FOR THOSE WHO LOVE YOU.



Cestell

18kt white gol

A private affair.

ROLEX

Cellini

Rolex Cellini Cestello in 18kt white gold. Rolex, ♛, Cellini and Castello are trademarks.

FOR THE NAME AND LOCATION OF AN OFFICIAL ROLEX CELLINI JEWELER NEAR YOU, PLEASE CALL 1-800-36ROLEX / 1-800-367-6539.

www.rolex.com

New York